

LYRIC POETRY OF THE

ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

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Lyric Poetry

of the Italian Renaissance

An anthology with verse translations

Collected by L. R. Lind

with an Introduction by Thomas G. Bergin

New Haven and London

Yale University Press

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FLOWERING QUINCE: *for Rosa*

*Cupped each in separate loveliness,
White edged with pink, the blossoms rise
Less on the bough than in the clear
Dark iris of my daughter's eyes.*

*Imagined in the morning sun,
Half-seen, the fruit that is to be:
Here in my arms the long-lashed girl,
There the green globes upon the tree.*

*But now, too mindful of the Fall,
I pull the lowest branches down,
Shutting out thought while in her hair
Curled petals catch against the brown.*

L. R. L.

PREFACE

This bilingual anthology forms part of a much larger collection of verse translations from Italian poetry which includes the work of poets from before Dante down to the present day. When it was decided to print only the early Italian lyrics to the end of the sixteenth century the collection was increased by a number of new translations made especially for this section of the collection; the table of contents was revised and expanded to fit the new scope of the book through the very able suggestions of Professor Thomas G. Bergin, who has contributed an introduction as well as his translations and whose assistance in obtaining certain Italian texts and in reading the proofs has been most generous; I am indeed indebted to him for his invaluable cooperation in bringing the book into print.

Such a book as this is always the fruit of the labors of many. I should like to express my gratitude for their translations or for bibliographical or other suggestions to Richard Aldington, Morris Bishop, Herbert Cahoon, Hubert Creekmore, John Heath-Stubbs, Creighton Gilbert, Edwin Morgan, Cecil Clifford Palmer, Elizabeth M. Paragallo, Ezra Pound, Peter Russell, and David Wright; without their help the book could not have come into existence.

The brief notes have been based on such books as G. Lipparini, *Le pagine della letteratura italiana* (first eight volumes), Carli and Sainati, *Scrittori italiani*, the *Oxford Book of Italian Verse*, and a few older collections; they are intended only to explain allusions and to give necessary dates and identifications, not as a scholarly commentary on poems which are in some instances extremely difficult to interpret satisfactorily. The book includes every important lyric poet of the first four centuries of Italian literature from the time of Dante, and many selections have been translated for the first time.

Lawrence, Kansas

L. R. LIND

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INTRODUCTION BY THOMAS G. BERGIN

• In the tenth chapter of the first book of *De Vulgari Eloquencia*, Dante, discussing the rival claims to literary merit of the three languages of his "Southern division" (French, Provençal, and Italian), makes the following assertion:

The third also, which is the language of the Italians, claims preëminence on the strength of two privileges: first, that the sweetest and most subtle poets who have written in the vernacular are its intimate friends and belong to its household, like Cino of Pistoia and his friend; second, that it seems to lean more on grammar, which is common: and this appears a very weighty argument to those who examine the matter in a rational way. (Temple Classics translation.)

• Setting aside the thinly veiled reference to his own excellence of which Dante was always aware, we may admire the shrewdness of his general observations on the distinction of Italian poetry of his time. Dante's second point is of course a purely linguistic observation, yet it is not too much to see in it a recognition of a classicism that has persisted through the centuries as a characteristic of Italian literature. More penetrating both for his time and the centuries to come was the affirmation of the sweetness and subtlety of Italian poets, and, since "sweetness" is a matter for subjective appraisal, we may dwell particularly on the second element of the phrase. For Italian poetry, as Dante sensed, was to be in the main characterized by its "subtlety," evidenced more often than not by erudite content and by the formal, at times almost academic, nature of its ornament. The examples contained in this volume, though selected more for their "sweetness" than for what they may serve to illustrate, will bear this out; and their collective testimony will be more impressive if we reflect that they cover a goodly span of years—years in which history was moving *a gran giornate*, in the phrase of Petrarch.

INTRODUCTION

It has been stated, with a kind of poetic truth that would have delighted Vico, that the Renaissance begins when Dante meets Virgil in the *selva oscura*. If this be so, then the present volume is in the main a collection of Renaissance verse. We may accept this as historic as well as poetic truth, but we may note as well that the poems in tone and attitudes also represent three fairly easily definable historical periods. A few historical points of reference may be useful in indicating their scope. The earliest selection in the anthology is the work of St. Francis, written in the early 13th century. At that time the Continent was still racked by the struggle between papal and imperial claims to the temporal power, the fourth Crusade was still fresh in men's memories, and the great St. Louis had still before him the high-minded enterprise that was to lead to his canonization. With no desire to tangle with professional historians—or poetic ones either—on matters of definition, we may assert that any reader of Villehardouin or Joinville would readily concede that this is an age which can truly be described as medieval; and, in spite of the rise of the city states with their *gente nuova e subiti guadagni* ("parvenus and quick returns," as we should call them), it was for Italy too a medieval period in the concepts and in the emotions of men if not in the facts of their daily existence. Readers more familiar with English than continental history will recall that the early 13th century embraces the reigns of John and Henry III—he "of the simple life," in Dante's ambiguous phrase.

But the span of years between the last decades of this century and the middle of the 15th (roughly between the youth of Dante and the time of Lorenzo de' Medici) is a very different age indeed. The feudalism of France develops in its own fashion, with increasing centralization of the monarchical power and the beginnings of a purposeful and self-conscious nationalism that the Middle Ages could never have accepted even if it understood. In England the same trend is in evidence with the accession of the line of stalwart Edwards; in Italy, where there is no national king, where the prince of

INTRODUCTION

greatest prestige, whose absence is a calamity and whose presence an obstacle to unity, must be in a sense antinational, the individual city-states come into their own, rich, civilized, skeptical, and for the most part compelled to repudiate their republican principles for the sake of security and aggrandizement.

There are in this age no great crusades, no St. Thomas and, for that matter, no emperor of the stature of Frederick II. There is, to be sure, no Machiavelli either, but Marsilius of Padova and, in another sense, Lorenzo Valla point the way to him. For it is an age of crumbling allegiances, of antipopes and devastating wars, social unrest and uncertainty. It is the age of scholars—of whom Petrarch was not the least—of Latinism and of elegance, cruelty and doubt. And, for that matter, of the Black Death and the relaxation of morals so effectively described in the introduction to the *Decameron*.

The third stage running roughly from the last years of the 15th to the end of the 16th centuries, while carrying out the development of nationalism in most of Europe through consolidation at home to aggression abroad—one may cite the convenient symbols of Ferdinand or Francis I, or the Tudors—carried the Italian city-states through the fateful cycle of rivalry, strife, and subjection to the foreigner. In a sense the Reformation and its reaction in the Counter Reformation put the final seal on the nation as the basis of men's loyalties and shifted the interest of the intellectual world from the universals of the Middle Ages to the personal, the patriotic, often the polemical interests that still characterize our day.

All of which, while admittedly the grossest oversimplification, may serve to make the reader aware of the background against which the poets represented in this book lived, meditated, suffered, and composed. The optimism which, for all his invectives and frustrations, characterizes the message of Dante and which informs the idealism of a Beatrice reflects the assurance of a world that had reached a happy accord—at least in philosophical terms—between the demands of faith and the gracious light of reason. Of course

there were dissenters, the misanthrope Cecco Angiolieri, the tormented and perhaps heretical Cavalcanti; but for a Folgore da San Gemignano the months of the year could hold nothing but promise of the pleasures which in a more serene distillation Dante was to encounter on the summit of Purgatory, and the girl, immortalized by Rinaldo d'Aquino, who watches her lover's ship sail off can still in tearful confidence leave him to the emperor's charge. A Jacopone da Todi, medieval enough in passion, is a kind of phenomenon that transcends barriers of time and defies classification.

It is for Petrarch that all goes not well though he persuades himself that it should. It is not so much that the world is ill run—though his commentary on the state of things can be as scorching as Dante's—it is the more distressing awareness, sometimes merely sensed, sometimes acutely realized, that idealism is not enough. His Laura must be real, she must have golden hair, she must even—alas for the ideal—fall ill occasionally, and she must love him. To be sure, in the long run chastity wins; but only because it must, not because the poet, at least in his early years, would have it so. Thus the ideal is tarnished somewhat even as the emperor is overshadowed by lesser kings and as the glory of the pope is obscured by the lowering skies of Avignon.

Out of Petrarch's inner conflict, his ardent and sincere dedication to Augustine and his no less genuine concern for a place among the world's great, his love for the simple life and his passion to see the world and to become expert on the vices and virtues of mankind, his dream of a Laura chaste and distant and his desire for a yielding, consoling mistress—out of this personality, restless and gifted, vain and terrified, came a new kind of poetry, human and ingratiating, more moving if less inspiring than Dante with his assurance and integrity could offer. The gentle Boccaccio who revered Dante and Petrarch alike could, had his gifts or his tastes been lyric, have carried the sensualism of Petrarch one step further and indeed he does in his novel, *Fiammetta*, but we have merely adumbrations

of what might have been in a few of the sonnets, never so harmoniously fused nor so lovingly elaborated as those of his beloved Ser Francesco.

For the later generations of the nascent vernacular lyric—largely submerged in the Latinism which engulfed the men of letters for nearly a century after Petrarch's death—the old tradition was not enough, sapped by increasing skepticism and overwhelmed by the emancipated exuberance of an age which had rediscovered the classics and was wealthy enough to revel in a carefree paganism. So while at moments Lorenzo can turn—and not insincerely—to the models of the *dolce stil nuovo*, he finds his truest muse in the social usages of his time, the popular festivals, the sportive pursuits of the courtiers, and in affectionate satire of the peasantry. It is at this time, as if out of weariness with the weight of erudition, that the popular strain becomes most marked in the Italian lyric. Yet it should be noted here that in all Italian literature, although popular forms occasionally appear to rejuvenate the flagging inspiration of the poets, there is nothing to compare with the *romances* of Spain or the ballads of England, and a poet of the stamp of Robert Burns is all but inconceivable in the Italian tradition where familiarity with the classics has been almost a prerequisite for lyric verse from Dante to D'Annunzio. Poliziano well exemplifies our case; he owes much to the popular muse yet he remains a scholar of enormous learning, always aware of what he is doing, and the naïve candor of his *rispetti*, while perfectly convincing, is in fact entirely synthetic. The greatest lyric poet of the Renaissance, Michelangelo, is a case apart, and a desperate personal sincerity breaks through his tortuous Platonism; yet in the main, and Poliziano and Lorenzo included, the attention of the Renaissance poets was fixed more on the form than on the substance of what they had to say.

There need be, to be sure, nothing reprehensible in the love of form. It is because the Italian poets were inspired by this sense that they have had such an enormous influence in shaping the poetic

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destinies of the Western world. They gave us the sonnet and terza rima and the octave, but more than that, with Petrarch as the revered model of delicate expression, they passed on to the sister literatures the reverence for words, the feeling for cadences, and the respect for artistry that are the highest attributes of poetry. Without content such ornaments seem trivial indeed, and the reader may find one or two examples of what Petrarchism can be—though he has been spared the worst—in the pages of this anthology; but without these weapons even the poet with a message may find there is none to hear it. At its best, when technical mastery is associated with genuine feeling as it is in Tasso, for example, and to a lesser extent in a few sonnets of Boiardo's *Canzoniere*, the result is incomparably beautiful and moving. One may explain the Italian interest in words for words' sake and the obsession with technique on the historical grounds that the early lyric of Italy owed much to the Provençal masters who, as the first of modern poets, must perforce have begun with such attitudes. But it probably is also a result of a classical heritage, for Italian literature was born late but mature; the barbarian invasions never obliterated the peninsular culture; and Dante, if we may cite him again, is perfectly right, when arranging his little procession up the higher terraces of Purgatory, to place himself directly on the traces of Virgil and Statius.

In a volume of translations it may not be inappropriate to dwell at a little more length on the importance of Italian in the development of other literatures. For English literature alone the examples would suffice to make a number of books, as indeed they have. If we think of Dante we think at once of Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules* and of his translation of the opening lines of Canto XXXIII of the *Paradiso*. To be sure, there were centuries that hardly knew Dante, such as the 15th (but was it in fact a very brilliant period for English literature?), and the 18th could, if Walpole be held to represent it, look upon him as "a Methodist parson in Bedlam"; but the 19th, with the explicit tributes of Byron, Shelley, and Browning, more

than redressed the balance, and his living influence is attested by the devotion of T. S. Eliot among others. However, Dante is actually less exportable than Petrarch, whose importation into England in the 16th century revolutionized techniques and set a pattern of lyric attitudes that has remained a vital force down to today. (Petrarch's impact in Spain and France was perhaps even greater.) It is difficult indeed to imagine what the English lyric would have been without Petrarch and the *Petrarchisti*. Equally important of course for the English Renaissance was the work of Ariosto and Tasso, but their influence was not primarily felt in the field of the lyric—though Tasso's might well have been—and perhaps we need do no more than allude to it here. It is true that after Tasso Italian poets ceased to have—or at least to appear to have—quite the same stature in the eyes of other nations; yet the feeling that there were things to be learned in Italy has lingered on, and it would not be hard to make up an imposing list of contemporary English and American writers who have felt the call. Italian poetry at its best, and without reference to any specific great names, has maintained throughout the centuries a combination of humanity and balance which cannot fail to appeal to the professional artist. Even the second-rate poets—and let us cheerfully admit that Italy has hundreds of them—have a respect for the word, the phrase, the metrical music that compels our admiration, perhaps because—save for some divagations such as *Marinismo* in the 17th century and *Futurismo* in the early 20th—the respect never degenerated into a cult. There is in Italian letters an underlying sense of measure which is an ingrained inheritance from the classics. And, stemming either from this same classic inheritance or from the historic role of Rome and to a lesser degree Florence, Italian poetry has always had in its content an element of the universal. We have mentioned its relatively cultured quality as contrasted with the popular inspiration in other literatures. This, to be sure, has left it deprived of a certain kind of primitive appeal, but it has also assured its ability to command the attention of

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the world, for if Italian poetry is not "popular" neither is it "provincial." This concern with humanity and the universal as against the parochial has been a constant, even running through the highly nationalistic 19th century, as evidenced by Manzoni, Foscolo, Leopardi, and, in his own flamboyant way, D'Annunzio.

From the point of view of content another aspect may be stressed. We have noted the concern for art, the sense of measure, the philosophical and the personal elements in Italian verse. No less important perhaps, though it is sometimes overlooked, is the concern for practical questions. Italian literature, taken as a whole, is characterized by great works concerned with practical matters, almost "how to" books, as we might say. Certainly two great figures of the Renaissance from whom the world has learned much and has yet much to learn are Machiavelli and Castiglione, and such other examples as Leon Battista Alberti or Della Casa come readily to mind. But it is noteworthy that the poets too have more often than not been serious men with a mission. Dante is too obvious an example to require comment, laboring as he does his prescription for world government and harmony up to the very moment of the final vision. Nor does Petrarch, in the midst of his concern for Laura, think it beneath him to express his opinion of the Avignon papacy or urge the princes of Italy to patriotic endeavor or suggest the rehabilitation of Rome. Ariosto not infrequently interrupts the course of his epic to express his views on contemporary matters; satire abounds in Italian verse and, conversely, mystics either of the Jacopone da Todi or the Giordano Bruno stamp are rare. Italian literature is one in which the poets, enraptured by love or afire with religious or philosophic zeal, nonetheless know what world they live in and have something to say about it—and frequently to it. And because the problems of humanity are recurrent—though taking different shapes with each generation—and because what the Italian poets had to say they said beautifully, the present anthology is offered to the 20th-century reader in the certainty that he will find no

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less profit and delight in their verse than the generations that have gone before.

Some collateral evidence of the appeal of Italian poetry may be found in the large number of translators represented in these pages. In the main Mr. Lind has looked for contemporary translations which use the idiom of our own day, for certainly none of these poets was "quaint" or archaic to the ears of his contemporaries. Here and there, either for the intrinsic beauty of the translation or by way of variety, an older version is used or, occasionally, a version in dialect. There are many poems, to be sure, for which no translation existed and others for which existing versions seemed inappropriate or inadequate; hence for these poems a translation had to be commissioned. For these, as for the ones already available, the principle has been to present the reader with a version as near the original as possible in the effect it has (or should have) on the reader. In the translation of lyric verse—a truly Quixotic enterprise at best—stark literalness has nothing to commend it. Yet at the same time every effort has been made to give the reader a faithful report of the content of the poem. No translation is ever a complete success; how close these versions approach their goal the bilingual reader may judge. For those who are not bilingual we hope that the translations will serve as portals—not too unlovely in themselves—to the beauties of the originals.

LYRIC POETRY OF THE
ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

SAN FRANCESCO D'ASSISI

Il cantico delle Creature

Altissimu, onnipotente, bon Signore,
tue son le laude, la gloria e l'onore et onne benedictione.
Ad te solo Altissimo, se konfano
et nullu omu ene dignu Te mentovare.

Laudato si, mi Signore, cum tucte le tue creature,
spetialmente messor lo frate sole,
lo quale jorna, et illumini per lui;
et ellu è bellu e radiante cum grande splendore;
de Te, Altissimo, porta significatione.

Laudato si, mi Signore, per sora luna e le stelle;
in celu l'ài formate clarite et pretiose et belle.

Laudato si, mi Signore, per frate vento
et per aere et nubilo et sereno et onne tempo,
per le quale a le tue creature dai sustentamento.

Laudato si, mi Signore, per sor' acqua,
la quale è multo utile, et humele, et pretiosa et casta.

Laudato si, mi Signore, per frate focu,
per lo quale ennallumini la nocte,
et ello è bellu, et jucundo, et robustoso et forte.

Laudato si, mi Signore, per sora nostra matre terra,

San Francesco d'Assisi (c. 1180–1226), the son of a merchant and in his youth a lover of pleasure, was admonished in a vision seen while he was ill at Spoleto to become a "soldier of Christ." He founded a new religious order which was approved in 1210 by Innocent III and grew to contain 5,000 brothers by 1217. In 1224 he received the stigmata and died October 4, 1226, at Porziuncola. He was made a saint in 1228; his remains lie at Assisi.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

The Canticle of the Creatures

O Most High, Omnipotent, Good Lord; Thine be the praise, the glory and the honor; to Thee be every blessing. To Thee alone, Most Highest, are they due, and there is no man worthy to speak of Thee.

Be praised, O Lord, with all Thy creatures, especially my lord Brother Sun, who gives the day, and by whom Thou showest light. He is beautiful and shining with great splendor; of Thee, Most Highest, he is the symbol.

Be praised, O Lord, for Sister Moon and the stars; Thou hast formed them in the heavens, clear, precious and beautiful.

Be praised, O Lord, for Brother Wind and for air and cloud, for fair and for all weather by which Thou givest Thy creatures sustenance.

Be praised, O Lord, for Sister Water, the which is so useful, humble, precious and chaste.

Be praised, O Lord, for Brother Fire, by which Thou lightest up the night. He is beautiful and gay, vigorous and strong.

Be praised, O Lord, for our Sister Mother Earth, the which sup-

His poem (also called "Cantico di frate sole") is one of the most important documents of Italian literature and the most genuine example of Franciscan poetry. It is remarkable to see how the Italian language emerges in it from its Latin matrix. The text varies somewhat in its printed forms since no critical text exists. See notes in Carli-Sainati, Scrittori italiani, 1 (1950), 6-8. The translation was printed in Poet Lore, 44 (1938), 374-5.

SAN FRANCESCO D'ASSISI

la quale ne sustenta e governa,
e produce diversi fructi, con coloriti fiori et herba.
Laudato si, mi Signore, per quilli, che perdonano per lo tuo amore
e sostengo infirmitate et tribulatione.
Beati quilli, che sosterrano in pace,
ka de Te, Altissimo, sirano incoronati.
Laudato si, mi Signore, per sora nostra morte corporale,
da la quale nullu homo vivente po skappare.
Guai a quilli, ke morrano ne le peccata mortali.
Beati quilli, che se trovarà ne le tue sanctissime voluntati;
ka la morte secunda nol farrà male.
Laudate et benedicete mi Signore, e rengratiate,
e serviteli cum grande humilitate.

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

Contrasto fra amante e madonna

Lui: Rosa fresca aulentissima,
C'appari in ver la state,
Le donne ti disiano,
Pulzelle e maritate:
Traemi d'este focora,
Se t'este a bolontate;

Cielo (Ciullo) D'Alcamo, or Cielo dal Camo, was a poet at the court of Sicily in the first half of the 13th century. The following poets in this anthology, to Folgore da San Gemignano, are also of the Sicilian school which flourished under Frederick II (1194–1250), emperor of Sicily from 1220 until his death. Their poetry imitated that of the Provençal poets and concerns itself almost exclusively with love, which is often treated from a philosophical point of view. These poets were the first to use vernacular Italian and to adapt the canzone to it. For bibliography see Carli-Sainati, 1, 16–17. A good brief account of these poets before 1300 is given in the preface

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

ports and nourishes us and produces diverse fruits, with brilliant flowers and grass.

Be praised, O Lord, for those, who for love of Thee forgive, who bear sickness and tribulation; blessed those who in peace shall endure, for by Thee, Most High, they shall be crowned.

Be praised, O Lord, for our Sister Death of the Body, from the which no man living may escape; woe to them who shall die in mortal sin and blessed those who shall be found in Thy most holy will, for the second death shall work them no harm.

Give praises and blessings and render thanks to my Lord, and serve Him with great humility.

ELEANOR L. TURNBULL

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

DIALOGUE: *Lover and Lady*

He: Thou sweetly-smelling fresh red rose
That near thy summer art,
Of whom each damsel and each dame
Would fain be counterpart;
O! from this fire to draw me forth
Be it in thy good heart:

of A. J. Butler's book, *The Forerunners of Dante* (1910), pp. v-xxxv.

The language of this tenzone is still fluid and marked by regional or local peculiarities. It could not have been written before 1231. In it three alexandrines are rhymed with each other and two pure hendecasyllables rhyme with each other. Full text in Butler. D. G. Rossetti, *Dante and His Circle* (1892) has translated a number of these early poets; it is from this book that all of his translations in this anthology are taken. Their works are contained for the most part in MS. Vatican 3793, which has been edited by Signori Satta, Egidi, and Festa.

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

Perchè non aio abentu notte e dia
Pensando pur di voi, Madonna mia.

Ella: Se di meve trabagliti,
Follía lo ti fa fare.
Lo mar potresti arrompere
Avanti e asemenare,
L'abere d'esto secolo
Tutto quanto assembrare:
Avere me non potería esto monno:
Avanti, li cavelli m'aritonno.

Lui: Se li cavelli artonniti
Avanti foss' io morto;
Ca i' sì mi perderia
Lo solazzo e diporto.
Quando ci passo e veioti,
Rosa fresca de l'orto,
Bono conforto donimi tutt' ore;
Poniamo che s'aiunga il nostro amore.

Ella: Ch'el nostro amore aiungasi
Non boglio m'attalenti.
Se ci ti trova patremo
Cogli altri miei parenti,
Guarda non t'aricolgano
Questi forti corenti.
Como ti seppe bona la venuta,
Consiglio che ti guardi a la partuta.

Lui: Se i tuoi parenti trovanmi,
E chi mi pozon fari?
Una difesa mettoci
Di dumilia agostari;

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

For night or day there is no rest with me,
Thinking of none, my lady, but of thee.

She: If thou hast set thy thoughts on me,
Thou hast done a foolish thing.
Yea, all the pine-wood of this world
Together might'st thou bring,
And make thee ships, and plow the sea
Therewith for corn-sowing,
Ere any way to win me could be found:
For I am going to shear my locks all round.

He: Lady, before thou shear thy locks
I hope I may be dead:
For I should lose such joy thereby
And gain such grief instead.
Merely to pass and look at thee,
Rose of the garden-bed,
Has comforted me much, once and again.
Oh! if thou wouldst but love, what were it then!

She: Nay, though my heart were prone to love,
I would not grant it leave.
Hark! should my father or his kin
But find thee here this eve,
Thy loving body and lost breath
Our moat may well receive.
Whatever path to come here thou dost know,
By the same path I counsel thee to go.

He: And if thy kinsfolk find me here,
Shall I be drowned then? Marry,
I'll set, for price against my head,
Two thousand agostari.

Non mi tocarà patreto
Per quanto avere ha' in Bari.
Viva lo 'mperadore, graz' a Deo!
Intendi, bella, questo ti dico eo.

Ella: Tu me non lasci vivere
Nè sera nè matino:
Donna mi son di perperi,
D'auro massa amotino.
Se tanto aver donassimi
Quanto a lo Saladino,
E per aiunta quant' a lo Soldano,
Tocare me non poteria la mano.

Lui: Molte sono le femine
Ch'anno dura la testa,
E l'uomo con parabole
Le dimina e ammodesta;
Tanto intorno percacciale
Finchè l'a in sua podesta.
Femina d'omo non si può tenere:
Guardati, bella, pur di ripentere.

Ella: Ch'eo me ne pentesse?
Davanti foss' io ancisa,
Ch'a nulla bona femina
Per me fosse riprisa.
Er sera ci passasti,
Correnno alla distisa:
A questi ti riposa, canzoneri:
Le tue parole a me non piaccion gueri.

Lui: Quante sono le sciantora
Che m'ai mise allo core!

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

I think thy father would not do't
For all his lands in Bari.
Long life to the Emperor! Be God's praise!
Thou hear'st, my beauty, what thy servant says.

She: And am I then to have no peace
Morning or evening?
I have strong coffers of my own
And much good gold therein;
So that if thou couldst offer me
The wealth of Saladin,
And add to that the Soldan's money-hoard,
Thy suit would not be anything toward.

He: I have known many women, love,
Whose thoughts were high and proud,
And yet have been made gentle by
Man's speech not over-loud.
If we but press ye long enough,
At length ye will be bow'd;
For still a woman's weaker than a man.
When the end comes, recall how this began.

She: God grant that I may die before
Any such end do come,—
Before the sight of a chaste maid
Seem to me troublesome!
I marked thee here all yestereve
Lurking about my home,
And now I say, Leave climbing, lest thou fall,
For these thy words delight me not at all.

He: How many are the cunning chains
Thou hast wound round my heart!

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

E solo pur pensandoci
La dia quanno vo fore!
Femina d'esto secolo
Non amai tanto ancora
Quant' amo te, rosa invidiata;
Ben credo che mi fosti destinata.

Ella: Se destinata fosseti,
Caderia dell'altezze;
Chè male messe forano
In te le mie bellezze.
Se tutto adivenissemi,
Tagliaràmi le trezze,
E con suore m'arrenno a una magione
Avanti che m'artocchin le persone.

Lui: Se tu con suore arrenditi,
Donna col viso aero,
Allo mostero vennoci
E rennomi con freri.
Per tanta prova vincerai
Faràlo volontieri:
Con teco stao la sera e lo maitino:
Besognè ch'io ti tenga al meo dimino.

Ella: Oimè, tapina misera,
Com'ao reo destinato!
Geso Cristo l'altissimo
Del toto m'è airato,
Concepistimi a abbattere
Un omo blestiemato.
Cierca la terra, ch'este granne assai,
Chiù bella donna di me troverai.

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

Only to think upon thy voice
Sometimes I groan apart.
For I did never love a maid
Of this world, as thou art,
So much as I love thee, thou crimson rose.
Thou wilt be mine at last; this my soul knows.

She: If I could think it would be so,
Small pride it were of mine
That all my beauty should be meant
But to make thee to shine.
Sooner than stoop to that, I'd shear
These golden tresses fine,
And make one of some holy sisterhood;
Escaping so thy love, which is not good.

He: If thou unto the cloister fly,
Thou cruel lady and cold,
Unto the cloister I will come
And by the cloister hold;
For such a conquest liketh me
Much better than much gold;
At matins and at vespers I shall be
Still where thou art. Have I not conquered thee?

She: Out and alack! wherefore am I
Tormented in suchwise?
Lord Jesus Christ the Savior,
In whom my best hope lies,
O give me strength that I may hush
This vain man's blasphemies!
Let him seek through the earth; 'tis long and broad:
He will find fairer damsels, O my God!

Lui: Ciercat' aio Calabria,
Toscana e Lombardia,
Puglia, Constantinopoli,
Gienoa, Pisa, Sorìa,
La Magna e Babilonia,
E tutta Barberìa:
Donna non trovai tanto cortese,
Per dea sovrana de mene te presi.

Ella: Poi tanto trabagliastiti
Facioti meo pregheri:
Che tu vadi, adomandimi
A mia mare e a mon peri,
Se dare mi ti degnano
Menami allo mosteri,
E sposami davanti da la iente,
E poi farò lo tuo comannamente.

Lui: Di ciò che dici, vitama,
Neiente non ti bale,
Ca delle tue parabole fatto
N' ò ponti e scale;
Penne pensastì mettere,
Sonti cadute l' ale;
E dato t'aio la bolta sotana,
Dunque, se pòi, teniti villana.

Ella: En paura non mettermi
Di nullo manganiello;
Istomi n' esta groria
D' esto forte castello;
Prezo le tue parabole
Men che d' uno zitello.

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

He: I have sought through Calabria,
Lombardy, and Tuscany,
Constantinople, Apulia,
Genoa, Pisa, Syria,
Yea, even to Babylon I went
And distant Barbary:
✓ But not a woman found I anywhere
Equal to thee, who art indeed most fair.

She: If thou have all this love for me,
Thou canst no better do
Than ask me of my father dear
And my dear mother too:
They willing, to the abbey-church
We will together go,
And, before Advent, thou and I will wed;
After the which, I'll do as thou hast said.

He: These thy conditions, lady mine,
Are altogether nought:
Despite of them, I'll make a net
Wherein thou shalt be caught.
What, wilt thou put on wings to fly?
Nay, but of wax they're wrought,—
They'll let thee fall to earth, not rise with thee:
So, if thou canst, then keep thyself from me.

She: Think not to fright me with thy nets
And suchlike childish gear;
I am safe pent within the walls
Of this strong castle here;
A boy before he is a man
Could give me as much fear.

Se tu no levi e vatine di quaci,
Se tu ci fosse morto ben mi chiaci.

Lui: Dunque voresti, vitama,
Che per te fosse strutto,
Se morto essere deboci
Od intagliato tutto;
Di quaci non mi mosera
Se non ai' delo frutto
Lo quale stae ne lo tuo jardino;
Disiolo la sera e lo matino.

Ella: Di quel frutto non abero
Conti nè cabalieri,
Molto lo disiano
Marchesi e justizieri;
Avere nonde pottero,
Gironde molti feri.
Intendi bene cio che vo <ti> dire—
Men est di mill' onze lo tuo abere.

Lui: Molti son li garofani,
Ma non che salma 'nd' ài;
Bella, non dispregiaremi
Se avanti non m' assai;
Se vento è in proda, e girasi,
E giungieti a le prai,
A rimembrare t' ài este parole,
Ca d'esta <mia> animella assai mi dole.

Ella: Macara se dolesseti,
Che cadesse angosciato;
Le gienti ci coresoro
Da traverso e da lato;

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

If suddenly thou get not hence again,
It is my prayer thou mayst be found and slain.

He: Wouldst thou in very truth that I
Were slain, and for thy sake?
Then let them hew me to such mince
As a man's limbs may make!
But meanwhile I shall not stir hence
Till of that fruit I take
Which thou hast in thy garden, ripe enough:
All day and night I thirst to think thereof.

She: None have partaken of that fruit,
Not Counts nor Cavaliers:
Though many have reached up for it,
Barons and great Seigneurs,
They all went hence in wrath because
They could not make it theirs.
Then how canst *thou* think to succeed alone
Who hast not a thousand ounces of thine own?

He: How many nosegays I have sent
Unto thy house, sweet soul!
At least till I am put to proof,
This scorn of thine control.
For if the wind, so fair for thee,
Turn ever and wax foul,
Be sure that thou shalt say when all is done,
"Now is my heart heavy for him that's gone."

She: If by my grief thou couldst be grieved,
God send me a grief soon!
I tell thee that though all my friends
Prayed me as for a boon,

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

Tutte meve diciessono:
Acori esto malnato;
Non ti dengnara porgere la mano,
Per quanto aver à 'l Papa e lo Soldano.

Lui: Deo lo volesse, vitama,
Te fosse morto in casa;
L'arma n' anderia consola
Ca notte e di pantasa;
La jente ti chiamarano:
Oi pergiura malvasa,
C' ài morto l'omo in casata, traita,
Sanz' ogni colpo levimi la vita.

Ella: Se tu no levi e vatine
Co la maladizione,
Li frati miei ti trovano
Dentro chissa magione;
Ben lo mi so, feroci son,
Perdici la persone,
C' a meve se' venuto a sormonare;
Parente, amico, non t' ave aiutare.

Lui: A meve non aitano
Amici nè parenti,
Istrani mi son, carama,
Enfra esta bona jente;
Or fa un' anno, vitama,
Ch' entra mi sei 'n mente,
Di canno ti vististi lo 'ntaiuto,
Bella, di quello jorno son feruto.

Ella: Ai, tanto namorastiti,
Juda lo traito,

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

Saying, "Even for the love of us,
Love thou this worthless loon,"
Thou shouldst not have the thing that thou dost hope.
No, verily: not for the realm o' the Pope.

He: Now could I wish that I in truth
Were dead here in thy house:
My soul would get its vengeance then;
Once known, the thing would rouse
A rabble, and they'd point and say,—
"Lo! she that breaks her vows,
And, in her dainty chamber, stabs!" Love, see:
One strikes just thus: it is soon done, pardie!

She: If now thou do not hasten hence,
(My curse companioning,)
That my stout friends will find thee here
Is a most certain thing:
After the which, my gallant sir,
Thy points of reasoning
May chance, I think, to stand thee in small stead,
Thou hast no friend, sweet friend, to bring thee aid.

He: Thou sayst truly, saying that
I have not any friend:
A landless stranger, lady mine,
None but his sword defend.
One year ago, my love began,
And now, is this the end?
Oh! the rich dress thou worest on that day
Since when thou art walking at my side alway!

She: So 'twas my dress enamored thee!
What marvel? I did wear

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

Como se fosse porpore,
Iscarlato o sciamito.
Se le Vangiele jurimi
Che mi sia a marito,
Avere me non potera <'n> esto monno;
Avanti in mare jitomi al profonno.

Lui: Se tu nel mare gititi,
Donna cortese e fina,
Dereto mi ti misera
Per tutta la marina,
E posto chanegaseti,
Trobare' a la rina,
Solo per questa cosa ad impretare,
Conteco m' aio a giungere a pecare.

Ella: Sengnomi in Patre e 'n Filio
Ed in Santo Mateo;
So ca tu non sei retico,
Filglio di Giudeo,
E cotale parabole
Non udi dire anch' eo;
Mortasi la femina a lo 'ntutto,
Perdeci lo saboro e lo disdutto.

Lui: Ben lo sacc' io, carama;
Altro nom posso fare
Se quisso non accomplimi,
Lassone lo cantare;
Fallo, mia donna, plazati,
Che bene lo puoi fare
Ancora tu no m' ami, molto t' amo,
Si m' ài preso come lo pescie a l' amo.

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

A cloth of samite silver-flowered,
And gems within my hair.
But one more word; if on Christ's Book
To wed me thou didst swear,
There's nothing now could win me to be thine:
I had rather make my bed in the sea-brine.

He: And if thou make thy bed therein,
Most courteous lady and bland,
I'll follow all among the waves,
Paddling with foot and hand;
Then, when the sea hath done with thee,
I'll seek thee on the sand.
For I will not be conquered in this strife:
I'll wait, but win; or losing, lose my life.

She: For Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three times I cross myself.
Thou art no godless heretic,
Nor Jew, whose God's his pelf:
Even as I know it then, meseems,
Thou needs must know thyself
That woman, when the breath in her doth cease,
Loseth all savor and all loveliness.

He: Woe's me! Perforce it must be said
No craft could then avail:
So that if thou be thus resolved,
I know my suit must fail.
Then have some pity, of thy grace!
Thou may'st, love, very well;
For though thou love not me, my love is such
That 'tis enough for both—yea overmuch.

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

Ella: Sazo che m' ami, i' amoti
Di core paladino;
Levati suso e vatene,
Tornaci a lo matino;
Se ciò che dico faciemi
Di bon cor t' amo e fino;
Quisso t' imprometto senza falglia,
Te' la mia fede, che m' ài in tua balglia.

Lui: Per ciò che dici, carama,
Neiente non mi movo;
Inanti prenni e scannami—
Tolli esto cortello novo—
'Sto fatto fare potesi
Inanti scalfi un uovo;
Accompli mio talento, amica bella,
Chè l'arma co lo core mi s'infella.

Ella: Ben sazo l' arma doleti
Com' omo c' ave arsura,
Esto fatto nom potersi
Per null' altra misura;
Se non a le Vangiele,
Che mo ti dico, jura
Averemi non puoi in tua podesta;
Inanti prenni e tagliami la testa.

Lui: L'Evangiele, carama,
Ch' io le porto in seno,
A lo mostero presile—
Non c' era lo patrino—
Sovr' esto libro juroti
Mai non ti vengno meno.

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

She: Is it even so? Learn then that I
Do love thee from my heart.
To-morrow, early in the day,
Come here, but now depart.
By thine obedience in this thing
I shall know what thou art,
And if thy love be real or nothing worth;
Do but go now, and I am thine henceforth.

He: Nay, for such promise, my own life,
I will not stir a foot.
I've said, if thou wouldst tear away
My love even from its root,
I have a dagger at my side
Which thou mayst take to do't;
But as for going hence, it will not be.
O hate me not! my heart is burning me.

She: Think'st thou I know not that thy heart
Is hot and burns to death?
Of all that thou or I can say,
But one word succoreth.
Till thou upon the Holy Book
Give me thy bounden faith,
God is my witness that I will not yield:
For with thy sword 'twere better to be kill'd.

He: Then on Christ's Book, borne with me still
To read from and to pray,
(I took it, fairest, in a church,
The priest being gone away,)
I swear that my whole self shall be
Thine always from this day.

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

Accompli mio talento in caritate,
Chè l' arma mene sta in sutilitate.

Ella: Meo sire, poi jurastimi
Eo tutta quanta incienno;
Sono a la tua presenza,
Da voi non mi difenno;
S' eo minespreso aioti,
Merzè, a voi m' arenno;
A lo letto ne gimo a la bon' ora,
Chè chissa cosa n' è data in ventura.

CIELO (CIULLO) D'ALCAMO

And now at once give joy for all my grief,
Lest my soul fly, that's thinner than a leaf.

She: Now that this oath is sworn, sweet lord,
There is no need to speak:
My heart, that was so strong before,
Now feels itself grow weak,
If any of my words were harsh,
Thy pardon: I am meek
Now, and will give thee entrance presently.
It is best so, sith so it was to be.

D. G. ROSSETTI

JACOPO DA LENTINI

SONETTO: *Madonna e il Paradiso*

Io m'aggio posto in core a Dio servire
Com' io potesse gire in Paradiso,
Al santo loco, ch'aggio audito dire,
O' si mantien sollazzo, gioco e riso.
Sanza Madonna non vi vorría gire,
Quella ch' ha bionda testa e chiaro viso,
Che senza lei non potería gaudire,
Istando da la mia donna diviso.
Ma non lo dico a tale intendimento
Perch' io peccato ci volesse fare;
Se non veder lo suo bel portamento,
E lo bel viso e 'l morbido sguardare:
Chè 'l mi terría in gran consolamento
Veggendo la mia donna in gioia stare.

Jacopo da Lentini is mentioned by Dante, Purgatorio XXIV, 56, who calls him "notary" and contrasts him with the writers of "il dolce stil nouvo." The invention of the sonnet is attributed to him. This sonnet was written in reply to one by Jacopo Mostacci. See Elias L. Rivers, "Certain Formal Characteristics of the Primitive

JACOPO DA LENTINI

SONNET: *Of His Lady in Heaven*

I have it in my heart to serve God so
That into Paradise I shall repair,
The holy place through the which everywhere
I have heard say that joy and solace flow.
Without my lady I were loath to go,—
She who has the bright face and the bright hair;
Because if she were absent, I being there,
My pleasure would be less than nought, I know.
Look you, I say not this to such intent
As that I there would deal in any sin:
I only would behold her gracious mien,
And beautiful soft eyes, and lovely face,
That so it should be my complete content
To see my lady joyful in her place.

D. G. ROSSETTI

Love Sonnet," *Speculum* 33 (1958), 42–55, for bibliography on this sonnet and Ernest F. Langley, "The Poetry of Giacomo da Lentino," *Harvard Studies in Romance Languages* I (1915) for texts and introduction.

RINALDO D'AQUINO

Lamento per la partenza del crociato

Giammai non mi conforto,
Nè mi vo' rallegrare;
Le navi sono al porto,
E vogliono collare.
Vassene la più gente
In terra d'oltremare,
Ed io, lassa dolente!
Come degg'io fare?

Vassene 'n altra contrata,
E no 'l mi manda a dire,
Ed io rimagno ingannata,
Tanti son li sospire,
Che mi fanno gran guerra
La notte co la dia;
Nè'n cielo nè in terra
Non mi pare ch'io sia!

O santus santus Deo,
Che'n la Vergin venisti,
Tu salva l'amor meo,
Poi da me 'l dipartisti.
Oi alta potestate,
Temuta e dottata,
La dolze mi' amore
Ti sia raccomandata!

Rinaldo d'Aquino was probably of a noble Sicilian family. This canzonetta is the lament of a Sicilian girl whose lover has left for a

RINALDO D'AQUINO

Lament for the Sailing of the Crusade

Past comfort, all despairing,
My heart can find no ease;
Eastward the ships are faring,
Sails set to catch the breeze.
The bravest folk are leaving
For lands across the sea,
Here must I linger grieving
Alone in misery.

He sails the mighty ocean
And leaves to me no sign
In earnest of devotion,
O faithless love of mine.
By day and night tormented
What bitter tears I shed;
I am well nigh demented,
Neither alive nor dead.

O God, Who livest ever,
And Whom a maiden bore,
Since Thou from me didst sever
My love, I Thee implore:
Protect him from all dangers,
God of awesome power,
Stand with him amongst strangers,
Be near him every hour.

crusade, possibly the one led by Frederick II in 1228 since an emperor is mentioned. Cf. Carducci, Cantilene e ballate (1871).

La crux salva la gente,
E me fa disviare;
La crux mi fa dolente,
Nè mi val Dio pregare.
Oime, crux pellegrina,
Perchè m'hai sì distrutta?
Oimè, lassa tapina!
Ch'io ardo e incendo tutta!

Lo 'mperador con pace
Tutto 'l mondo mantene,
Ed a me guerra face;
M'ha tolta la mia speme.
Oi alta potestate,
Temuta e dottata,
La mia dolze amore
Ti sia raccomandata!

Quando la crux pigliò,
Certo no 'l mi pensai,
Quello che tanto m'amò,
Ed io lui tanto amai:
Ch'io ne fui battuta,
E messa in prigionia,
E in celata tenuta
Per la vita mia.

Le navi so' a le celle,
In buon' or possan andare,
E lo mio amor con elle,
E la gente c'ha andare.
O padre criatore,
A san' porto le adduce,
Che vanno a servidore
De la tua santa Cruce.

RINALDO D'AQUINO

O cross that means salvation
To Christians, must you go
Leaving me in desperation?
O cross, you are my foe—
As with a fever burning
I shake and turn and toss;
O bitter is the learning
How cruel can be the cross.

The Emperor restoring
The world to peaceful sway
With me alone is warring
And takes my hope away.
O Lord of might and glory,
Standing all kings above,
Give ear to my sad story,
Watch over my true love.

He took the cross, uncaring
For love we two had known,
Love we had joyed in sharing
And now I bear alone.
For love of him they beat me
And locked me fast away
Behind cell bars that cheat me
Of blessed light of day.

The ships with anchors weighing
Stand ready to depart,
The host brooks no delaying
And carries off my heart.
O Father of all living,
They go to serve Thy cross;
O keep them, All-forgiving,
Safe from hurt and loss.

RINALDO D'AQUINO

Però ti prego, Dolcetto,
Che sai la pena mia,
Che me n'facci un sonetto
E mandilo in Soria,
Ch'io non posso abentare
La notte nè la dia.
In terra d'oltremare
Istà la vita mia.

GIACOMINO PUGLIESE

CANZONETTA

La dolcie ciera piagiente
E gli amorosi sembianti
Lo cor m'allegra e la mente,
Quando mi pare davanti.
Si volontier la vio,
La boca ch'io basciai,
Quella ch'io amai,
Ancor l'aspetto e disio.

L'aulente boca e le menne
E lo petto le ciercai:
Fra le mie braza la tenne,
Basciando mi dimandai:

Almost nothing is known of Giacomino Pugliese except that his language is Apulian; he may have gone to Apulia from Sicily. Text in

RINALDO D'AQUINO

Dolcetto mine, what say you?
You know what grief is mine,
Make me a song, I pray you,
To send to Palestine.
All day and night unending
I weep in misery;
My life and heart are wending
To lands across the sea.

T. G. BERGIN

GIACOMINO PUGLIESE

CANZONETTA: *Of His Lady in Absence*

The sweetly-favored face
She has, and her good cheer,
Have filled me full of grace
When I have walked with her.
They did upon that day:
And everything that pass'd
Comes back from first to last
Now that I am away.

There went from her meek mouth
A poor low sigh which made
My heart sink down for drouth.
She stooped, and sobbed, and said,

A. D'Ancona and D. Comparetti, Collezione di opere inedite o rare: Le antiche rime volgari, 1 (1875), 396.

—Messer, se veni(te) a gire
Non facciate addimoranza;
Chè non è bona usanza
Lasciar l' amore e partire.—

Quando mi venne a partire:
—Madonna, a Dio v' acomando—
La bella guardò ver mine,
Sospirava lagrimando.
Tant' erano li sospire,
C' apena mi rispondia;
La dolze donna mia
Non mi lascia(va) partire.

Io non fui vi sì lontano
Ch' el mio amore v' ubriasse,
E non credo che Tristano
Isaotta tanto amasse.
Quando veggio l' avenente
E le donne aparire,
Lo cor mi trae di martire,
E ralegrami la mente.

GIACOMINO PUGLIESE

"Sir, I entreat of you
Make little tarrying:
It is not a good thing
To leave one's love and go."

But when I turned about
Saying, "God keep you well!"
As she looked up, I thought
Her lips that were quite pale
Strove much to speak, but she
Had not half strength enough:
My own dear graceful love
Would not let go of me.

I am not so far, sweet maid,
That now the old love's unfelt:
I believe Tristram had
No such love for Yseult:
And when I see your eyes
And feel your breath again,
I shall forget this pain
And my whole heart will rise.

D. G. ROSSETTI

GUIDO DELLE COLONNE

CANZONE: *Forza e virtù d'amore*

Amor, che longiamente m'hai menato
A freno stretto senza riposanza,
Allarga le tue redini in pietanza,
Chè soverchianza—m'ha vinto e stancato:
Ch'ho più durato—ch'io non ho possanza,
Per voi, madonna, a cui porto lianza,
Più che non fa Assassino in suo cuitato,
Che si lascia morir per sua credanza.
Ben éste affanno diletto, amare
E dolce pena ben si può chiamare.
Ma voi, madonna, de la mia travaglia,
Che sì mi squaglia,—prendavi mercide,
Chè bene è dolce il mal se non m'ancide.

O dolce cera con sguardo soave,
Più bella d'altra che sia 'n vostra terra,
Traete lo mio core ormai di guerra
Che per voi erra—e gran travaglia n'ave
Chè se gran trave—poco ferro serra,
E poca pioggia grande vento atterra,
Però, madonna, non v'incresca e grave
Se Amor mi vince, che ogni cosa inferra.
Chè certo non è troppo disonore
Quand' uomo è vinto da uno suo migliore,
E tanto più da Amor, che vince tutto.

Guido delle Colonne, judge of Messina, is noted for his history of the fall of Troy (1287), based on Dares Phrygius, Historia destructionis Troiae, ed. N. E. Griffin, Cambridge, Mass., 1936. The book is based on the Roman de Troie of Benoît de Sainte-More. The poem

GUIDO DELLE COLONNE✓

CANZONE: *To Love and to His Lady*✓

O Love, who all this while hast urged me on,
Shaking the reins, with never any rest,—
Slacken for pity somewhat of thy haste;
I am oppressed with languor and foredone,—
Having outrun the power of sufferance,—
Having much more endured than who, through faith
That his heart holds, makes no account of death.
Love is assuredly a fair mischance,
And well may it be called a happy ill:
Yet thou, my lady, on this constant sting,
So sharp a thing, have thou some pity still,—
Howbeit a sweet thing too, unless it kill.

O comely-favored, whose soft eyes prevail,
More fair than is another on this ground,—
Lift now my mournful heart out of its stound,
Which thus is bound for thee in great travail:
For a high gale a little rain may end.
Also, my lady, be not angered thou
That Love should thee enforce, to whom all bow.
There is but little shame to apprehend
If to a higher strength the conquest be;
And all the more to Love who conquers all.

published here was written before 1250, when Guido may have been thirty years old. There is in it an intellectual flavor akin to that in the work of Cavalcanti and of Guittone d'Arezzo.

Perciò non dutto—ch'Amor non vi smova:
Saggio guerriero vince guerra e prova.

Non dico ch'a la vostra gran bellezza
Orgoglio non convegna, e stiale bene;
Chè a bella donna orgoglio ben conviene,
Che la mantene—in pregio ed in grandezza
Troppa alterezza—è quella che sconviene;
Di grande orgoglio mai ben non avviene.
Dunque, madonna, la vostra durezza
Convertasi in pietanza, e si raffrene:
Non si distenda tanto ch'io mi pera.
Lo Sol sta alto, e sì face lumera
E tanto più quanto 'n altura pare.
Vostro orgogliare—dunque e vostre altezze
Faccianmi pro' e torninmi in dolcezze.

I' allumo dentro, e sforzo far sembianza
Di non mostrare ciò che 'l mio cor sente.
Ahi quanto è dura pena al cor dolente
Istar tacente—e non far dimostranza!
Chè la pesanza—alla cera consente,
E fanno vista di lor portamente.
Così son volentieri in accordanza
La cera con lo core insembrement.
Forza di senno è quella che soverchia
Ardire di core, e ascende ed incoverchia:
Ben è gran senno, chi lo puote fare,
Saper celare,—ed essere signore
De lo suo core,—quand' este in errore.

Amor fa disviare li più saggi,
E chi più ama, meno ha in sè misura;
Più folle è quello che più s'innamora.

GUIDO DELLE COLONNE

Why then appal my heart with doubts of thee?
Courage and patience triumph certainly.

I do not say that with such loveliness
Such pride may not beseem; it suits thee well,
For in a lovely lady pride may dwell,
Lest homage fail and high esteem grow less:
Yet pride's excess is not a thing to praise.
Therefore, my lady, let thy harshness gain
Some touch of pity which may still restrain
Thy hand, ere Death cut short these hours and days.
The sun is very high and full of light,
And the more bright the higher he doth ride:
So let thy pride, my lady, and thy height,
Stand me in stead and turn to my delight.

Still inmost I love thee, laboring still
That others may not know my secret smart.
Oh! what a pain it is for the grieved heart
To hold apart and not to show its ill!
Yet by no will the face can hide the soul;
And ever with the eyes the heart has need
To be in all things willingly agreed.
It were a mighty strength that should control
The heart's fierce beat, and never speak a word:
It were a mighty strength, I say again,
To hide such pain, and to be sovran lord
Of any heart that had such love to hoard.

For Love can make the wisest turn astray;
Love, at its most, of measure still has least;
He is the maddest man who loves the best;

Amor non cura—di far suoi dannaggi,
Che li coraggi—mette in tal calura,
Ch' uom non può raffreddare per freddura.
Gli occhi a lo core sono li messaggi
De' suoi cominciamenti per natura.
Però, madonna, gli occhi e lo mio core
Avete in vostre mani entro e di fore.
Amore il viver mio mena e combatte,
E batte—come nave il vento in onda:
Voi siete il mio pennel che non affonda.

GUIDO DELLE COLONNE

It is Love's jest, to make men's hearts alway
So hot that they by coldness cannot cool.
The eyes unto the heart bear messages
Of the beginnings of all pain and ease:
And thou, my lady, in thy hand dost rule
Mine eyes and heart which thou hast made thine own.
Love rocks my life with tempests on the deep,
Even as a ship round which the winds are blown:
Thou art my pennon that will not go down.

D. G. ROSSETTI

RUGGIERI D'AMICI

CANZONE

Lo meo core che si stava
In gram pensiero finenora
Per voi, dolze donna mia,
E giorno e notte penava
Faciendo sì gran dimora,
Che disiando peria.
E l' angoscia m' aucidia,
Quando mi rimembrava
Del vostro amore che mi dava
Sollazo e tuto bene,
Al core sofria gram pene.

Dolcie mia donna valente,
Ben m' era fera pesanza
D'essere lontano da voi,
Tant' amorosamente
Mi date gioja com baldanza
Quando sono, bella, con voi;
E non voria mai avere
Potesse avere comfortto.
E bene faria gran tortto
S' io inver voi, bella, fallisse
Per cosa c' avvenisse.

Butler says Ruggieri d'Amici "was probably the Captain of Sicily who went on an embassy from Frederick to the Sultan of Egypt in

RUGGIERI D'AMICI

CANZONE: *Of Distance*

It is my heart that must remain
From hour to hour in heavy musing,
Through you, my sweet, because you try
It night and day with cruel pain,
By your delaying and refusing;
For with its longings it will die:
Your murder me with anxiety.
When I call back into my mind
The love you gave, when you were kind,
All the goodness and solacing,
Then great is my heart's suffering.

Sweet lady, full of worthiness,
To find you at such long distance,
Great heaviness it is to me;
Since you, with so much amorousness,
Proffered me joy with confidence,
When I was in your company.
I cannot say how it may be
That any comfort might belong
To me; but I should do great wrong
In breaking of my faith to you
For anything that you might do.

1240." *The text of this canzone is printed in E. Monaci, Crestomazia italiana dei primi secoli, 1, (1889).*

Donna, la pesanza vostra
 M'incora, poi che mi rimembra
 Com' io mi partia dolglioso;
 Vegiando la gioja nostra
 Che faciavamo noi imsembra,
 Lo core me ne sta pensoso.
 Amore vuole ch' i sia giojoso
 Poi c' a voi, bella, torno.
 Dio, si vederai lo giorno
 Ch' io vostro dolzore senta,
 Sì ca lo meo core n' abenta.

Canzonetta mia giojosa,
 Per lo bene c' amore comanda,
 Partiti e vanne a lo rengno,
 Saluta la bonaventurosa,
 E dille, se t' adimanda,
 Che per lei pene sostengno,
 Nè contento no mi tengno
 Di gra richeza avere
 Senza lo suo volere;
 C' amor m' à preso e distretto
 Assai più ch' io non ò detto.

RUGGIERI D'AMICI

This heaviness for you, lady,
Comes back into my heart, whenever
I think how sad it was to part,
Seeing all that joy which we
Created when we were together;
The thought of this is in my heart.
Love wills I shall bear a joyful part
When I come back to you once more:
God! I wish that day were here,
When I shall feel all your sweetness,
If falls to my heart that happiness.

Go forth, my song, full of delight,
By all the good which Love commands,
And seek the kingdom of Sicily;
Greet her who is so fortunate,
And tell her, following my demands,
By all the pains that fall to me,
That contented I would not be
To win great wealth, unless her mind
To love me willingly inclined;
For Love has me so sore beset
I can incur no other debt.

JOHN HEATH-STUBBS

Strambotti siciliani

1

Non mi mandar messaggi, ch  son falsi;
Non mi mandar messaggi, ch  son rei.
Messaggio sieno gli occhi quando gli alsi,
Messaggio sieno gli occhi tuoi a' miei.
Riguardami le labbra mie rosse,
Ch' aggio marito che non le conosce.

2

Pi  che lo mele hai dolce la parola,
Saggia e onesta, nobile e insegnata,
Hai le bellezze della Camiola,
Isotta la bionda e Morgana la fata.
Se Biancifiori ci fossi ancora,
Delle bellezze la giunta   passata.
Sotto le ciglia porti cinque cuose:
Amore e foco e fiamma e giglio e rose.

Canti Toscani

1

M'affaccio alla finestra e vedo l'onde,
E vedo le miserie che son grande,
E chiamo l'amor mio, non mi risponde.

Strambotti Siciliani of the 13th century are rustic love songs of a slight nature, usually anonymous. The second of those printed here is, as Carducci says, actually a rispetto in ottava rima like those of the 15th century; see note on the rispetti of Angelo Poliziano.

Popular Sicilian Love Songs

1

Send me no messages, for they are lies;
Send me no messages, for they are sin;
No message save the uplifting of the eyes;
No message save your glance that comes to win
The knowledge of my lips how red they be.
Ah, men are bats, fair hues no husbands see!

CECIL CLIFFORD PALMER

2

More than honey the words you speak are sweet,
Honest and wise, nobly and wittily said,
Yours are the beauties of Camiola complete,
Of Iseult the blonde and Morgana the fairy maid.
If Blanchefleur should be added to the group,
Your loveliness would tower above each head.
Beneath your brows five beautiful things repose:
Love and a fire and flame, the lily, the rose.

L. R. LIND

Tuscan Folk Songs (Translated into Scots)

1

I staun at the winnock, the sea-faem blins my een,
And aa I see's hertseikness frae lang syne,
And I cry oot the name o my luve—but och, in vain!

Tuscan Folk Songs: cf. J. A. Symonds, The Renaissance in Italy, 2, chap. 4. Texts in Grace Warrack, Florilegio di Canti Toscani, London, De La More Press, 1914.

2

Giovanottin che passi per la via,
Non ti voltar, chè non canto per te;
Canto per l'amor mio ch'è andato via,
Per l'amor mio ch'è più bellin di te!

3

Fiore di grano.
Amici più di prima noi saremo;
Amici più di prima da lontano.

4

Vedete là quel rusignol che canta?
Col suo bel canto lamentar si vuole.
Così fo io se qualche volta canto:
Canta la lingua, e addolorato è il cuore.
Canta la lingua, e il cuore è addolorato:
Chi mi voleva bene, or m'ha lasciato.

5

Fior di cipresso.
Accenditi candela, in su quel masso,
Fa lume all' amor mio che passa adesso!

6

M'affaccio alla finestra e veggo il mare,
E mi ricordo che s'ha da morire.
Termineranno le speranze care.

7

Acqua di rio.
Teco sarò di luglio e di gennaio,
Dove tu muori te, morirò anch'io.

TUSCAN FOLK SONGS

2

Stravaigin galliard laudie, gang your gate!
Braw ye may be, but my sang's no for you, lad.
The sang I sing's for my ain luve that late
Gaed by, mair braw, mair sprig, mair true, lad!

3

Floer o the rye.
We'll aye be friens, but mair sae frae this day.
Mair friens we'll be—this is a sair guidbye!

4

Thon bird, thon rossignel—ye hear its sang?
Its liltin notes are eerie-wilfu, hurt-like.
Sic sangs are mine gin I daur ettle sing—
Sangs i my mou, but naethin liltin hert-like.
Sangs i my mou, my hert is liltin nane:
My luve that loed me leavit me my lane.

5

Floer o the cypress-tree.
Bleeze up, daurk caunle, ower thon daurker brae,
Licht for my luve wha comes this nicht tae me!

6

I staun at the winnock, my een are on thon sea.
My thocht's o daith, that gies aa things ae day.
The best-loed hopes hae but slee tenandry.

7

Glisk o the burn.
Wi you my luve in Januar and in June,
In life, in daith, tae you, dear luve, I turn.

8

Alla marina me ne voglio andare,
Per veder se v'incontro lo mio amore;
E se l'incontro, lo vo' consolare.

9

Se tu sapessi ancor quanto l'è doglia
Il ricordarsi del tempo passato!
Quando ci penso, tremo più che foglia,
A quel che l'ero, a quel che son tornato:
Quando ci penso, più che foglia tremo,
A quel che son tornato, a quel che l'ero.

10

M'affaccio alla finestra e vedo il mare,
E vedo le barchette a me venire;
Quella del mio amor fa un gran tardare!

11

Le cose piccoline son pur belle!
Le cose piccoline son pur care!
Ponete mente come son le perle:
Son piccoline, e si fanno pagare.
Ponete mente come l'è l'uliva:
L'è piccolina, e di buon frutto mena.
Ponete mente come l'è la rosa:
L'è piccolina, e l'è tanto odorosa.

12

Melangolo, melangolo spremuto.
Non piango, bello, te che m'hai lasciato;
Piango dal troppo ben che t'ho voluta.

TUSCAN FOLK SONGS

8

I maun tae the sea, gang doon I maun tae the sea.
Doon by the sea my luve and I micht meet.
Gin we suld meet, he'se nae mair weet his ee.

9

Gin ye but kent the wecht o dule in prief—
O eerie memorie o guid days gane!
When I think o't, I trimmle mair nor leaf—
What aince I was, what-like I hae became.
When I think o't, I shack like leaf in shaw—
What time noo gars me see, what aince I saw.

10

I staun at the winnock, the sea liggs ootby.
The boats come nebbin in, nebbin this wey.
Lang, lang taks the boat o my luve tae gang by!

11

Whit wee wee things o the yerth, yet nane sae bonny!
Whit wee wee things o the yerth, yet nane sae dear!
Tak noo the perl: the perl's a puir body,
A perl is peerie, but it buys great gear.
Tak noo the olive: whit a scrunty tree,
A peerie tree, but fruits sae bien and free.
Tak noo the rose: a warld's ee michtna see't,
The floer sae peerie—but the smell sae sweet.

12

Tanger-orange, squeeshit sherp.
Laudie, I dinna greet tae loss your hert!
I greet I gied my ain hert's benmaist pairt.

'N del mezzo al mare che c'è un uccellino,
 Si sente solamente di lontano,
 E dice: Son tradito, poverino!

GUIDO GUINICELLI

CANZONE: *Origine e natura d'amore*

Al cor gentil ripara sempre Amore
 Come a la selva augello in la verdura:
 Nè fe Amore avanti gentil core,
 Nè gentil core avanti Amor, Natura;
 Ch'adesso che fo il Sole
 Sì tosto lo splendore fo lucente,
 Nè fo avanti il Sole.
 E prende Amore in gentilezza loco
 Così propriamente
 Come clarore in clarità di foco.

The poet with whom begins "il dolce stil nuovo," Guido Guinicelli (1225?-1276), was born at Bologna and died in exile near Padua. He was influenced both by the Provençal poets and by Guittone d'Arezzo. Carli-Sainati, 1, 66, characterize the new style as one in which love is regarded as inseparable from the noble heart and the

Faur oot i the sea-faem a wee bird keepit.
 Ye's hear nae sang but ane, ane cry, ane threep
 Warld-faur: *Och, trechour hert*, he weepit, weepit.

EDWIN MORGAN

bien: pleasant, good
 braw: fine, gaily dressed
 dule: grief
 ettle: attempt, aspire

galliard: brisk, cheerful
 gars: causes, makes, compels

peerie: little, small
 winnock: window

slee: slippery
 stravaigin: strolling
 squeeshit: squeezed
 tenandry: possession held
 by tenants
 threep: urgent reiteration
 warld-faur: far from the
 world, distant
 wecht: weight

GUIDO GUINICELLI

CANZONE: *Of the Gentle Heart*

Within the gentle heart Love shelters him
 As birds within the green shade of the grove.
 Before the gentle heart, in nature's scheme,
 Love was not, nor the gentle heart ere Love.
 For with the sun, at once,
 So sprang the light immediately; nor was
 Its birth before the sun's.
 And Love hath his effect in gentleness
 Of very self; even as
 Within the middle fire the heat's excess.

contemplation of a beautiful woman as a way for man toward the contemplation of divinity. Dante calls him "maximus" (De Vulgari Eloquentia I. xvi. 6) and "saggio" (Vita Nuova XX); he is also referred to in Purg. XXVI. 97-9. Both Dante and Cavalcanti echo the opening line of this famous canzone.

Foco d'amore in gentil cor s'apprende,
 Come vertute in pietra preziosa;
 Chè dalla stella valor non discende,
 Avanti 'l Sol la faccia gentil cosa:
 Poi che n'ha tratto fore
 Per sua forza, lo Sol ciò che li è vile,
 La stella 'i da valore.
 Così lo cor, ch' è fatto da Natura
 Schietto, puro e gentile,
 Donna, a guisa di stella, lo inamura.

Amor per tal ragion sta in cor gentile,
 Per qual lo fuoco in cima del doppiero
 Splende allo so diletto, chiar, sottile:
 Non li starìa altrimenti, tant' è fero!
 Però prava natura
 Incontr' Amor fa come l'acqua al foco
 Caldo, per la freddura.
 Amore in gentil cor prende rivera
 Per so consimil loco,
 Com' adamàs del ferro in la minera.

Fere lo Sole il fango tutto 'l giorno:
 Vile riman, nè il Sol perde calore.
 Dice uom altier:—Gentil per schiatta torno;—
 Lui sembro 'l fango, e 'l Sol gentil valore.
 Chè non de' dare uom fede
 Che gentilezza sia, fuor di coraggio,
 In dignità di rede,
 Se da vertute non ha gentil core:
 Com' acqua porta raggio,
 E'l ciel ritien la stella e lo splendore.

GUIDO GUINICELLI

The fire of Love comes to the gentle heart
Like as its virtue to a precious stone;
To which no star its influence can impart
Till it is made a pure thing by the sun:
For when the sun hath smit
From out its essence that which there was vile
The star endoweth it.
And so the heart created by God's breath
Pure, true, and clean from guile
A woman, like a star, enamoreth.

In gentle heart Love for like reason is
For which the lamp's flame is fanned and bowed:
Clear, piercing bright, it shines for its own bliss;
Nor would it burn there else, it is so proud.
For evil natures meet
With Love as it were water met with fire,
As cold abhorring heat.
Through gentle heart Love doth a track divine,—
Like knowing like; the same
As diamond runs through iron in the mine.

The sun strikes full upon the mud all day:
It remains vile, nor the sun's worth is less.
"By race I am gentle," the proud man doth say:
He is the mud, the sun is gentleness.
Let no man predicate
That aught the name of gentleness should have,
Even in a king's estate,
Except the heart there be a gentle man's.
The star-beam lights the wave,—
Heaven holds the star and the star's radiance.

Splende in la Intelligenza dello cielo
 Dio creator, più ch' a' nostri occhi il Sole:
 Quella 'ntende 'l so Fattor oltra 'l velo;
 Lo ciel volgendo, a lui ubidir tòle,
 E consegue al primiero
 Del giusto Dio beato compimento.
 Così dar dovria il vero
 La bella donna, che negli occhi splende,
 Del suo gentil talento,
 Chi mai lei ubidir non si disprende.

Donna, Dio mi dirà:—Che presumisti?—
 Sendo l'anima mia a lui davanti;
 —Lo ciel passasti, e fino a me venisti,
 E desti in vano amor, me per sembianti:
 Ch' a me convien la laude,
 E alla Reina del reame degno,
 Per cui cessa ogni fraude.—
 Dir li potrò:—Tenea d'Angel sembianza
 Che fosse del tuo regno:
 Non mi sie fallo, s' io le posi amanza.—

GUIDO GUINICELLI

God, in the understanding of high Heaven,
Burns more than in our sight the living sun:
There to behold His Face unveiled is given;
And Heaven, whose will is homage paid to One,
Fulfills the things which live
In God, from the beginning excellent.
So should my lady give
That truth which in her eyes is glorified,
On which her heart is bent,
To me whose service waiteth at her side.

My lady, God shall ask, "What daredst thou?
(When my soul stands with all her acts reviewed;)
"Thou passedst Heaven, into My sight, as now,
To make Me of vain love similitude.
To Me doth praise belong,
And to the Queen of all the realm of grace
Who slayeth fraud and wrong."
Then may I plead: "As though from Thee he came,
Love wore an angel's face:
Lord, if I loved her, count it not my shame."

D. G. ROSSETTI

NICCOLÒ DEGLI ALBIZZI

SONETTO PROLUNGATO:

Quando la gente tornava da Milano

Fratel, se tu vedessi questa gente
Passar per Roma tutti isgominati,
Con visi neri gialli e affumicati,
Diresti: dell' andata ognun si pente.
Le panche suonan sì terribilmente
Quando son giù dal ponte in qua passati,
Volgendo gli occhi a guisa d' impiccati,
Nè 'n dosso, in capo, in piè hanno niente.
Le coste anco vedresti, e tutto ossame
De' loro cavalli, e le lor selle rotte
Hanno ripiene di paglia e di strame.
E si vergognan, che passan di notte;
Vannosi inginocchiando per la fame,
Trottando e saltellando come botte.
E le loro armi tutte
Anno lasciate per fino alle spade;
E stan cheti com' uom quando si rade.

Niccolò degli Albizzi, text in Francesco Trucchi, Poesie italiane inedite di dugento autori dall' origine della lingua infino al secolo decimosettimo, 2 (1846), 37.

NICCOLÒ DEGLI ALBIZZI

PROLONGED SONNET:

When the Troops Were Returning from Milan

If you could see, fair brother, how dead beat
The fellows look who come through Rome to-day,—
Black-yellow smoke-dried visages,—you'd say
They thought their haste at going all too fleet.
Their empty victual-wagons up the street
Over the bridge dreadfully sound and sway;
Their eyes, as hanged men's, turning the wrong way;
And nothing on their backs, or heads, or feet.
One sees the ribs and all the skeletons
Of their gaunt horses; and a sorry sight
Are the torn saddles, crammed with straw and stones.
They are ashamed, and march throughout the night,
Stumbling, for hunger, on their marrowbones;
Like barrels rolling, jolting, in this plight.
Their arms all gone, not even their swords are saved;
And each as silent as a man being shaved.

D. G. ROSSETTI

JACOPONE DA TODI

CANTICA

Ordene questo amore, tu che m'ami:
Non è virtute senza ordene trovata;
Poiche trovare tanto tu m'abrami
Ca mente con virtute è renovata,
A me amare voglio che tu chiami
La caritate, qual sia ordenata:
Arbore si è provata—per l'ordene del frutto,
El quale dimostra tutto—de onne cosa el valore.—

Tutte le cose qual aggio ordenate,
Si so fatte con numero e misura,
Ed al lor fine son tutte ordenate,
Conservanse per orden tal valura:
È molto più ancora caritate
Si è ordenata nella sua natura.
Donqua co per calura,—alma, tu se' empazita?
For d'orden tu se' uscita,—non t'è freno el fervore.—

Jacopone da Todi (1230?–1306) was for forty years a lawyer; when his wife died he became a Franciscan. He practiced the popular form of the sacred song called lauda. See Evelyn Underhill, Jacopone da Todi, Poet and Mystic: a Spiritual Biography (with translations by Mrs. Theodore Beck), London, Dent; New York, Dutton,

JACOPONE DA TODI

CANTICA: *Our Lord Christ: Of Order*

Set Love in order, thou that lovest Me.
Never was virtue out of order found;
And though I fill thy heart desirously,
By thine own virtue I must keep My ground:
When to My love thou dost bring charity,
Even she must come with order girt and gowned.
Look how the trees are bound
To order, bearing fruit;
And by one thing compute,
In all things earthly, order's grace or gain.

All earthly things I had the making of
Were numbered and were measured then by Me;
And each was ordered to its end by Love,
Each kept, through order, clean for ministry.
Charity most of all, when known enough,
Is of her very nature orderly.
Lo, now! what heat in thee,
Soul, can have bred this rout?
Thou putt'st all order out.
Even this love's heat must be its curb and rein.

D. G. ROSSETTI

1919. *For the Lauda delle malattie compare Reginald of Canterbury, Vita Sancti Malchi, ed. L. R. Lind, University of Illinois Press, 1942, pp. 85-6, "Ubi Malchus imprecatur sibi omnes dolores ac languores," for a remarkable parallel.*

Lauda delle malattie

O Signor, per cortesia,
Mandame la malsania!

A me la freve quartana,
La continua e la terzana,
La doppia cotidiana
Colla grande idropesia.

A me venga mal de dente,
Mal de capo e mal de ventre,
A lo stomaco dolor pungente,
En canna la squinantia.

Mal de occhi e doglia de fianco
E l'apostema al lato manco;
Tiseco me ionga en anco
Ed omne tempo la frenesia.

Agia el fegato rescaldato,
La milza grossa, el ventre enfiato,
Lo polmone sia piagato
Con gran tossa e parlasia.

A me vengan le fistelli
Con migliaia de carboncelli,
E li granchi sian quelli
Che tutto pieno ne sia.

A me venga la podagra;
Mal de ciglia si m'agrava,
La disinteria sia piaga
E l'emoroide a me se dia.

Praise of Diseases

O Lord, in your courtesy
Send me each infirmity!

Send the quartan fever to me,
Send the constant, tertiary,
Send me fever, double, daily,
And great dropsy's misery.

Send me every kind of toothache,
Headache and the stomach ache,
Make my belly sharply ache,
For my throat a malady.

Trouble in eyes and pain for side,
Imposthume within left side,
Let consumption gnaw me inside,
And all the time insanity.

Let my liver burn with fire,
My spleen grow large, my paunch swell higher,
Lungs go ulcered, and a dire
Cough seize on me, and a palsy.

Let my flesh grow fistular,
And my body carbuncular,
And my cancers such as are
Enough to fill me thoroughly.

Let the gout descend to torment,
Sore eyes bring cause for new lament,
Dysentery keep me bent
And hemorrhoids perpetually.

A me venga el mal de l'asmo
E iongasece quel del pasmo
Como al can venga rasmò
Ed en bocca la grancia.

A me lo morbo caduco
De cadere en acqua e 'n foco,
E giamai non trovi loco
Ch'io afflitto non ce sia.

A me venga cechitate,
Muteza e sorditate,
La miseria e povertate
Ed onne tempo in trapperia.

Tanto sia el fetor fetente,
Che non sia nul om vivente
Che non fuga da me dolente,
Posto en tanta enfermaria.

En terribile fossato,
Che Regoverci e nominato,
Loco sia abbandonato
Da onne bona compagnia.

Gelo, grandine, tempestate,
Fulguri, troni, oscuritate,
Non sia nulla aversitate
Che me non agia en sua balia.

Glie demonia enfernali
Essi sian mei ministrali,
Che m'exerciten li mali
C'ho guadagnati a mia follia.

JACOPONE DA TODI

Let the asthma make me strain,
Let its spasm bring me pain;
Like a dog's make mad my brain,
My mouth with cankers tortured be.

Let the falling sickness maim,
Let me fall in water and flame,
And never find a spot where came
No hurt, but pain me utterly.

Let me go sightless, strike me blind;
Deafness, muteness let me find,
Wretched poverty unkind,
Always ensnared in misery.

Let my fetor stink to heaven
So great that not one person even
Will be who from me is not driven,
Placed in so much agony.

Let this terrible ditch, a site
Regoverci called aright
Be a place abandoned quite
By every goodly company.

Let ice and hail and tempest rise,
Lightning, thunder, blackest skies,
Let there be no adversities
Which do not hold me at their mercy.

Let the demons out of hell
Be my ministers as well,
Let them try me with evil spell:
This I have earned with my folly.

Enfin del mondo a la finita,
Si me duri questa vita,
E poi, a la sceverita,
Dura morte me se dia.

Elegome en sepultura
Ventre de lupo en voratura,
E le reliquie en cacatura
En spineta e rogaria.

Gli miracol po' la morte,
Chi ce vien agia le scorte,
E le vessazion forte
Con terribel fantasia.

Onom che m'ode mentovare
Si se degia stupefare,
Colla croce se signare
Che mal contro non sia en via.

Signor mio, non è vendetta
Tutta la pena c'ho detta,
Che me creasti en tua diletta
Ed io t'ho morto a villania.

J A C O P O N E D A T O D I

Until this world of ours is done,
If that long my life shall run,
Till final dissolution
Let harsh death be given me.

Give me when at last I'm dead
To a wolf's belly famished;
My bones? Be they in ordure laid,
The wilderness my cemetery.

Let dreadful spirits torment my ghost,
Let them escort me, be my host,
And strong vexations trouble most
With their frightful fantasy.

Let every man who hears my shame,
If he's aghast at my ill-fame,
Cross himself in Jesus' name
Lest he meet ill on his journey.

My Lord, not for revenge or spite
Is all this pain that I indite,
But that You made me in love's delight,
And I have slain You for villainy.

L . R . L I N D

*Dialogo tra il corpo e l'anima, venuta a prenderlo
per il Giudizio Universale*

O corpo enfracedato,—io so l'anima dolente;
Lièvate amantenente,—ché sei meco dannato.

L'agnolo sta a trombare—voce de gran paura:
Opo n'è appresentare—senza nulla demura;
Stavimi a predicare—che non avesse paura:
Male te credette allora—quando feci el peccato.

Or se' tu l'alma mia—cortese e conoscente!
Puoi che t'andasti via,—retornai a niente;
Famme tal compagnia—che io non sia dolente:
Veggio terribel gente—con volto esvaliato.

Queste son le demonia—con chi t'è opo abitare;
Non t'è opo far istoria:—que te oporá portare,
Non me trovo en memoria—de poterlo narrare;
Se ententa fosse el mare—non ne siría pontato.

Non ce posso venire,—ché so en tanta afrantura
Che sto su nel morire,—sento la morte dura;
Sí facisti al partire:—rompesti omne iuntura,
Recata hai tal fortuna—che ogne osso m'ha spezato.

Como da tene a mene—fo apicciato amore,
Semo reiunti in pene—con eterno sciamore;
L'ossa contra le vene,—nervi contra iunture;
Sciordenati onne umure—de lo primero stato.

Unquanco Galieno,—Avicenna, Ipocrate
Non sapper lo conveno—de mei enfermetate;
Tutte enseme iongono—e sòmmese adirate:
Sento tal tempestate—che no vorría esser nato.

*Dialogue of the Body with the Soul, Leading
It to Judgment*

O flesh now putrefied,—I'm spirit in agony;
Rise up immediately,—we're both doomed to be tried.

The angel is trumpeting—in tones dread and severe:
We must before the King—without delay appear;
You lived once arguing—that we need have no fear:
Wrong to trust you and hear—when you had sin for guide.

Then you're my soul I see,—genteel, intelligent!
Since you withdrew from me—again to naught I went;
Keep me now company—that I bear no torment:
I see folk pestilent—with faces evil-eyed.

Those are the demons cursed—with whom you now must dwell;
You should not ask the worst:—what you must suffer well,
My thoughts are too dispersed—to bring myself to tell.
Were ocean with ink to swell,—the total it could not write.

I cannot go ahead—for I'm so worn and spent
That I am almost dead,—I feel stern death commence;
From me you would have fled:—each joint in me you rent,
You've wreaked such violence—my bones all burst inside.

As you and I, humane,—were fused with love's deep fire,
So are we joined in pain—by eternal rancor dire;
The bone shrinks on the vein,—sinews with joints conspire;
All humors deranged that prior—conditions could provide.

Sage Avicenna never,—nor Galen, Hippocrates,
The congress could dis sever—of my infirmities;
They all are joined together—and make your rage increase:
I feel such catastrophes—I wish at birth I'd died.

Lièvate, maledetto,—ché non poi più morare;
 Ne la fronte n'è scritto—tutto el nostro peccare:
 Quel che nascusi a letto—volevamo operare,
 Oporasse mostrare,—vegente onne omo nato.

Chi è questo gran sire—rege de grande altura?
 Sotterra vorría gire—tal me mette paura;
 Ove porría fugire—da la sua faccia dura?
 Terra, fa copretura!—ch'io nol veggia adirato.

Questi si è Iesú Cristo,—lo figliolo di Dio;
 Vedenno el volto tristo,—spiacegli el fatto mio:
 Potemmo fare acquisto—d'aver lo regno sio;
 Malvagio corpo e rio,—or que avem guadagnato!

J A C O P O N E D A T O D I

Rise up, oh cursed and smitten,—you can no more delay;
Upon your brow is written—each sin we did essay:
And that to plain sight hidden—which we have done each day,
Must be put on display,—in view of all spread wide.

Who is this great lord crowned—most high king full of grace?
I'd sink into the ground,—such fear does he upraise;
Where could I flee unfound—by his inexorable gaze?
Earth, be my hiding place!—his wrath keep from my sight.

This is Christ our Lord,—God's only begotten son;
To see his face tear-scored,—he loathes the fate I've spun:
We could have had reward,—his kingdom could have won;
Foul, guilty body undone,—see what we've gained by pride!

HUBERT CREEKMORE

FOLGORE DA SAN GEMIGNANO

Sonetti dei mesi

Proemio

A la brigata nobile e cortese
In tutte quelle parte dove sono,
Con allegrezza stando sempre dono
Cani, uccelli, e danar per le spese,
Ronzin portanti, quaglie a volo prese,
Bracchi levar, correr veltri a bandono;
In questo regno Nicolò incorono
Perch'egli è il fior della città sanese.
Tingoccio e Min di Tingo ed Ancaiano,
Bartolo e Mugavero e Fainotto,
Che paiono figlioli del re Priano;
Prodi cortesi più che Lancilotto,
Se bisognasse, con le lance in mano,
Fariano torneamenti a Camellotto.

Gennaio

I' doto voi, nel mese di Gennaio,
Corte con fochi di salette accese,
Camere, letti, ed ogni bello arnese,
Lenzuol di seta e coperto di vaio,

Folgore da San Gemignano (1250?–1317?), whose real name was Giacomo di Michele, was a courtier and a soldier. In a series of fourteen sonnets he addresses the retinue of Niccolò di Nisi, offering

FOLGORE DA SAN GEMIGNANO

SONNETS: *of the Months*

Addressed to a Fellowship of Sienese Nobles

Dedication

Unto the blithe and lordly Fellowship,
 (I know not where, but wheresoe'er, I know,
 Lordly and blithe,) be greeting; and thereto,
 Dogs, hawks, and a full purse wherein to dip;
Quails struck i' the flight; nags mettled to the whip;
 Hart-hounds, hare-hounds, and blood-hounds even so;
 And o'er that realm, a crown for Niccolò,
 Whose praise in Siena springs from lip to lip.
Tingoccio, Atuin di Togno, and Ancaiàn,
 Bartolo and Mugaro and Faënot,
 Who well might pass for children of King Ban,
Courteous and valiant more than Lancelot,—
 To each, God speed! how worthy every man
 To hold high tournament in Camelot.

January

For January I give you vests of skins,
 And mighty fires in hall, and torches lit;
 Chambers and happy beds with all things fit;
 Smooth silken sheets, rough furry counterpanes;

them the pleasures of the months. His poems reflect a new interest in bourgeois and realistic pleasures. The sonnet sequence was parodied by Cenne dalla Chitarra.

Tregèa, confetti, e mescere arazaio,
 Vestiti di doasio e di rascese,
 E'n questo modo star a le difese,
 Mova scirocco, garbino e rovaio.
 Uscir di for' alcuna volta il giorno,
 Gittando della neve bella e bianca
 A le donzelle, che staran dattorno:
 E, quando fosse la compagna stanca,
 A questa corte facciasì ritorno,
 E si riposi la brigata franca.

Aprile

D'April vi dono la gentil campagna,
 Tutta fiorita de bell'erba fresca;
 Fontane d'acqua che non vi rincresca;
 Donne e donzelle per vostra compagna:
 Ambienti palafren, destrier di Spagna,
 E gente costumata a la francesca,
 Cantar, danzar a la provenzalesca
 Con istormenti novi della Magna.
 E dintorno vi sian molti giardini,
 E giachita vi sia ogni persona:
 Ciascun con reverenza adori e 'nchini
 A quel gentil, ch'ho dato la corona
 Di pietre preziose, le più fini
 C'ha 'l Presto Gianni o 'l re di Babilona.

Maggio

Di Maggio sì vi dò molti cavagli
 E tutti quanti siano affrenatori,
 Portanti tutti, dritti corridori,
 Pettorali e testiere con sonagli,

FOLGORE DA SAN GEMIGNANO

And sweetmeats baked; and one that deftly spins
Warm arras; and Douay cloth, and store of it;
And on this merry manner still to twit
The wind, when most his mastery the wind wins.
Or issuing forth at seasons in the day,
Ye'll fling soft handfuls of the fair white snow
Among the damsels standing round, in play:
And when you all are tired and all aglow,
Indoors again the court shall hold its sway,
And the free Fellowship continue so.

April

I give you meadow-lands in April, fair
With over-growth of beautiful green grass;
There among fountains the glad hours shall pass,
And pleasant ladies bring you solace there.
With steeds of Spain and ambling palfreys rare;
Provençal songs and dances that surpass;
And quaint French mumblings; and through hollow brass
A sound of German music on the air.
And gardens ye shall have, that every one
May lie at ease about the fragrant place;
And each with fitting reverence shall bow down
Unto that youth to whom I gave a crown
Of precious jewels like to those that grace
The Babylonian Kaiser, Prester John.

May

I give you horses for your games in May,
And all of them well trained unto the course,—
Each docile, swift, erect, a goodly horse;
With armor on their chests, and bells at play

E bandiere e coverte a molti intagli
 E zendadi di tutti li colori;
 Le targhe a modo degli armeggiatori,
 Viole, rose e fior ch'ogni uom abbagli.
 E rompere e fiaccar bigordi e lance,
 E piover da finestre e da balconi
 In giù ghirlande, e in sù melarance.
 E pulzellette giovani e garzoni
 Baciarsi ne la bocca e ne le guance:
 D'amor e di goder vi si ragioni.

D'Agosto

D'agosto si vi do trenta castella
 In una valle d'alpe montanina,
 Che non vi possa vento de marina
 Per istar sani e chiari come stella;
 E palafreni de montare 'n sella,
 E cavalcar la sera e la matina,
 E l'una terra a l'altra sia vicina,
 Ch'un miglo sia la vostra giornatella,
 Tornando tutta via verso casa;
 E per la valle corra una fiumana,
 Che vada notte e di traente e rasa;
 E star nel fresco tutta meriggiana;
 La vostra borsa sempre a bocca pasa
 Per la miglor vivanda di Toscana.

De Ottobre

D'ottobre nel conta' c'ha bono stallo
 Pregovi, figlioli, che voi n'andate,
 Traetevi bon tempo e uccellate
 Come vi piace a piè et a cavallo;

FOLGORE DA SAN GEMIGNANO

Between their brows, and pennons fair and gay;
Fine nets, and housings meet for warriors,
Emblazoned with the shields ye claim for yours;
Gules, argent, or, all dizzy at noonday.
And spears shall split, and fruit go flying up
In merry counterchange for wreaths that drop
From balconies and casements far above;
And tender damsels with young men and youths
Shall kiss together on the cheeks and mouths;
And every day be glad with joyful love.

August

For August, be your dwelling thirty towers
Within an Alpine valley mountainous,
Where never the sea-wind may vex your house,
But clear life separate, like a star, be yours.
There horses shall wait saddled at all hours,
That ye may mount at morning or at eve:
On each hand either ridge ye shall perceive,
A mile apart, which soon a good beast scours.
So alway, drawing homewards, ye shall tread
Your valley parted by a rivulet
Which day and night shall flow sedate and smooth.
There all through noon ye may possess the shade,
And there your open purses shall entreat
The best of Tuscan cheer to feed your youth.

October

Next, for October, to some sheltered coign
Flouting the winds, I'll hope to find you slunk;
Though in bird-shooting (lest all sport be sunk),
Your foot still press the turf, the horse your groin,

La sera per la sala andate a ballo,
 E bevete del mosto e v'enibriate,
 Che non ci ha miglor vita en veritate,
 E questo è ver come 'l fiorino e giallo.
 E poscia vi levate la matina,
 E lavatevi 'l viso con le mani;
 Lo rosto e 'l vino è bona medicina,
 A le guangnele! starete più sani
 Che pesce in lago o 'n fiume o in marina,
 Avendo meglor vita di cristiani.

Di Dicembre

E di decembre una città en piano,
 Sale terrene, grandissimi fochi,
 Tappedi tesi, tavolieri e giochi,
 Torticci accesi, e star co' dati en mano;
 E l'oste enbriaco è catellano,
 E porci morti e fenissimi cochi,
 Ghiotti morselli, ciascun bea e mandochi,
 Le botte sian maggior che san Galgano.
 E siate ben vestiti e foderati
 Di guarnacche, tabarri e di mantelli,
 E di cappucci fini e smisurati;
 E beffe far dei tristi cattivelli,
 De' miseri dolenti sciagurati;
 Avari, non voglate usar con elli.

La Conclusione

Sonetto mio a Nichlol di Nisi,
 Colui ch'è pien de tutta gentileza,
 Di' da mia parte con molta allegreza
 Ch'eo sono acconcio a tutt'i suoi servisi;

FOLGORE DA SAN GEMIGNANO

At night with sweethearts in the dance you'll join,
And drink the blessed must, and get quite drunk,
There's no such life for any human trunk;
And that's a truth that rings like golden coin!
Then, out of bed again when morning's come,
Let your hands drench your face refreshingly,
And take your physic roast, with flask and knife,
Sounder and snugger you shall feel at home
Than lake-fish, river-fish, or fish at sea,
Inheriting the cream of Christian life.

December

Last, for December, houses on the plain,
Ground-floors to live in, logs heaped mountain-high,
And carpets stretched, and newest games to try,
And torches lit, and gifts from man to man:
(Your host, a drunkard and a Catalan;)
And whole dead pigs, and cunning cooks to ply
Each throat with tit-bits that shall satisfy;
And wine-butts of Saint Galganus' brave span.
And be your coats well-lined and tightly bound,
And wrap yourselves in cloaks of strength and weight,
With gallant hoods to put your faces through.
And make your game of abject vagabond
Abandoned miserable reprobate
Misers; don't let them have a chance with you.

Conclusion

And now take thought, my sonnet, who is he
That most is full of every gentleness;
And say to him (for thou shalt quickly guess
His name) that all his 'hests are law to me.

E più m'è caro che non val Parisi
D'aver sua amistade e conteza,
E s'ello avesse emperial riccheza
Stare' li meglo che Francesco en Sisi.
Racomendame a lui tutta fiata,
Et a la sua compagna, et a Ancaiano,
Che senza lui non è lieta brigata.
Folgore vostro da san Geminiano
Vi manda, dice e fa questa ambasciata:
Che voi n' andaste con suo core en mano.

FOLGORE DA SAN GEMIGNANO

For if I held fair Paris town in fee,
And were not called his friend, 'twere surely less.
Ah! had he but the emperor's wealth, my place
Were fitted in his love more steadily
Than is Saint Francis at Assisi. Alway
Commend him unto me and his,—not least
To Caian, held so dear in the blithe band.
"Folgore da San Geminiano" (say),
"Has sent me, charging me to travel fast,
Because his heart went with you in your hand."

D. G. ROSSETTI

CECCO ANGIOLIERI

SONETTO

S'i' fossi foco, arderei lo mondo;
S'i' fossi vento, lo tempesterei;
S'i' fossi acqua, io l' annegherei;
S'i' fossi Dio, mandereil' n profondo;
S'i' fossi papa, sare' allor giocondo
Che tutt' i cristian tribolerei;
S'i' fossi 'mperator, sai che farei?
A tutti mozzarei lo capo a tondo.
S'i' fossi morte, andarei da mio padre;
S'i' fossi vita, fuggirei da lui:
Similmente faria di mi' madre.
S'i' fossi Cecco, com' i' sono e fui,
Torrei le donne giovani e leggiadre,
E vecchie e laide lasserei altrui.

Cecco Angiolieri (1258?–1320?) was born at Siena. He disliked his relatives because they disapproved of his spendthrift habits. He exchanged sonnets with Dante, whom he came to know perhaps at the

CECCO ANGIOLIERI

SONNET

If I were fire, I'd burn the world away;
If I were wind, I'd turn my storms thereon;
If I were water, I'd soon let it drown;
If I were God, I'd sink it from the day;
If I were Pope, I'd never feel quite gay
Until there was no peace beneath the sun;
If I were Emperor, what would I have done?—
I'd lop men's heads all round in my own way.
If I were Death, I'd look my father up;
If I were Life, I'd run away from him;
And I'd treat my mother to like calls and runs.
If I were Cecco (and that's all my hope),
I'd pick the nicest girls to suit my whim,
And other folk should get the ugly ones.

D. G. ROSSETTI

battle of Campaldino in 1289. Boccaccio, Decameron IX. 4, tells a story about Cecco, one of whose friends robbed him of his clothes.

FRANCESCO DA BARBERINI

Dal Reggimento e Costumi di Donna

None intendiate ch' io quelle vi dica
Singhularmente; ma tanto prometto,
Ch' el del parlar ch' io farò intendrete
Quanto conviene a bisongnia sapere.
E qui comincio; intendetemi bene.
Lo petto mio è soave ed umile,
Bianca la pelle, e machula non sente;
Ed à due pomi odorifichi e dolci,
Che furon colti dall' albore vite,
Lo qual nel mezzo paradiso è posto.
Queste nessuna persona à toccate;
Ch' io era fuor(i) di notricie e di madre,
Quando in segreto me le diede Iddio.
Queste non drei, s' i' non sapessi a chui:
E perchè poi nommi fosson furate,
Non vo' dir tutta la virtute c' ànno;
Ma tanto dico, che beato è quello,
Ch' elle potesse tocar solo un poco;
Veder non dico, ch' esser non porria.
Nel cingier mio si ragira piagiare,
Netezza e tenerezza,
Che stende una vesta cristallina,
Che pende giuso insino alle ginochia,
Sotto la qual Verginità dimora.

Francesco da Barberini (1264–1348); text from Carlo Baudi di Vesme, Dal reggimento e costumi di donna di Messer Francesco Barberini (Bologna, 1875), p. 135.

FRANCESCO DA BARBERINI

A Virgin Declares Her Beauties

Do not conceive that I shall here recount
All my own beauty: yet I promise you
That you, by what I tell, shall understand
All that befits and that is well to know.

My bosom, which is very softly made,
Of a white even color without stain,
Bears two fair apples, fragrant, sweetly-savored,
Gathered together from the Tree of Life
The which is in the midst of Paradise.
And these no person ever yet has touched;
For out of nurse's and of mother's hands
I was, when God in secret gave them me.
These ere I yield I must know well to whom;
And for that I would not be robbed of them,
I speak not all the virtue that they have;
Yet thus far speaking:—blessed were the man
Who once should touch them, were it but a little;—
See them I say not, for that might not be.
My girdle, clipping pleasure round about,
Over my clear dress even unto my knees
Hangs down with sweet precision tenderly;
And under it Virginity abides.

Quella è fedel, credente e semplicità,
 Colla ghirlanda indorata e splendente.
 À gran paura quand' ode contare
 Di sè parole; prò udirete
 Ch' io dico pian, ch' elle non si smarrisca.
 Ell' è colei ch' aconpangniò il Filgluolo
 Del sommo Iddio, e sua Madre con esso;
 Ell' è colei che co' molte sie(de) in cielo,
 Ell' è colei ch' n terra à poch seco.

Le mie ginochia, elle gambe co' piedi,
 Anno con seco una forma che ride:
 Quella è fighura di colei ch' è 'n vita.

Ancor ci à gratie, virtù ed afetti,
 Che dengni son di trovare ongni dono;
 E priegan voi che ve n' andiate omai,
 Ch' io non potrei più ciessar di dormire.

Dagli Documenti d'Amore

Vuo guardar tuo figliolo
 Siche non aggia duolo
 Vanne ala parte prima
 Che lui da vici lima
 Vuo guardar magion tua
 Fagli un uscio et non pua
 Vuo guardar li tuoi fructi
 Siene cortese a tutti.

FRANCESCO DA BARBERINI

Faithful and simple and of plain belief
She is, with her fair garland bright like gold;
And very fearful if she overhears
Speech of herself; the whereof ye perceive
That I speak soft lest she be made ashamed.
Lo! this is she who hath for company
The Son of God and Mother of the Son;
Lo! this is she who sits with many in heaven;
Lo! this is she with whom are few on earth.

D. G. ROSSETTI

My knees and legs and both my feet beneath
Have in themselves a beauty that is gay:
This is the image of a living woman.

She also has charms, virtue, and affections
Which well deserve the offer of each gift:
And now at last they beg you, Go away,
Because I should no longer stay from sleeping.

L. R. LIND

Of Caution

Say, wouldst thou guard thy son,
That sorrow he may shun?
Begin at the beginning
And let him keep from sinning.
Wouldst guard thy house? One door
Make to it, and no more.
Wouldst guard thine orchard-wall?
Be free of fruit to all.

D. G. ROSSETTI

GUIDO CAVALCANTI

SONETTI

1

Voi, che per gli occhi mi passaste al core
E destaste la mente che dormia,
Guardate a l' angosciosa vita mia
Che sospirando la distrugge Amore.
E' vien tagliando di sì gran valore
Ch' e' deboletti spiriti van via:
Riman figura sol' en signoria
E voce alquanta che parla dolore.
Questa virtù d' amor che m' a disfacto,
Da' vostr' occhi gentil presta si mosse;
Un dardo mi gitto dentro dal fianco.
Si giunse ritto 'l colpo al primo tracto,
Che l' anima tremando si riscosse,
Veggendo morto 'l cor nel lato manco.

Guido Cavalcanti (c. 1255–1300), whose father was Cavalcante de' Cavalcanti (Dante, Inferno X) and who was the son-in-law of Farnata degli Uberti, belonged to the Guelph faction at Florence. He and Dante, whom he met in 1283, were the most important members of the Florentine school of poetry which was to overshadow that of Bologna and Guinicelli. The Vita Nuova was dedicated to Cavalcanti. Guido was exiled to Sarzana; later he died of malaria. On his particular views of love see J. B. Fletcher, "The Philosophy of Love of Guido Cavalcanti," Harvard Dante Society Transactions, No. 22; J. E. Shaw, G. Cavalcanti's Theory of Love; Toronto, 1949. The famous canzone "Donna mi prega" contains a synthesis of his beliefs: see Ezra Pound's essay on Cavalcanti and the edition and translation of the poem in Make It New, Yale University Press, 1935. There are at least four separate printings of Pound's version of this poem, which differ somewhat: first, in The Dial, 85

GUIDO CAVALCANTI

SONNETS

1

You, who do breach mine eyes and touch the heart,
And start the mind from her brief reveries,
Might pluck my life and agony apart,
Saw you how love assaileth her with sighs,
And lays about him with so brute a might
That all my wounded senses turn to flight.
There's a new face upon the seigniory,
And new is the voice that maketh loud my grief.
Love, who hath drawn me down through devious ways,
Hath from your noble eyes so swiftly come!
'Tis he who hath hurled the dart, wherefrom my pain,
First shot's resultant! and in flanked amaze
See how my affrighted soul recoileth from
That sinister side wherein the heart lies slain.

EZRA POUND

(1928), 1-3; see the explanation and notes following in March, 1928, reprinted in *Make It New*, where a second printing appears. The third is Canto 36 and the fourth is in *Rime* (Marsano, 1931). G. S. Fraser has a version in *The Traveller Has Regrets* (1948), from which his translations used in this anthology are reprinted. The text is the *Giuntine*, 1527, collated with the *Laurentian* manuscript (L.46-50), printed by Ezra Pound in *Make It New*.

Pound's most scholarly work in the academic sense is undoubtedly his edition of Cavalcanti's *Rime*, in part translated and with reproductions of the manuscripts: Marsano S. A., Genoa, 1931. His earlier translations are contained in *The Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti*, Small, Maynard, Boston, 1912; and in *Umbra*, Elkin Mathews, London, 1920.

Pound's note to Sonnet 35 reads: "He explains the miracles of the madonna of Or San Michele by telling whose image it is."

Io vidi gli occhi dove Amor si mise,
Quando mi fece di sè pauroso,
Che mi sguardar come fosse annoioso;
Allora, dico, che il cor si divise;
E se non fosse, che donna mi rise,
Io parlerei di tal guisa doglioso,
Ch' Amor medesmo ne faria cruccioso,
Che fe l'immaginar, che mi conquise.
Dal ciel si mosse un spirito in quel punto,
Che quella donna mi degnò guardare,
E vennesi a posar nel mio pensiero,
E lì mi conta sì d' amor lo vero,
Che ogni sua virtù veder mi pare,
Sì come fossi dentro al suo cor giunto.

S'io priego questa donna, che pietate
Non sia nemica del suo cor gentile;
Tu di' ch'io sono sconoscente e vile,
E disperato e pien di vanitate.
Onde ti vien sì nova crudeltate?
Già rassomigli a chi ti vede umile,
Saggia, e adorna, ed accorta, e sottile,
E fatta modo di soavitate.
L'anima mia dolente e paurosa
Piange nei sospiri, che nel cor trova,
Sì che bagnati di pianto escon fore:
Allor mi par, che ne la mente piova
Una figura di donna pensosa,
Che vegna per veder morir lo core.

GUIDO CAVALCANTI

2

I saw the eyes, where Amor took his place
When love's might bound me with the fear thereof,
Look out at me as they were weary of love.
I say: The heart rent him as he looked on this,
And were't not that my lady lit her grace,
Smiling upon me with her eyes grown glad,
Then were my speech so dolorously clad
That Love should mourn amid his victories.
The instant that she deigned to bend her eyes
Toward me, a spirit from high heaven rode
And chose my thought the place of his abode
With such deep parlance of love's verities
That all Love's powers did my sight accost
As though I'd won unto his heart's mid-most.

EZRA POUND

4

If I should pray this lady pitiless
That mercy to her heart be no more foeman,
You'd call me clownish, vile, and say that no man
Was so past hope and filled with vanities.
Where find you now these novel cruelties?
For still you seem humility's true leaven,
Wise and adorned, alert and subtle even,
And fashioned to the mode of gentleness.
My soul weeps through her sighs for grievous fear
And all those sighs, which in the heart were found,
Deep drenched with tears do sobbing thence depart,
Then seems that on my mind there rains a clear
Image of a lady, thoughtful, bound
Hither to keep death-watch upon that heart.

EZRA POUND

5: *Corte d'Amore*

Gli miei folli occhi, che 'n prima guardaro
 Vostra figura piena di valore,
 Fur quei, che di voi, donna, m'accusaro
 Nel fiero loco, ove tien corte Amore.
 Immantenente avanti a lui mostraro,
 Ch' io era fatto vostro servitore,
 Perchè sospiri e dolor mi pigliaro
 Vedendo, che temenza avea lo core.
 Menarmi tosto senza riposanza
 In una parte la 've trovai gente,
 Che ciaschedun si dolea d'Amor forte.
 Quando mi vider, tutti con pietanza
 Dissermi: Fatto sei di tal servente,
 Che non dei mai sperare altro che morte.

7

Chi è questa che vien, ch' ogni uom la mira,
 Che fa di clarità l'aer tremare?
 E mena seco Amor, sicchè parlare
 Null' uom ne puote, ma ciascun sospira?
 Ahi Dio, che sembra quando gli occhi gira?
 Dicalo Amor, ch' io nol saprei contare;
 Cotanto d'umiltà donna mi pare,
 Che ciascun' altra inver di lei chiam' ira.
 Non si poria contar la sua piacenza,
 Che a lei s'inchina ogni gentil virtute,
 E la Beltade per sua Dea la mostra.
 Non fu sì alta già la mente nostra,
 E non s'è posta in noi tanta salute
 Che propriamente n'abbiam conoscenza.

5: Love's Assize

Eyes which were first to gaze—my reckless eyes—
 Upon your face so absolute with might,
 Were those which for you, Lady, did indict
 Me in that cruel court of Love's assize.
 The proof against me they then testified
 And ruled forthwith I was your slave, though Sighs
 And Sorrow hold me prisoner in their vise.
 And all my heart by Fear is occupied.
 Wherefore they took me thence, without appeal,
 Straightway into a place where were those folk
 Who by relentless Love are racked on wheel.
 And when they saw, they thus in pity spoke
 To me: "You now indeed are such a slave
 As no god, saving only Death, can save."

HUBERT CREEKMORE

7

Who's this that comes, as each man looks at her,
 Makes tremulous with clarity the air,
 And leads Love with her, so that speak or stir
 Can none among us: all have sighs to spare!
 Alas! How seems she when her eyes she turns?
 Let Love relate what I may not explain:
 Yet such esteem her modest bearing earns
 Another in her place shall earn disdain.
 Uncounted are the gifts that make her rich:
 To her the Gentle Virtues are obeisant:
 Beauty, as Beauty's Goddess, doth approve her.
 Nor was our mind tuned to so high a pitch,
 Nor of its health so properly complaisant,
 That we could have a proper knowledge of her.

G. S. FRASER

Avete in voi li fiori e la verdura
E ciò che luce ed è bello a vedere;
Risplende più che sol vostra figura,
Chi vo' non vede ma' non può valere.
In questo mondo non ha creatura
Sì piena di beltà, nè di piacere:
E chi d'amor si teme, l'assicura
Vostro bel viso, e non può più temere.
Le donne chi vi fanno compagnia
Assa'mi piaccion per lo vostro amore,
Ed i' le prego, per lor cortesia,
Che, qual più puote, più vi faccia onore,
Ed aggia cara vostra signoria,
Perchè di tutte siete la migliore.

Beltà di donna di piacente core,
E cavalieri armati che sien genti,
Cantar d'augelli e ragionar d'amore,
Adorni legni 'n mar forte correnti,
Aria serena quand' appar l'albore,
E bianca neve scender senza venti,
Rivera d'acqua e prato d'ogni fiore,
Oro, argento, azzurro 'n ornamenti,
Passa la gran beltate e la piacenza
De la mia donna e il suo gentil coraggio
Sì che rassembra vile a chi ciò guarda.
E tanto è più d'ogn'altra conoscenza,
Quanto lo cielo de la terra è maggio:
A simil di natura ben non tarda.

You have in you the flowers and the green grass:
 And what is shining or is fair to see:
 Light of the sun your own light doth surpass:
 Who has not seen you, worthless wight must be!
 And in this world of ours, no creature is
 So full of pleasure and delightfulness:
 If any man fear love, new courage his,
 Seeing your face, so much himself to bless!
 The ladies all, that bear you company,
 For your dear sake, are pleasing to my sight,
 And I would beg them of their courtesy,
 To do you honor, each to strive her best,
 And in your sovereignty to have delight
 Since of them all you are the loveliest.

G. S. FRASER

Beauty of ladies of compassionate heart
 And cavaliers, in arms, and high in pride,
 And singing birds, and lovers' rhetoric art,
 And painted ships which on the strong seas ride,
 And air serene at the first peep of dawn,
 And blanchèd snow descending with no wind,
 And watery bank, and flower-adornèd lawn,
 And ornaments with azure and gold refined,
 So much her beauty and her nobleness
 Surpass, and such a courage do they carry,
 Those seem but stale in the beholder's eye:
 So much more knowledge in her looks doth lie
 As the low earth than the high heaven is less:
 To such a one good luck will never tarry.

G. S. FRASER

26: L'Imagin Morta

Certo mie rime a te mandar vogliendo
 Del grave stato quale il mio cor porta,
 Amor m'apparve in un imagin morta,
 E disse: Non mandar, ch'io ti rispendo.
 Pero che se l'amico è quel, ch'io intendo,
 E' non avra già sì la mente accorta,
 Ch'udendo la ingiuriosa cosa, e torta,
 Ch'io ti fo soffrir tuttora ardendo,
 Temo non prenda tale smarrimento,
 Che avanti, che udito abbia tua pesanza,
 Non si diparta da la vita il core.
 E tu conosci ben, ch'io sono Amore,
 E ch'io ti lascio questa mia sembianza,
 E portone ciascun tuo pensamento.

35

Una figura de la donna mia
 S'adora, Guido, a San Michele in Orto,
 Che di bella sembianza, onesta e pia,
 De' peccatori è refugio e conforto:
 E quale a lei divoto s'umilia
 Chi più languisce, più n' ha di conforto:
 Gl' infermi sana, i demon caccia via,
 E gli occhi orbatì fa vedere scorto.
 Sana in pubblico loco gran languori:
 Con reverenza la gente l'inchina;
 Due luminara l'adornan di fuori.
 La voce va per lontane cammina;
 Ma dicon, ch'è idolatra, i Fra' Minori,
 Per invidia, che non è lor vicina.

26: The Effigy

When I would send you rimes that could relate
 How sore my heart endures its grievous plight,
 Love rose in deathly aspect to my sight
 And said: "Don't write that I consume you. Wait:
 For though your friend be one I understand,
 Not yet will he have gained a mind astute
 For hearing how I wrongly persecute
 Your anguish underneath my blazing brand.
 He'd not fathom such undoing, not above
 The time his heart were reft of life, though he
 The burden of your sorrows had been taught.
 And well you know—too well—that I am Love,
 And that I leave you this my effigy,
 And draw away with me your every thought."

HUBERT CREEKMORE

35

My Lady's face it is they worship there
 At San Michele in Orto, Guido mine,
 Near her fair semblance that is clear and holy
 Sinners take refuge and get consolation.
 Whoso before her kneeleth reverently
 No longer wasteth but is comforted;
 The sick are healed and devils driven forth,
 And those with crooked eyes see straightway straight.
 Great ills she cureth in an open place,
 With reverence the folk all kneel unto her,
 And two lamps shed the glow about her form.
 Her voice is borne out through far-lying ways
 'Till brothers minor cry: "Idolatry,"
 For envy of her precious neighbourhood.

EZRA POUND

BALLATA 5

Veggio ne gli occhi de la donna mia
Un lume pien di spiriti d'Amore,
Che portano un piacer novo nel core,
Si che vi desta d'allegrezza vita.

Cosa m'avvien, quand'io le son presente,
Ch'i' non la posso a lo 'ntelletto dire:
Veder mi par de le sue labbia uscire
Una sì bella donna, che la mente
Comprender non la può che 'mmantenente
Ne nasce un'altra di bellezza nova:
Da la qual par, ch'una stella si mova,
E dica: Tua salute è dipartita.

Là dove questa bella donna appare
S'ode una voce, che le vien davanti,
E par, che d'umiltà 'l suo nome canti
Sì dolcemente, che s'io 'l vo' contare,
Sento che'l suo valor mi fa tremare;
E movonsi ne l'anima sospiri,
Che dicono: Guarda, se tu costei miri,
Vedrai la sua virtù nel ciel salita.

BALLATA 7

Era in penser d'amor quand'i'trovai
Due foresette nove:
L'na cantava:—E' piove
Gioco d'amore in nui.—

GUIDO CAVALCANTI

BALLATA 5

Light do I see within my Lady's eyes
And loving spirits in its plenisphere
Which bear in strange delight on my heart's care
Till Joy's awakened from that sepulchre.

That which befalls me in my Lady's presence
Bars explanation intellectual,
I seem to see a lady wonderful
Spring forth between her lips, one whom no sense
Can fully tell the mind of, and one whence
Another, in beauty, springeth marvellous,
From whom a star goes forth and speaketh thus:
"Now thy salvation is gone forth from thee."

There where this Lady's loveliness appeareth,
Is heard a voice which goes before her ways
And seems to sing her name with such sweet praise
That my mouth fears to speak what name she beareth,
And my heart trembles for the grace she weareth,
While far in my soul's deep the sighs astir
Speak thus: "Look well! For if thou look on her,
Then shalt thou see her virtue risen in heaven."

EZRA POUND

BALLATA 7

Being in thought of love I came upon
Two damsels strange
Who sang "The rains
Of love are falling, falling within us."

Era la vista lor tanto soave
 E tanto queta cortese e umile
 Ch'i'dissi lor:—Vo' portate la chiave
 Di ciascuna virtù alta e gentile.
 Deh! foresette, no m'abbiate a vile
 Per lo colpo ch'io porto:
 Questo cor mi fu morto,
 Poi che 'n Tolosa fui.—

Elle con gli occhi lor si volser tanto
 Che vider come 'l cor era ferito
 E come un spiritel nato di pianto
 Era per mezzo de lo colpo uscito.
 Poi che mi vider così sbigottito,
 Disse l'una, che rise:
 —Guarda come conquise
 Forza d'amor costui!—

Molto cortesemente mi rispose
 Quella che di me prima aveva riso;
 Disse:—La donna che nel cor ti pose,
 Co' la forza d'Amor, tutto 'l su' viso,
 Dentro per li occhi ti mirò sì fiso
 Ch' Amor fece apparire.
 Se t' è greve 'l soffrire,
 Raccomandati a lui.—

L'altra pietosa, piena di mercede,
 Fatta di gioco, in figura d'Amore,
 Disse:—Il tuo colpo, che nel cuor si vede
 Fu tratto d'occhi di troppo valore,
 Che dentro vi lasciaro uno splendore
 Ch' i' no'l posso mirare:
 Dimmi se ricordare
 Di quegli occhi ti puoi.—

GUIDO CAVALCANTI

So quiet in their modest courtesies
Their aspect coming softly on my vision
Made me reply, "Surely ye hold the keys
O' the virtues noble, high, without omission.
Ah, little maids, hold me not in derision,
For the wound I bear within me
And this heart o' mine ha' slain me.
I was in Toulouse lately."

And then toward me they so turned their eyes
That they could see my wounded heart's ill ease,
And how a little spirit born of sighs
Had issued forth from out the cicatrice.
Perceiving so the depth of my distress,
She who was smiling, said,
"Love's joy hath vanquished
This man. Behold how greatly!"

Then she who had first mocked me, in better part
Gave me all courtesy in her replies.
She said, "That Lady, who upon thine heart
Cut her full image, clear, by Love's device,
Hath looked so fixèdly in through thine eyes
That she's made Love appear there;
If thou great pain or fear bear
Recommend thee unto him!"

Then the other piteous, full of misericorde,
Fashioned for pleasure in love's fashioning:
"His heart's apparent wound, I give my word,
Was got from eyes whose power's an o'er great thing,
Which eyes have left in his a glittering
That mine cannot endure.
Tell me, hast thou a sure
Memory of those eyes?"

Alla dura questione e paurosa,
La qual mi fece questa foresetta,
I' dissi:—E' mi ricorda che 'n Tolosa
Donna m' apparve accordellata istretta,
La quale Amor chiamava la Mandetta:
Giunse sì presta e forte
Che 'n fin dentro, a la morte,
Mi colpir gli occhi sui.—

Vanne a Tolosa, ballatetta mia,
Ed entra quetamente a la Dorata:
E ivi chiama che, per cortesia
D'alcuna bella donna, sia menata
Dinanzi a quella di cui t' ho pregata;
E s' ella ti riceve,
Dille con voce leve:
—Per merzé vegno a vui.—

GUIDO CAVALCANTI

To her dread question with such fears attended,
"Maid o' the wood," I said, "my memories render
Tolosa and the dusk and these things blended:
A lady in a corded bodice, slender
—Mandetta is the name Love's spirits lend her—
A lightning swift to fall,
And naught within recall
Save, Death! My wounds! Her eyes!"

Envoi

Speed, Ballatet', unto Tolosa city
And go in softly 'neath the golden roof
And there cry out, "Will courtesy or pity
Of any most fair lady, put to proof,
Lead me to her with whom is my behoof?"
Then if thou get *her* choice
Say, with a lowered voice,
"It is *thy* grace I seek here."

EZRA POUND

BALLATA 9

In un boschetto trova' pasturella
Più che la stella—bella al mi' parere.

Cavelli avea biondetti e ricciutelli
E gli occhi pien d' amor, cera rosata;
Con sua verghetta pasturav' agnelli,
E, scalza, di rugiada era bagnata;
Cantava come fosse 'nnamorata;
Er' adornata—di tutto piacere.

D' amor la salutai immantenente
E domandai s' avesse compagnia,
Ed ella mi rispuose dolcemente
Che sola sola per lo bosco già,
E disse: sacci, quando l' augel pìa
Allor disia—'l me' cor drudo avere.

Poi mi disse di sua condizione,
E per lo bosco augelli audìo cantare;
Fra me stesso dicea: or' è stagione
Di questa pasturella gio' pigliare.
Merzé le chiesi sol che di basciare
E d' abbracciare—le fosse 'n volere.

Per man mi prese d' amorosa voglia,
E disse che donato m' avea il core:
Menommi sott' una freschetta foglia
Lá dov' i ' vidi fior d' ogni colore,
E tanto vi sentio gioia e dolzore
Che dio d' amore—parvemi vedere.

BALLATA 9

There in a woodland, to my thought more bright
Than a star's light, I found a shepherdess.

Her hair she had golden and ringleted,
And her eyes full of love, rosy her hue:
With a small switch her lambs she pasturèd,
And being barefoot, she was bathed with dew.
Singing she was, as though with love she burned,
And was adorned with all delightfulness.

With love I did salute her thereupon
And asked if she had any company
Whereto she answered in a gentle tone
Alone, alone she walked that woodland way,
And said: "Know thou, that when the birds complain
Then I am fain, a lover to possess."

No sooner had she told me her condition
And through the wood I heard the birds to sing
Than in myself I said: "Now is the season
Out of this shepherdess my joy to wring."
Mercy I asked her that to kiss with lips
And love with clips, she should have willingness.

And then my hand she took most amorously
And said her heart a gift to me she made
And led me underneath a shadowy tree
Where many a flower I saw of every shade
And such a joy and sweetness to me brought,
I saw, methought, the god of tenderness.

G. S. FRASER

BALLATA 11: *Ultimo canto: dall'esilio*

Perch'i' non spero di tornar giammai,
Ballatetta, in Toscana,
Va' tu, leggera e piana
Dritta alla donna mia,
Che per su cortesia
Ti farà molto onore.

Tu porterai novelle di sospiri,
Piene di doglia e di molta paura;
Ma guarda che persona non ti miri
Che sia nimica di gentil natura:
Chè certo per la mia disavventura
Tu saresti contesa,
Tanto da lei ripresa
Che mi sarebbe angoscia:
Dopo la morte poscia
Pianto e novel dolore.

Tu senti, ballatetta, che la morte
Mi stringe sì che vita m'abbandona,
E senti come 'l cor si sbatte forte
Per quel che ciascun spirito ragiona.
Tanto è distrutta già la mia persona
Ch'i' non posso soffrire;
Se tu mi vuo' servire,
Mena l'anima teco,
Molto di ciò ti preco,
Quando uscirà del core.

BALLATA 11: *Last Song: from Exile*

Since I do not hope to return ever,
 Little ballad, to Tuscany,
 Go thou, swift and sleight,
 Unto my lady straight
 Who, of her courtesy,
 Will give thee gentle cheer.

Thou shalt bring news of sighs,
 Of deep grief, of much fear:
 But guard that none thy journey spies
 Who's enemy to gentleness:
 Or, sure, for my unhappiness,
 Thou'lt be delayed
 And so assayed
 'Twill be my pain,
 Past death, to plain
 New grief and many a tear.

Thou feel'st how death, O little song,
 Clippeth me close in whom life endeth:
 Thou feel'st this heart to beat too strong
 So fierce each vital sprite contendeth.
 So much consumèd is this body now
 Its suffering is done, I trow:
 Thou, for thy part,
 Thou then, prithee,
 Take thou this soul with thee
 Whenever forth it issueth from my heart.

Deh! ballatetta, alla tua amistate
Quest' anima che trema raccomandando:
Menala teco ne la sua pietate
A quella bella donna a cui ti mando.
Deh! ballatetta, dille sospirando,
Quando le se' presente:
"Questa vostra servente
Vien per istar con vui,
Partita da colui
Che fu servo d'amore."

Tu, voce sbigottita e deboletta,
Ch' esci piangendo de lo cor dolente,
Coll' anima e con questa ballatetta
Va ragionando de la strutta mente.
Voi troverete una Donna piacente
Di sì dolce intelletto,
Che vi sarà diletto
Davanti starle ognora.
Anima, e tu l'adora
Sempre nel su' valore.

BALLATA 12: *Della forza d'amore*

Quando di morte mi convien trar vita,
E di gravezza gioia,
Come di tanta noia,
Lo spirito d'Amor d'amar m'invita?

Come m'invita lo mio cor d'amare?
Lasso, ch' è pien di doglia,
E da' sospir sì d'ogni parte priso,

'Las! little ballad! for thy amity
 This trembling soul I recommend thee:
 Bear it with thee, with all its pity,
 To that sweet fair to whom I send thee.
 'Las! little ballad! say with a sigh
 When thou stand'st her before:
 "Here doth your servant lie
 Come to make stay with you
 Parted from him who
 Was Love's servitor."

And thou, bewildered and enfeebled voice,
 Now from this sore heart weeping issue find,
 And with this soul and with this little song
 Go reasoning of this exhausted mind.
 There thou wilt find a lady pleasurable
 And of a mind so choice
 'Twere thy delight if able
 To go her ways before,
 My soul: and her adore
 For her true worth, for ever.

G. S. FRASER

BALLATA 12: *Of Love's Power*

Since all my life out of my death derives,
 My joy out of despair,
 How is it, from such care,
 The spirit of Love then unto passion drives?
 How can I rouse my heart to love's embrace?
 It's fraught with spleen, alas!
 And circled with such storm of gripping sighs

Che quasi sol mercè non può chiamare;
E di virtù lo spoglia
L'affanno che m'ha già quasi conquiso;
Canto, piacer con beninanza e riso,
Mi son doglie e sospiri;
Guardi ciascuno e miri,
Che morte m'è nel viso già salita.

Amor, che nasce di simil piacere,
Dentro dal cor si posa,
Formando di desio nova persona,
Ma fa la sua virtù 'n vizio cadere;
Si ch'amar già non osa
Qual sente, come servir guiderdona:
Dunque d'amar perchè meco ragiona?
Credo sol, perchè vede,
Ch'io dimando mercede
A morte, ch'a ciascun dolor m'addita.

Io mi posso biasmar di gran pesanza,
Più che nessun giammai:
Che morte dentro al cor mi tragge un core,
Che va parlando di crudele amanza,
Che ne' miei forti guai,
M'affanna; laond' io perdo ogni valore.
Quel punto maladetto sia, ch'Amore
Nacque di tal maniera,
Che la mia vita fiera
Gli fu di tal piacere a lui gradita.

GUIDO CAVALCANTI

That I can summon barely voice for grace;
And melancholy has
Despoiled its power and me would tyrannize;
While laughter, song and kindness arise
In me as sobs and pain.
Behold, all men see plain
That death has mounted full into my face.

For Love, that of a like delight is born,
Within my heart abides,
Creating from desire a being new,
But tumbles down his might in vicious scorn;
Just so love never defied
The man who like a hireling waits his due.
Why argues he that love I should pursue?
Only because he sees
I pray Death for my fees
While to me every sorrow Death displays.

For heavy grief I have myself to blame
More than man ever had:
Since Death draws to my heart another heart
Which murmurs of the cruel bitter flame
That troubles me with sad
Concern; by which I see my virtue all depart.
A curse upon that hour when Love did start,
Born of such quality
That my proud life should be
Acceptable, delightful, to his ways.

HUBERT CREEKMORE

CANZONE: *Donna mi prega*

Donna mi prega, perchè voglio dire
D'un accidente che sovente è fero,
Ed è sì altero ch' è chiamato amore,
Sì che chi 'l nega possa il ver sentire.
Ed al presente conoscente chero,
Perch' io non spero ch' om di basso core
A tal ragione porti conoscenza;
Chè senza natural dimostramento
Non ho talento di voler provare
Là dov' ei posa e chi lo fa criare,
E qual è sua vertute e sua potenza,
L' essenza, e poi ciascun suo movimento,
E 'l piacimento che 'l fa dir amare,
E s' omo per veder lo può mostrare.

In quella parte dove stà memora
Prende suo stato, sì formato come
Diafan dal lume, d'una oscuritate
La qual da Marte viene e fa dimora.
Egli è creato ed à sensato nome,
D' alma costume, è di cor volontate;
Vien da veduta forma che s'intende
Che prende nel possibile intelletto
Come in soggetto loco e dimoranza;
In quella parte mai non à posanza,
Perchè da qualitate non discende;

CANZONE: *A Lady Asks Me*

Because a lady asks me, I would tell
 Of an affect that comes often and is fell
 And is so overweening: Love, by name.
 E'en its deniers can now hear the truth,
 I for the nonce to them that know it call,
 Having no hope at all

that man who is base in heart
 Can bear his part of wit
 into the light of it,
 And save they know't aright from nature's source
 I have no will to prove Love's course

or say
 Where he takes rest; who maketh him to be;
 Or what his active *virtù* is, or what his force;
 Nay, nor his essence or his mode;
 What his placation; why he is in verb,
 Or if a man have might
 To show him visible to men's sight.

In memory's locus taketh he his state
 Formed there in manner as a mist of light
 Upon a dusk that is come from Mars and stays.
 Love is created, hath a sensate name,
 His *modus* takes from soul, from heart his will;
 From form seen doth he start, that, understood,
 Taketh in latent intellect—
 As in a subject ready—

place and abode,
 Yet in that place it ever is unstill,
 Spreading its rays, it tendeth never down

Risplende in sè perpetuale affetto;
Non à diletto, ma consideranza,
Sì che non pote largir simiglianza.

Non è vertute, ma da quella viene,
Ch' è perfezione che si pone tale;
Non razionale, ma che sente dico;
Fuor di salute guidicar mantiene,
E l' intenzione per ragione vale;
Discerne male in cui è vizio amico;
Di sua potenza segue spesso morte,
Se forte la virtù fosse impedita,
La quale aita la contraria via;
Non perchè opposto naturale sia,
Ma quanto che da buon perfetto tort' è
Per sorte, non può dir om c' aggia vita,
Che stabilita non à signoria;
A simil può valor quand' om l' oblia.

L' esser è, quando lo volere è tanto
C' oltra misura di natura torna;
Poi non s' adorna di riposo mai,
Move, cangiando core, riso e pianto,
E la figura con pietate [paura L] storna;
Poco soggiorna; ancor di lui vedrai
Ch' 'n gente di valor lo più si trova;
La nuova qualità move i sospiri,
E vuol c' om miri non fermato [in un formato L] loco,
Destandosi ira la qual manda foco;

By quality, but is its own effect unendingly
 Not to delight, but in an ardour of thought
 That the base likeness of it kindleth not.

It is not *virtù*, but perfection's source
 Lying within perfection postulate
 Not by the reason, but 'tis felt, I say.
 Beyond salvation, holdeth its judging force,
 Maintains intention reason's peer and mate;
 Poor in discernment, being thus weakness' friend,
 Often his power meeteth with death in the end
 Be he withstayed

or from true course

bewrayed

E'en though he meet not with hate

or villeiny

Save that perfection fails, be it but a little;
 Nor can man say he hath his life by chance
 Or that he hath not stablished seigniory
 Or loseth power, e'en lost to memory.

He comes to be and is when will's so great
 It twists itself from out all natural measure;
 Leisure's adornment puts he then never on,
 Never thereafter, but moves changing state,
 Moves changing colour, or to laugh or weep
 Or wries the face with fear and little stays,
 Yea, resteth little

yet is found the most

Where folk of worth be host.

And his strange property sets sighs to move
 And wills man look into unformèd space
 Rousing there thirst

that breaketh into flame.

GUIDO CAVALCANTI

Imaginar non pot' om che nol prova;
E non si mova perch' a lui si tiri,
E non si giri per trovarvi gioco,
Nè certamente gran saver nè poco.

Di simil tragge complessione sguardo,
Che fa parere lo piacere certo;
Non può coperto star quando è sorgiunto,
Non già selvagge le biltà son dardo,
Chè tal volere per temere è sperto;
Consegue merto spirito ch'è punto;
E non si può conoscer per lo viso,
C' om priso bianco in tal obietto cade,
E chi ben vade forma non lì vede,
Perchè lo mena chi da lei procede
Fuor di colore, d' essere diviso,
Assiso in mezzo oscuro, luci rade;
Fuor d' ogni fraude dice degno in fede,
Chè solo di costui nasce mercede.

Tu puoi sicuramente gir, canzone,
Dove ti piace; ch' i' ò sì t' adornata
C' assai lodata sarà tua ragione
Dalle persone c' ànno intendimento;
Di star con l' altre tu non ài talento.

None can imagine love
 that knows not love;
Love doth not move, but draweth all to him;
Nor doth he turn
 for a whim
 to find delight
Nor to seek out, surely,
 great knowledge or slight.
Look drawn from like,
 delight maketh certain in seeming,
Nor can in covert cower,
 beauty so near,
Not yet wild-cruel as darts,
So hath man craft from fear
 in such his desire
To follow a noble spirit,
 edge, that is, and point to the dart,
Though from her face indiscernible;
He, caught, falleth
 plumb onto the spike of the targe.
Who well proceedeth, form not seeth,
 following his own emanation.
There, beyond colour, essence set apart,
In midst of darkness light light giveth forth
Beyond all falsity, worthy of faith, alone
That in him solely is compassion born.
Safe may'st thou go, my canzon, whither thee pleaseth
Thou art so fair attired that every man and each
Shall praise thy speech
So he have sense or glow with reason's fire,
To stand with other
 hast thou no desire.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

SONETTO: *A Guido Cavalcanti*

Guido, vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io
Fossimo presi per incantamento,
E messi ad un vascel, ch' ad ogni vento
Per mare andasse a voler vostro e mio;
Sicchè fortuna, od altro tempo rio
Non ci potesse dare impedimento,
Anzi, vivendo sempre in un talento,
Di stare insieme crescesse il disio.
E monna Vanna e monna Bice poi,
Con quella ch' è sul numero del trenta,
Con noi ponesse il buono incantatore:
E quivi ragionar sempre d'amore:
E ciascuna di lor fosse contenta,
Siccome io credo che saremo noi.

Dante Alighieri (1265–1321), the Florentine author of the Divine Comedy, The New Life, and other works. The New Life forms a detailed commentary on the sonnets and canzoni printed here and

DANTE ALIGHIERI

SONNET: *To Guido Cavalcanti*

Guido, I would that Lapo, thou, and I,
Led by some strong enchantment, might ascend
A magic ship, whose charmed sails should fly
With winds at will, where'er our thoughts might wend,
And that no change, nor any evil chance,
Should mar our joyous voyage; but it might be
That even satiety should still enhance
Between our hearts their strict community,
And that the bounteous wizard then would place
Vanna and Bice and my gentle love,
Companions of our wandering, and would grace
With passionate talk, wherever we might rove,
Our time, and each were as content and free
As I believe that thou and I should be.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

should be read for their context. The Sestine are among the so-called "stony poems" of Dante, written to a woman named Pietra, "stone."

All of Dante's poems printed here are numbered according to the text by E. Moore, Tutte le opere di Dante Alighieri (Oxford, 1897).

LA VITA NUOVA: *Sonetti*

1

A ciascun' alma presa, e gentil core,
Nel cui cospetto viene lo dir presente,
A ciò che mi riscrivan suo parvente,
Salute in lor signor, cioè Amore.
Già eran quasi ch' atterzate l' ore
Del tempo che ogni stella è più lucente,
Quando m' apparve Amor subitamente,
Cui essenza membrar mi dà orrore.
Allegro mi sembrava Amor, tenendo
Mio core in mano, e nelle braccia avea
Madonna, involta in un drappo, dormendo.
Poi la svegliava, e d' esto core ardendo
Lei paventosa umilmente pascea:
Appresso gir ne lo vedea piangendo.

11

Negli occhi porta la mia donna Amore;
Per che si fa gentil ciò ch' ella mira:
Ov' ella passa, ogni uom ver lei si gira,
E cui saluta fa tremar lo core.
Sicchè, bassando il viso, tutto smuore,
E d' ogni suo difetto allor sospira:
Fugge dinanzi a lei superbia ed ira:
Aiutatemi, donne, a farle onore.
Ogni dolcezza, ogni pensiero umile
Nasce nel core a chi parlar la sente;
Ond' è beato chi prima la vide.
Quel ch' ella par quand' un poco sorride,
Non si può dicer, nè tener a mente,
Si è nuovo miracolo gentile.

THE NEW LIFE: *Sonnets*

1

To every heart which the sweet pain doth move,
 And unto which these words may now be brought
 For true interpretation and kind thought,
 Be greeting in our Lord's name, which is Love.
 Of those long hours wherein the stars, above,
 Wake and keep watch, the third was almost nought
 When Love was shown me with such terrors fraught
 As may not carelessly be spoken of.
 He seemed like one who is full of joy, and had
 My heart within his hand, and on his arm
 My lady, with a mantle round her, slept;
 Whom (having wakened her) anon he made
 To eat that heart; she ate, as fearing harm.
 Then he went out; and as he went, he wept.

11

My lady carries love within her eyes;
All that she looks on is made pleasanter;
 Upon her path men turn to gaze at her;
 He whom she greeteth feels his heart to rise,
 And droops his troubled visage, full of sighs,
 And of his evil heart is then aware:
 Hate loves, and pride becomes a worshipper.
 O women, help to praise her in somewise.
 Humbleness, and the hope that hopeth well,
 By speech of hers into the mind are brought,
 And who beholds is blessed oftenwhiles.
 The look she hath when she a little smiles
 Cannot be said, nor holden in the thought;
 'Tis such a new and gracious miracle.

Tanto gentile e tanta onesta pare
La donna mia, quand' ella altrui saluta,
Ch' ogni lingua divien tremando muta,
E gli occhi non l' ardiscon di guardare.
Ella sen va, sentendosi laudare,
Benignamente d'umiltà vestuta;
E par che sia una cosa venuta
Di cielo in terra a miracol mostrare.
Mostrasi sì piacente a chi la mira,
Che dà per gli occhi una dolcezza al core,
Che intender non la può chi non la prova.
E par che della sua labbia si muova
Un spirito soave e pien d' amore,
Che va dicendo all' anima: sospira.

Deh peregrini, che pensosi andate
Forse di cosa che non v' è presente,
Venite voi di sì lontana gente,
Come alla vista voi ne dimostrate?
Che non piangete, quando voi passate
Per lo suo mezzo la città dolente,
Come quelle persone, che neente
Par che intendesser la sua gravitate.
Se voi restate, per volerla udire,
Certo lo core ne' sospir mi dice,
Che lagrimando n' uscirete pui.
Ella ha perduta la sua Beatrice;
E le parole, ch'uom di lei può dire,
Hanno virtù di far piangere altrui.

My lady looks so gentle and so pure
When yielding salutation by the way,
That the tongue trembles and has nought to say,
And the eyes, which fain would see, may not endure.
And still, amid the praise she hears secure,
She walks with humbleness for her array;
Seeming a creature sent from Heaven to stay
On earth, and show a miracle made sure.
She is so pleasant in the eyes of men
That through the sight the inmost heart doth gain
A sweetness which needs proof to know it by:
And from between her lips there seems to move
A soothing spirit that is full of love,
Saying for ever to the soul, "O sigh!"

Ye pilgrim-folk, advancing pensively
As if in thought of distant things, I pray,
Is your own land indeed so far away—
As by your aspect it would seem to be—
That this our heavy sorrow leaves you free
Though passing through the mournful town midway;
Like unto men that understand today
Nothing at all of her great misery?
Yet if ye will but stay, whom I accost,
And listen to my words a little space,
At going ye shall mourn with a loud voice.
It is her Beatrice that she hath lost;
Of whom the least word spoken holds such grace
That men weep hearing it, and have no choice.

Oltre la spera, che più larga gira,
Passa il sospiro ch' esce del mio core:
Intelligenza nuova, che l'Amore
Piangendo mette in lui, pur su lo tira.
Quand' egli è giunto là, dov' el desira,
Vede una donna, che riceve onore,
E luce sì, che per lo suo splendore
Lo peregrino spirito la mira.
Vedela tal, che, quando il mi ridice,
Io non lo intendo, sì parla sottile
Al cor dolente, che lo fa parlare.
So io ch' el parla di quella gentile,
Perocchè spesso ricorda Beatrice,
Sicch' io lo intendo ben, donne mie care.

LA VITA NUOVA: *Canzone 1*

Donne ch' avete intelletto d' amore,
I' vo' con voi de la mia donna dire,
Non perch' io creda sua laude finire,
Ma ragionar per isfogar la mente.
Io dico che pensando il suo valore,
Amor sì dolce mi si fa sentire,
Che s' io allora non perdessi ardire,
Farei parlando innamorar la gente.
E io non vo' parlar sì altamente,
Ch' io divenisse per temenza vile.
Ma tratterò del suo stato gentile
A rispetto di lei leggermente,
Donne e donzelle amoroze, con vui,
Che non è cosa da parlarne altrui.

Beyond the sphere which spreads to widest space
 Now soars the sigh that my heart sends above:
 A new perception born of grieving Love
 Guideth it upward the untrodden ways.
 When it hath reached unto the end, and stays,
 It sees a lady round whom splendors move
 In homage; till, by the great light thereof
 Abashed, the pilgrim spirit stands at gaze.
 It sees her such, that when it tells me this
 Which it hath seen, I understand it not,
 It hath a speech so subtile and so fine.
 And yet I know its voice within my thought
 Often remembereth me of Beatrice:
 So that I understand it, ladies mine.

D. G. ROSSETTI

THE NEW LIFE: *Canzone 1*

Ladies that have intelligence in love,
 Of mine own lady I would speak with you;
 Not that I hope to count her praises through,
 But telling what I may, to ease my mind.
 And I declare that when I speak thereof
 Love sheds such perfect sweetness over me
 That if my courage failed not, certainly
 To him my listeners must be all resigned.
 Wherefore I will not speak in such large kind
 That mine own speech should foil me, which were base;
 But only will discourse of her high grace
 In these poor words, the best that I can find,
 With you alone, dear dames and damozels:
 'Twere ill to speak thereof with any else.

Angelo clama in divino intelletto
 E dice: "Sire, nel mondo si vede
 Maraviglia ne l'atto che procede
 D'un' anima che 'nfin quassù risplende."
 Lo cielo, che non have altro difetto
 Che d'aver lei, al suo Signor la chiede,
 E ciascun santo ne grida mercede.
 Sola pietà nostra parte difende,
 Chè parla Dio, che di madonna intende:
 "Diletti miei, or sofferite in pace
 Che vostra speme sia quanto mi piace
 Là, ov'è alcun che perder lei s'attende,
 E che dirà nell'Inferno a' malnati:
 'Io vidi la speranza de' beati.' "

Madonna è desiata in sommo cielo:
 Or vo' di sua virtù farvi sapere.
 Dico: qual vuol gentil donna parere
 Vada con lei; chè quando va per via,
 Gitta ne' cor villani Amore un gelo,
 Per che ogni lor pensiero agghaccia e père.
 E qual soffrisse di starla a vedere
 Diverria nobil cosa, o si morria:
 E quando trova alcun che degno sia
 Di veder lei, quei prova sua virtute;
 Chè gli avvien ciò che gli dona salute,
 E si l'umilia, che ogni offesa obblia.
 Ancor le ha Dio per maggior grazia dato,
 Che non può mal finir chi le ha parlato.

Dice di lei Amor: "Cosa mortale
 Come esser può sì adorna e sì pura?"
 Poi la riguarda, e fra sè stesso giura

DANTE ALIGHIERI

An Angel, of his blessed knowledge, saith
To God: "Lord, in the world that Thou hast made,
A miracle in action is displayed
By reason of a soul whose splendors fare
Even hither: and since Heaven requireth
Nought saving her, for her it prayeth Thee,
Thy Saints crying aloud continually."
Yet Pity still defends our earthly share
In that sweet soul; God answering thus the prayer:
"My well-belovèd, suffer that in peace
Your hope remain, while so My pleasure is,
There where one dwells who dreads the loss of her,
And who in Hell unto the doomed shall say,
'I have looked on that for which God's chosen pray.' "

My lady is desired in the high Heaven:
Wherefore, it now behoveth me to tell,
Saying: Let any maid that would be well
Esteemed keep with her: for as she goes by,
Into foul hearts a deathly chill is driven
By Love, that makes ill thought to perish there;
While any who endures to gaze on her
Must either be made noble, or else die.
When one deserving to be raised so high
Is found, 'tis then her power attains its proof,
Making his heart strong for his soul's behoof
With the full strength of meek humility.
Also this virtue owns she, by God's will:
Who speaks with her can never come to ill.

Love saith concerning her: "How chanceth it
That flesh, which is of dust, should be thus pure?"
Then, gazing always, he makes oath: "Forsure,

Che Dio ne intende di far cosa nuova.
 Color di perla quasi informa, quale
 Convien a donna aver, non fuor misura:
 Ella è quanto di ben può far natura;
 Per esempio di lei beltà si prova.
 Degli occhi suoi, come ch' ella gli muova,
 Escono spirti d' amore infiammati,
 Che fieron gli occhi a qual, che allor gli guati,
 E passan sì che 'l cor ciascun ritrova.
 Voi le vedete Amor pinto nel riso,
 Ove non puote alcun mirarla fiso.

Canzone, io so che tu girai parlando
 A donne assai, quando t' avrò avanzata:
 Or t' ammonisco, perch' io t' ho allevata
 Per figliuola d' Amor giovane e piana,
 Che là ove giugni, tu dichì pregando:
 "Insegnatemi gir; ch' io son mandata
 A quella, di cui loda io sono ornata."
 E se non vogli andar, siccome vana,
 Non ristare ove sia gente villana:
 Ingegnati, se puoi, d' esser palese
 Solo con donna o con uomo cortese,
 Che ti merranno per la vita tostana.
 Tu troverai Amor con esso lei;
 Raccomandami a lui come tu dei.

This is a creature of God till now unknown."
 She hath that paleness of the pearl that's fit
 In a fair woman, so much and not more;
 She is as high as Nature's skill can soar;
 Beauty is tried by her comparison.
 Whatever her sweet eyes are turned upon,
 Spirits of love do issue thence in flame,
 Which through their eyes who then may look on them
 Pierce to the heart's deep chamber every one.
 And in her smile Love's image you may see;
 Whence none can gaze upon her steadfastly.

Dear Song, I know thou wilt hold gentle speech
 With many ladies, when I send thee forth:
 Wherefore, (being mindful that thou hadst thy birth
 From Love, and art a modest, simple child,)

Whomso thou meetest, say thou this to each:
 "Give me good speed! To her I wend along
 In whose much strength my weakness is made strong."
 And if, i' the end, thou wouldst not be beguiled
 Of all thy labor, seek not the defiled
 And common sort; but rather choose to be
 Where man and woman dwell in courtesy.
 So to the road thou shalt be reconciled,
 And find the lady, and with the lady, Love.
 Commend thou me to each, as doth behove.

D. G. ROSSETTI

LA VITA NUOVA: *Canzone 2, 156–183*

Mentre io pensava la mia frale vita,
E vedea 'l suo durar com' è leggiere,
Piansemi Amor nel core, ove dimora;
Per che l' anima mia fu sì smarrita,
Che sospirando dicea nel pensiero:
Ben converrà che la mia donna mora.
Io presi tanto smarrimento allora,
Ch' io chiusi gli occhi vilmente gravati;
Ed eran sì smagati
Gli spirti miei, che ciascun giva errando.
E poscia imaginando,
Di conoscenza e di verità fuora,
Visi di donne m' apparver crucciati,
Che mi dicean pur: Morra' ti, morra' ti.

Poi vidi cose dubitose molte
Nel vano immaginare, ov' io entrai;
Ed esser mi pareva non so in qual loco,
E veder donne andar per via disciolte,
Qual lagrimando, e qual traendo guai,
Che di tristizia saettavan foco.
Poi mi parve vedere appoco appoco
Turbar lo Sole ed apparir la stella,
E pianger egli ed ella;
Cader gli augelli volando per l' a're,
E la terra tremare;

Frae the Second Canzone o Dante's "Vita Nuova"

Ae time that I our flownrie life appraisit
 and saw hou brief and bruckil its duratioun,
 i ma hert, whaurin he wones, Luve sabbit sairlye,
 and wi Luve's sabban then my saul was frazit,
 sae that I sychit and spak in conturbatioun:
 "Siccar my luve maun dee, maun dee fu shairly."
 At thocht o that I was dumfoundert fairlie,
 I steekit my een, that were forfairn and drowie,
 and my hale spreit was dowie,
 ilk facultie disjeskit and forwandert.
 Syne as I ponderit,
 frae trowth and kennan furth forvayt unwarelie,
 phantouns o brayn-wud weemen drave at me,
 and skraugh, "Yoursel maun dee. Ay, ye maun dee."
 Then saw I monie a dubie ferly, glaikit
 wi slidder phantasies I gaed amang.
 I kenna in whatna rowm I seemit to be,
 Whaur sheylit weemen cam stravaigan, traikit
 wi makan waefu mane and greetan lang,
 whas een wi grame flaughterit maist fierilie.
 Howdlins a mirk owrehailt the sun's bricht blee,
 the starns atour the firmament sae lither
 waementit ilk til ither;
 I saw the birds fleean i the lyft doun drap,
 the hale yird quok and lap.

Ed uom m' apparve scolorito e fioco,
 Dicendomi: Che fai? non sai novella?
 Morta è la donna tua, ch' era sì bella.

LA VITA NUOVA: *Canzone 3*

Gli occhi dolenti per pietà del core
 Hanno di lagrimar sofferta pena,
 Sì che per vinti son rimasi omai.
 Ora s' io voglio sfogar lo dolore,
 Che appoco appoco alla morte mi mena,
 Convenemi parlar traendo guai.
 E perchè mi ricorda ch' io parlai
 Della mia donna, mentre che vivia,
 Donne gentili, volentier con vui,
 Non vo' parlare altrui,
 Se non a cor gentil che'n donna sia;
 E dicerò di lei piangendo, pui
 Che se n' è gita in ciel subitamente,
 Ed ha lasciato Amor meco dolente.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

Syne cam a deid-wan chiel, spak hairsilie:
"Hae ye na heard the bruit o it frae onie?
Deid is your leddie, that was verra bonny."

DOUGLAS YOUNG

bruckil: brittle
shairly: surely
steekit: shut
forfairn: forlorn
drowie: moist
dowie: sad
forwandert: wandered astray
kennan: knowledge
slidder: slippery
traikit: sorely fatigued
grame: sorrow
flaughterit: flickered
howdlins: stealthily
blee: color, complexion
yird: earth

hairsilie: weakly
flownrie: fragile
frazit: dismayed
sychit: sighed
dubie: obscure
ferly: portent
glaikit: dazed
rowm: place
forvayt: wandered
brayn-wud: stark mad
sheylit: with the face
distorted, distraught
lither: nebulously opaque
waementit: mourned
bruit: rumor

THE NEW LIFE: *Canzone 3*

The eyes that weep for pity of the heart
Have wept so long that their grief languisheth
And they have no more tears to weep withal:
And now, if I would ease me of a part
Of what, little by little, leads to death,
It must be done by speech, or not at all.
And because often, thinking, I recall
How it was pleasant, ere she went afar,
To talk of her with you, kind damozels,
I talk with no one else,
But only with such hearts as women's are.
And I will say—still sobbing as speech fails—
That she hath gone to Heaven suddenly,
And hath left Love below, to mourn with me.

Ita n' è Beatrice in l' alto cielo,
 Nel reame ove gli angeli hanno pace,
 E sta con loro; e voi, donne, ha lasciate.
 Non la ci tolse qualità di gelo,
 Nè di calor, siccome l' altre face;
 Ma sola fu sua gran benignitate.
 Chè luce della sua umilitate
 Passò li cieli con tanta virtute,
 Che fe maravigliar l' eterno Sire,
 Sì che dolce desire
 Le giunse di chiamar tanta salute,
 E fella di quaggiuso a sè venire;
 Perchè vedea ch' esta vita noiosa
 Non era degna di sì gentil cosa.

Partissi della sua bella persona
 Piena di grazia l' anima gentile,
 Ed essi gloriosa in loco degno.
 Chi non la piange, quando ne ragiona,
 Core ha di pietra sì malvagio e vile,
 Ch' entrar non vi può spirito benegno.
 Non è di cor villan sì alto ingegno,
 Che possa imaginar di lei alquanto,
 E però non gli vien di pianger voglia:
 Ma vien tristizia e doglia
 Di sospirare e di morir di pianto,
 E d' ogni consolar l' anima spoglia,
 Chi vede nel pensiero alcuna volta
 Qual ella fu, e com' ella n' è tolta.

Dannomi angoscia li sospiri forte,
 Quando il pensiero nella mente grave
 Mi reca quella che m' ha il cor diviso:
 E spesse fiate pensando alla morte,

DANTE ALIGHIERI

Beatrice is gone up into high Heaven,
The kingdom where the angels are at peace;
And lives with them; and to her friends is dead.
Not by the frost of winter was she driven
Away, like others; nor by summer-heats;
But through a perfect gentleness, instead.
For from the lamp of her meek lowlihead
Such an exceeding glory went up hence
That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,
Until a sweet desire
Entered Him for that lovely excellence,
So that He bade her to Himself aspire:
Counting this weary and most evil place
Unworthy of a thing so full of grace.

Wonderfully out of the beautiful form
Soared her clear spirit, waxing glad the while;
And is in its first home, there where it is.
Who speaks thereof, and feels not the tears warm
Upon his face, must have become so vile
As to be dead to all sweet sympathies.
Out upon him! an abject wretch like this
May not imagine anything of her—
He needs no bitter tears for his relief.
But sighing comes, and grief,
And the desire to find no comforter,
(Save only Death, who makes all sorrow brief,)
To him who for a while turns in his thought
How she hath been among us, and is not.

With sighs my bosom always laboreth
On thinking, as I do continually,
Of her for whom my heart now breaks apace;
And very often when I think of death,

Me ne viene un desio tanto soave,
 Che mi tramuta lo color nel viso.
 Quando l' immaginar mi tien ben fiso,
 Giugnemi tanta pena d' ogni parte.
 Ch' i' mi riscuoto per dolor ch' io sento;
 E sì fatto divento,
 Che dalle genti vergogna mi parte.
 Poscia piangendo, sol nel mio lamento
 Chiamo Beatrice; e dico: "Or se' tu morta!"
 E mentre ch' io la chiamo, mi conforta.

Pianger di doglia e sospirar d' angoscia
 Mi strugge il core ovunque sol mi trovo,
 Sì che ne increscerebbe a chi ' l vedesse:
 E qual è stata la mia vita, poscia
 Che la mia donna andò nel secol nuovo,
 Lingua non è che dicer lo sapesse:
 E però, donne mie, pur ch' io volesse,
 Non vi saprei dir bene quel ch' io sono;
 Sì mi fa travagliar l' acerba vita,
 La quale è sì invilita,
 Ch' ogni uom par che mi dica: "Io t' abbandono,"
 Vedendo la mia labbia tramortita.
 Ma quel ch' io sia, la mia donna sel vede,
 Ed io ne spero ancor da lei mercede.

Pietosa mia canzone, or va piangendo,
 E ritrova le donne e le donzelle,
 A cui le tue sorelle
 Erano usate di portar letizia;
 E tu, che sei figliuola di tristizia,
 Vatten disconsolate a star con elle.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

Such a great inward longing comes to me
That it will change the color of my face;
And, if the idea settles in its place,
All my limbs shake as with an ague-fit;
Till, starting up in wild bewilderment,
I do become so shent
That I go forth, lest folk misdoubt of it.
Afterward, calling with a sore lament
On Beatrice, I ask, "Canst thou be dead?"
And calling on her, I am comforted.

Grief with its tears, and anguish with its sighs
Come to me now whene'er I am alone;
So that I think the sight of me gives pain.
And what my life has been, that living dies,
Since for my lady the New Birth's begun,
I have not any language to explain.
And so, dear ladies, though my heart were fain,
I scarce could tell indeed how I am thus.
All joy is with my bitter life at war;
Yea, I am fallen so far
That all men seem to say, "Go out from us,"
Eyeing my cold white lips, how dead they are.
But she, though I be bowed unto the dust,
Watches me; and will guerdon me, I trust.

Weep, pitiful Song of mine, upon thy way,
To the dames going, and the damozels,
For whom, and for none else,
Thy sisters have made music many a day.
Thou, that art very sad and not as they,
Go dwell thou with them as a mourner dwells.

D. G. ROSSETTI

BALLATA 9

Poichè saziar non posso gli occhi miei
Di guardare a madonna il suo bel viso,
Mirerol tanto fiso,
Ch' io diverrò beato, lei guardando.

A guisa d'angel che, di sua natura
Stando su in altura,
Divien beato sol guardando Iddio;
Così, essendo umana creatura,
Guardando la figura
Di questa Donna, che tiene il cor mio,
Potria beato divenir qui io:
Tant' è la sua virtù, che spande e porge,
Avvegna non la scorge
Se non chi lei onora desiando.

CANZONE 17

Morte, poich' io non truovo a cui mi doglia,
Nè cui pietà per me muova sospiri,
Ove ch'io miri—o in qual parte ch'io sia;
E perchè tu se' quella, che mi spoglia
D' ogni baldanza, e vesti di martiri,
E per mi giri—ogni fortuna ria;
Perchè tu, Morte, puoi la vita mia
Povera e ricca far, come a te piace,
A te conven ch' io drizzi la mia face,
Dipinta in guisa di persona morta.
Io vegno a te, come a persona pia,
Piangendo, Morte, quella dolce pace,
Che'l colpo tuo mi tolle, se disface

DANTE ALIGHIERI

BALLATA 9: *He Will Gaze upon Beatrice*

Because mine eyes can never have their fill
Of looking at my lady's lovely face,
I will so fix my gaze
That I may become blessed beholding her.

Even as an angel, up at his great height
Standing amid the light,
Becometh blessed by only seeing God:—
So, though I be a simple earthly wight,
Yet none the less I might,
Beholding her who is my heart's dear load,
Be blessed, and in the spirit soar abroad.
Such power abideth in that gracious one;
Albeit felt of none
Save of him who, desiring, honors her.

CANZONE 17: *He Beseeches Death
for the Life of Beatrice*

Death, since I find not one with whom to grieve,
Nor whom this grief of mine may move to tears,
Whereso I be or whitherso I turn:
Since it is thou who in my soul wilt leave
No single joy, but chill'st it with just fears
And makest it in fruitless hopes to burn:
Since thou, Death, and thou only canst discern
Wealth to my life, or want, at thy free choice:—
It is to thee that I lift up my voice,
Bowing my face that's like a face just dead.
I come to thee, as to one pitying,
In grief for that sweet rest which nought can bring
Again, if thou but once be enterèd

La donna, che con seco il mio cor porta,
Quella ch' è d' ogni ben la vera porta.

Morte, qual sia la pace che mi tolli,
Perchè dinanzi a te piangendo vegno,
Qui non l' assegno;—chè veder lo puoi,
Se guardi agli occhi miei di pianto molli;
Se guardi alla pietà ch'ivi entro tegno;
Se guardi al segno—ch' io porto de' tuoi.
Deh! se paura già co' colpi suoi
M' ha così concio, che farà 'l tormento?
S' io veggio il lume de' begli occhi spento,
Che suol essere a' miei sì dolce guida,
Ben veggio che 'l mio fin consenti e vuoi:
Sentirai dolce sotto il mio lamento:
Ch' io temo forte già, per quel ch' io sento,
Che per aver di minor doglia strida,
Vorrò morire, e non fia chi m' occida.

Morte, se tu questa gentile occidi,
Lo cui sommo valore all' intelletto
Mostra perfetto—ciò che 'n lei si vede,
Tu discacci virtù, tu la disfidi,
Tu togli a leggiadria il suo ricetto;
Tu l' alto effetto—spegni di mercede;
Tu disfai la beltà ch' ella possiede,
La qual tanto di ben più ch' altra luce,
Quanto conven, che cosa che n' adduce
Lume di cielo in creatura degna:
Tu rompi e parti tanta buona fede
Di quel verace Amor, che la conduce
Se chiudi, Morte, la sua bella luce,
Amor potrà ben dire ovunque regna:
Io ho perduto la mia bella insegna.

Into her life whom my heart cherishes
Even as the only portal of its peace.

Death, how most sweet the peace is that thy grace
Can grant to me, and that I pray thee for,
Thou easily mayst know by a sure sign,
If in mine eyes thou look a little space
And read in them the hidden dread they store,—
If upon all thou look which proves me thine
Since the fear only maketh me to pine
After this sort,—what will mine anguish be
When her eyes close, of dreadful verity,
In whose light is the light of mine own eyes?
But now I know that thou wouldst have my life
As hers, and joy'st thee in my fruitless strife.
Yet I do think this which I feel implies
That soon, when I would die to flee from pain,
I shall find none by whom I may be slain.

Death, if indeed thou smite this gentle one
Whose outward worth but tells the intellect
How wondrous is the miracle within,—
Thou biddest Virtue rise up and begone,
Thou dost away with Mercy's best effect,
Thou spoil'st the mansion of God's sojourning.
Yea, unto nought her beauty thou dost bring
Which is above all other beauties, even
In so much as befitteth one whom Heaven
Sent upon earth in token of its own.
Thou dost break through the perfect trust which hath
Been always her companion in Love's path:
The light once darkened which was hers alone,
Love needs must say to them he ruleth o'er,
"I have lost the noble banner that I bore."

Morte, adunque di tanto mal t' incresca,
 Quanto seguirà se costei muore;
 Che fia 'l maggiore—si sentisse mai.
 Distendi l' arco tuo sì, che non esca
 Pinta per corda la saetta fore,
 Che per passare il core—messa v' hai.
 Deh! qui mercè per Dio: guarda che fai:
 Raffrena un poco il disfrenato ardire,
 Che già è mosso per voler ferire
 Questa, in cui Dio mise grazia tanta.
 Morte, deh! non tardar mercè, se l' hai;
 Chè mi par già veder lo cielo aprire,
 E gli angeli di Dio quaggiù venire,
 Per volerne portar l' anima santa
 Di questa, in cui onor lassù si canta.

Canzon, tu vedi ben com' è sottile
 Quel filo, a cui s' attien la mia speranza,
 E quel che sanza—questa donna io posso:
 Però con tua ragion, piana ed umile
 Muovi, novella mia, non far tardanza;
 Ch' a tua fidanza—s' è mio prego mosso:
 E con quella umiltà che tieni addosso
 Fàtti, novella mia, dinanzi a Morte,
 Sicchè a crudeltà rompa le porte,
 E giunghi alla merce del frutto buono.
 E s' egli avvien che per te sia rimosso
 Lo suo mortal voler, fa che ne porte
 Novelle a nostra donna, e la conforte;
 Sì ch' ancor faccia al mondo di sè dono
 Quest' anima gentil, di cui io sono.

Death, have some pity then for all the ill
 Which cannot choose but happen if she die,
 And which will be the sorest ever known.
 Slacken the string, if so it be thy will,
 That the sharp arrow leave it not,—thereby
 Sparing her life, which if it flies is flown.
 O Death, for God's sake, be some pity shown!
 Restrain within thyself, even at its height,
 The cruel wrath which moveth thee to smite
 Her in whom God hath set so much of grace.
 Show now some ruth if 'tis a thing thou hast!
 I seem to see Heaven's gate, that is shut fast,
 Open, and angels filling all the space
 About me,—come to fetch her soul whose laud
 Is sung by saints and angels before God.

Song, thou must surely see how fine a thread
 This is that my last hope is holden by,
 And what I should be brought to without her.
 Therefore for thy plain speech and lowlihead
 Make thou no pause: but go immediately,
 Knowing thyself for my heart's minister,
 And with that very meek and piteous air
 Thou hast, stand up before the face of Death,
 To wrench away the bar that prisoneth
 And win unto the place of the good fruit.
 And if indeed thou shake by thy soft voice
 Death's mortal purpose,—haste thee and rejoice
 Our lady with the issue of thy suit.
 So yet awhile our earthly nights and days
 Shall keep the blessed spirit that I praise.

D. G. ROSSETTI

IL CONVITO: *Trattato 2, Canzone 1*

Voi che intendendo il terzo ciel movete,
 Udite il ragionar ch' è nel mio core,
 Ch' io nol so dire altrui, sì mi par novo,
 Il ciel che segue lo vostro valore,
 Gentili creature che voi sete,
 Mi tragge nello stato ov' io mi trovo;
 Onde 'l parlar della vita ch' io provo,
 Par che si drizzi degnamente a vui:
 Però vi prego che lo m' intendiate.
 Io vi dirò del cor la novitate,
 Come l' anima trista piange in lui,
 E come un spirto contro a lei favella,
 Che vien pe' raggi della vostra stella.

Solea esser vita dello cor dolente
 Un soave pensier, che se ne già
 Molte fiate a' piè del vostro Sire;
 Ove una Donna gloriâr vedìa,
 Di cui parlava a me sì dolcemente,
 Che l' anima diceva: "I' men vo' gire."
 Or apparisce chi lo fa fuggire;
 E signoreggia me di tal virtute,
 Che il cor ne trema sì, che fuori appare.
 Questi mi face una Donna guardare,
 E dice: "Chi veder vuol la salute,
 Faccia che gli occhi d' esta Donna miri,
 S' egli non teme angoscia di sospiri."

Trova contraro tal, che lo distrugge,
 L'umil pensiero che parlar mi suole
 D'un' angiola che 'n cielo è coronata.
 L' anima piange, si ancor le'n duole,

THE BANQUET: *Dissertation 2, Canzone 1*

Ye intelligences, turning the third sphere,
Hear out the reasoning within my heart
Stranger than I can openly relate.
The heaven that obeys your moving art
—Such noble natures as you surely are—
I see has brought me to my present state;
So of my suffering any debate
Seems that it rightly should be told to ye:
Wherefore I pray that ye will hear my part.
I would tell the strange history of the heart,
How the sad soul there weeps bitterly
Because a spirit speaks, opposing her,
That comes upon the shining of your star.

My sorrowful heart's life often would be
A thought so sweet that it would rise in flight
Many a time to the feet of our great Sire
To see a Lady glorious in light,
Of whom it spoke so blessedly to me
That my soul spoke, and said: "I would go there."
But, putting her to flight, one does appear
Who lords it with such power over me,
My trembling heart shows outwardly its fear.
And this one made me see a Lady here,
And said: "Who would behold felicity,
Let him look in this Lady's eyes
If he fears not the agony of sighs."

Now comes the adversary, who can slay,
Against my humble thought that would give me
Word of an angel crowned in the skies,
So that my soul cried out, and still must cry,

E dice: "Oh lassa me, come si fugge
 Questo pietoso che m' ha consolata!"
 Degli occhi miei dice quest' affannata:
 "Qual ora fu, che tal donna gli vide!
 E perchè non credeano a me di lei?"
 Io dicea: "Ben negli occhi di costei
 De' star colui che le mie pari uccide:
 E non mi valse ch' io ne fossi accorta
 Che non mirasser tal, ch' io ne son morta."

Tu non se' morta, ma se' ismarrita,
 Anima nostra, che sì ti lamenti,
 Dice uno spiritel d' amor gentile;
 Chè questa bella Donna, che tu senti,
 Ha trasmutata in tanto la tua vita,
 Che n' hai paura, sì se' fatta vile.
 Mira quant' ella è pietosa ed umile,
 Saggia e cortese nella sua grandezza:
 E pensa di chiamarla Donna omai:
 Chè, se tu non t' inganni, tu vedrai
 Di sì alti miracoli adornezza,
 Che tu dirai: Amor, signor verace,
 Ecco l' ancella tua; fa che ti piace.

Canzone, i' credo che saranno radi
 Color che tua ragione intendan bene,
 Tanto la parli faticosa e forte:
 Onde se per ventura egli addiviene
 Che tu dinanzi da persone vadi,
 Che non ti paian d' essa bene accorte;
 Allor ti priego che ti riconforte,
 Dicendo lor, diletta mia novella:
 Ponete mente almen com' io son bella.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

Saying: "Alas, how is she fled away,
The piteous one who showed my pity's guise."
Then this afflicted heart said of its eyes:
"What hour such a lady looked therein,
Why would they not believe my word of her?"
Always I said: "In such eyes as hers are
One surely stands whose glance can murder men.
It not availed me, that I saw it plain,
Against their gazing whereby I am slain."

"You are not slain, but only as though blind,
Soul in our keeping, with so great lament,"
A spirit of gentle love replied to me.
"Because, upon that Lady all intent,
The life has so been driven from your mind
That you are full of fear, and cowardly.
But she is pity and humility,
Courteous and wise in her magnificence:
Know that she is your Lady from this day!
And having undeceived your eyes you may
See such high miracles her ornaments
That you will say to Love: O my true Lord,
Behold thy handmaid, who will do thy word."

Song, I think they will be few indeed
Who well and rightly understand your sense,
So difficult your speech and intricate.
Wherefore if you should come by any chance
Among such folk so little fit to read
As that you seem not to *communicate*,
I'd have you take heart even at that rate,
My latest and dear one, saying to them:
"Look you at least how beautiful I am."

HOWARD NEMEROV

SESTINA 1

Al poco giorno, ed al gran cerchio d' ombra
Son giunto, lasso! ed al bianchir de' colli,
Quando si perde lo color nell' erba,
E 'l mio disio però non cangia il verde;
Si è barbato nella dura pietra,
Che parla e sente come fosse donna.

Similmente questa nuova donna
Si sta gelata, come neve all' ombra,
Che non la muove, se non come pietra,
Il dolce tempo, che riscalda i colli,
E che gli fa tornar di bianco in verde,
Perchè gli copre di fioretti e d' erba.

Quand' ella ha in testa una ghirlanda d' erba
Trae della mente nostra ogni altra donna;
Perchè si mischia il crespo giallo e 'l verde
Sì bel, ch'Amor vi viene a stare all' ombra:
Che m' ha serrato tra piccoli colli
Più forte assai che la calcina pietra.

Le sue bellezze han più virtù che pietra,
E 'l colpo suo non può sanar per erba;
Ch' io son fuggito per piani e per colli,
Per potere scampar da cotal donna;
Ed al suo viso non mi può far ombra
Poggio, nè muro mai, nè fronda verde.

Io l' ho veduta già vestita a verde
Sì fatta, ch' ella avrebbe messo in pietra
L'Amor ch' io porto pure alla sua ombra:

SESTINA 1: *Of the Lady Pietra degli Scrovigni*

To the dim light and the large circle of shade
I have clomb, and to the whitening of the hills,
There where we see no color in the grass.
Natheless my longing loses not its green,
It has so taken root in the hard stone
Which talks and hears as though it were a lady.

Utterly frozen is this youthful lady,
Even as the snow that lies within the shade;
For she is no more moved than is the stone
By the sweet season which makes warm the hills
And alters them afresh from white to green
Covering their sides again with flowers and grass.

When on her hair she sets a crown of grass
The thought has no more room for other lady,
Because she weaves the yellow with the green
So well that Love sits down there in the shade,—
Love who has shut me in among low hills
Faster than between walls of granite-stone.

She is more bright than is a precious stone;
The wound she gives may not be healed with grass:
I therefore have fled far over plains and hills
For refuge from so dangerous a lady;
But from her sunshine nothing can give shade,—
Not any hill, nor wall, nor summer-green.

A while ago, I saw her dressed in green,—
So fair, she might have wakened in a stone
This love which I do feel even for her shade;

Ond' io l' ho chiesta in un bel prato d' erba
Innamorata, com' anco fu donna,
E chiuso intorno d' altissimi colli.

Ma ben ritorneranno i fiumi a' colli
Prima che questo legno molle e verde
S' infiammi (come suol far bella donna)
Di me, che mi torrei dormir su pietra
Tutto il mio tempo, e gir pascendo l' erba,
Sol per vedere de' suoi panni l' ombra.

Quandunque i colli fanno più nera ombra,
Sotto il bel verde la giovane donna
Gli fa sparir, come pietra sott' erba.

SESTINA 2

Amor, tu vedi ben, che questa donna
La tua virtù non cura in alcun tempo,
Che suol dell' altre belle farsi donna.
E poi s'accorse ch' ell' era mia donna,
Per lo tuo raggio, che al volto mi luce,
D' ogni crudelità si fece donna:
Sicchè non par ch' ell' abbia cuor di donna,
Ma di quel fiera l' ha d' amor più freddo.
Chè per lo tempo caldo e per lo freddo
Mi fa sembianti pur com' una donna,
Che fosse fatta d' una bella pietra
Per man di quel, che me' intagliasse in pietra.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

And therefore, as one woos a graceful lady,
I wooed her in a field that was all grass
Girdled about with very lofty hills.

Yet shall the streams turn back and climb the hills
Before Love's flame in this damp wood and green
Burn, as it burns within a youthful lady,
For my sake, who would sleep away in stone
My life, or feed like beasts upon the grass,
Only to see her garments cast a shade.

How dark soever the hills throw out their shade,
Under her summer-green the beautiful lady
Covers it, like a stone covered in grass.

D. G. ROSSETTI

SESTINA 2: *To the Lady Pietra of Siena*

O Love, thou knowest well how that this lady
Heeds not thy potency in any season
Though of all other fair it be the lady;
And when she did perceive she was my lady
And shining from my face beheld thy light,
Of cruelty she made herself the lady:
To bear the heart, not of a gentle lady,
But of that beast which proves to love most cold;
So through the season of heat and through the cold
She shows to me the semblance of a lady
Made altogether of some beauteous stone
By hand of one who could best carve in stone.

Ed io che son costante più che pietra
 In ubbidirti per beltà di donna,
 Porto nascoso il colpo della pietra,
 Con la qual mi feristi come pietra,
 Che t'avesse noiato lungo tempo:
 Talchè mi giunse al core, ov' io son pietra.
 E mai non si scoperse alcuna pietra
 O da virtù di Sole, o da sua luce
 Che tanta avesse nè virtù, nè luce,
 Che mi potesse atar da questa pietra,
 Sicchè ella non mi meni col suo freddo
 Colà, dov' io sarò di morte freddo.

Signor, tu sai che per argente freddo
 L'acqua diventa cristallina pietra
 Là sotto tramontana, ov' è il gran freddo;
 E l' aer sempre in elemento freddo
 Vi si converte sì, che l'acqua è donna
 In quella parte, per cagion del freddo,
 Così dinanzi dal sembiante freddo
 Mi ghiaccia il sangue sempre d' ogni tempo:
 E quel pensier, che più m' accorcia il tempo,
 Mi si converte tutto in umor freddo,
 Che m' esce poi per mezzo della luce,
 Là, ov' entrò la dispietata luce.

In lei s' accoglie d' ogni beltà luce:
 Così di tutta crudeltate il freddo
 Le corre al core, ove non va tua luce:
 Perchè negli occhi sì bella mi luce
 Quando la miro, ch' io la veggio in pietra,
 O in altra parte, ov' io volga mia luce.
 Dagli occhi suoi mi vien la dolce luce,
 Che mi fa non caler d' ogni altra donna:

DANTE ALIGHIERI

And I, more steadfast-firm than any stone,
Obeying thee for beauty of a lady,
Bear hid in me the mark made by that stone
With which thou smote me as it were a stone
Which thou hadst learned to hate through a long season,
Even striking to my heart, where I am stone;
And never was discovered precious stone,
By splendor of the sun or by his light,
Which did possess such virtue and such light
That it might be my aid against that stone,
So that it should not bring me with its cold
To such a pass that I were dead with cold.

My lord, thou knowest that by freezing cold
Water is turned into a crystal stone
In northern regions, where is the great cold;
The very air to element of cold
Is still converted, water being the lady
Of all those lands by reason of the cold:
And so it is that at her aspect cold
The frost comes in my blood at every season;
And thought of her, which shortens my life's season,
Is all converted into substance cold,
Which issues from my eye, the body's light,
Whither first entered the unpitying light.

In her collected is all beauty's light,
Likewise of cruelty runs all the cold
Into her heart, where never came thy light;
For to my eyes so lovely is her light,
Looking on her, I see her in a stone,
And wheresoever else I turn for light;
For me, out of her eyes comes the sweet light
That makes me heedless of each other lady;

Così foss' ella più pietosa donna
 Ver me, che chiamo di notte e di luce,
 Solo per lei servire, e luogo e tempo;
 Nè per altro desio viver gran tempo.

Però, virtù, che sei prima che tempo,
 Prima che moto e che sensibil luce,
 Increscati di me, c' ho sì mal tempo.
 Entrale in core omai, chè n' è ben tempo,
 Sicchè per te se n' esca fuori il freddo,
 Che non mi lascia aver, com' altri, tempo:
 Chè se mi giunge lo tuo forte tempo
 In tale stato, questa gentil pietra
 Mi vedrà coricare in poca pietra
 Per non levarmi, se non dopo il tempo,
 Quando vedrò se mai fu bella donna
 Nel mondo, come questa acerba donna.

Canzone, io porto nella mente donna
 Tal, che con tutto ch' ella mi sia pietra,
 Mi dà baldanza, ov' ogni uom mi par freddo;
 Sicch' io ardisco a far per questo freddo
 La novità, che per tua ferma luce,
 Che non fu giammai fatta in alcun tempo.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

Would that she were more piteous a lady
To me, who seek in darkness and in light,
Serving her only, for due place and season,
Nor otherwise would wish to live long season.

Therefore, O power, older than time or season,
Older than motion or the sensible light,
Take pity on me who have such evil season,
And enter now her heart—it is due season:
So shall, by thee, pass forth from her the cold
Which lets me not, as others, have my season;
Should I be overcome by thy strong season,
In such estate, here this most noble stone
Would see me laid within a narrow stone,
Never to rise till end of time and season:
Then shall I see if ever was fair lady
In all the world like to this bitter lady.

My song, I carry in my mind a lady
Such that although to me she be of stone,
I am so brave that all men else seem cold,
And dare to fashion even for this cold,
The novelty which through your form shows light—
That which was never thought in any season.

JOHN HEATH-STUBBS

CINO DA PISTOIA

Sonetto per Selvaggia

Come non è con voi a questa festa,
Donne gentili, lo bel viso adorno?
Perchè non fu da voi staman richiesta
Che ad onorar venisse questo giorno?
Vedete ogn'uomo, che si mette in chiesta
Per vederla, girandosi d'intorno;
E guardan qua, u' per lo più s'arresta;
Poi miran me, che sospirar non storno.
Oggi aspettavo veder la mia gioia
Stare tra voi, e veder lo cor mio,
Che a lei, come a sua vita, s'appoia.
Or io vi prego, donne, sol per Dio,
Se non volete ch'io di cio mi moia,
Fate sì che stasera la vegg'io.

Disperata

Tutto ch'altrui aggrada, a me disgrada;
Ed èmmi a noia e spiace tutto 'l mondo.
—Or dunque, che ti piace?—Io ti rispondo:
—Quando l'un l'altro ispessamente agghiada:

A friend of Dante, Cino da Pistoia (1270–1336), was exiled with the Blacks between 1303 and 1306. He was a jurist and received honors from Henry VII and from Pistoia. Selvaggia, whom he loved, was of a family which belonged to the White party at Florence; she was probably the daughter of Filippo Vergiolesi, who had been Cino's

CINO DA PISTOIA

Sonnet for Selvaggia

Why is she not with you upon this feast,
Fair ladies, she whose lovely face I praise?
Why did you not this morning make request
That she should honor this, my day of days?
You see each man who puts himself in quest
To see her, turning round within a maze;
They look for her, where she is wont to rest;
Then look at me, who stand and sigh and gaze.
Today I hoped to look on my delight
Standing among you, and to see my heart,
Which clings to her, as for its life and might.
Now do I beg you, ladies, in good part,
If you should wish to save me from death's sight,
Bring it about that I see her tonight.

L. R. LIND

Desperate

All things that please another displease me;
The whole world brings disgust; it's gone awry.
—Now then, what pleases you?—I will reply:
When someone knifes another, fast and free;

guest at Piteccio in the Apennines. Cino exchanged verses with Petrarch, with whose poetry his own has some affinity. The Emperor Henry VII of Luxemburg died August 24, 1313, at Buonconvento. Dante, who hoped he might bring peace to Italy by uniting church and state, assigns him a high place in Paradise (Paradiso xxx. 136-8).

E piacemi veder colpo di spada
 Altrui nel volto, e navi andar al fondo:
 E piacerebbemi un Neron secondo,
 E ogni bella donna fosse lada.

Molto mi piace allegrezza e sollazzo:
 E la malinconia m'aggrada forte:
 E tutto dì vorrei seguire un pazzo;
 E far mi piacereà di pianto corte,
 E tutti quelli ammazzar, ch'io ammazzo
 Nel fier pensier, là dov'io trovo morte.—

In morte di Arrigo VII imperatore

Da poi che la natura ha fine posto
 Al viver di colui, in cui virtute,
 Com' in su' proprio loco, dimorava,
 I' prego lei che 'l mio finir sia tosto,
 Poichè vedovo son d'ogni salute;
 Che mort'è quel per cui allegro andava,
 E la cui fama il mondo alluminava
 In ogni parte, del suo dolce lome.
 Riaverassi mai? non veggio come.

In uno è morto il senno e la prodezza,
 Giustizia tutta e temperanza intera.
 Ma non è morto: lasso! che ho io detto?
 Anzi vive beato in gran dolcezza,
 E la sua fama al mondo s'è com'era;
 E 'l nome suo regnerà 'n saggio petto,
 Che vi nutricherà il gran diletto
 Della sua chiara e buona nominanza,
 Si ch'ogni età n'avra testimonianza.

CINO DA PISTOIA

And stroke of sword it is I'm pleased to see
In some one else's face, ships sinking nigh:
I'd like to be a second Nero, I
Could wish each woman ugly as can be.

Good cheer, amusement please me as a rule;
And melancholy pleases me as well:
And every day I'd like to chase a fool,
And pay my court to Sorrow for a spell,
And then to kill all those, all those I kill
In my proud thoughts where I find death at will.

L. R. LIND

On the Death of the Emperor Henry VII

Now that nature has put an end at last
Unto his life in whom Virtuousness,
As in its proper place, took up its stay,
I pray that my own end will hurry fast
Since I am widowed now of happiness,
And he is dead for whom I went my way
In joy, whose fame made the world bright as day,
In every place, with a sweet glow of light.
Shall his like live again? I see not how.

In one man died all wisdom, bravery,
All justice and all temperance utterly.
But dead he is not: there! what have I said?
He lives, is blessed in his sweetness yet.
His worldly fame is still what once it was;
His name will rule within the wise man's breast,
And there will nourish the superb delight
Of his good fame and reputation bright,
So every age will testify to them.

Ma que' son morti, i qua' vivono ancora,
Ch'avean tutta lor fe' in lui fermata
Con ogni amor, sì come in cosa degna:
E malvagia Fortuna in subit'ora
Ogni allegrezza del cor ci ha tagliata;
Pero ciascun come smarrito regna.
O somma Maestà giusta e benegna,
Poi che ti fu 'n piacer torce costui,
Danne qualche conforto per altrui.

Chi è questo somm'uom, potresti dire,
O tu che leggi, il qual tu ne racconti
Che la natura ha tolto al breve mondo,
E l'ha mandato in quel senza finire,
Là dove l'allegrezza ha larga fonte?
Arrigo imperador, che, del profondo
Del vile esser qua giù, su nel giocondo
L'ha Dio chiamato, perchè 'l vide degno
D'esser cogli altri nel beato regno.

Canzon, piena d'affanni e di sospiri,
Nata di pianto e di molto dolore,
Muovi piangendo e va disconsolata;
E guarda che persona non ti miri,
Che non fosse fedele a quel signore
Che tanta gente vedova ha lassata.
Tu te n'andrai così chiusa e celata
Là dove troverai gente pensosa
Della singular morte dolorosa.

CINO DA PISTOIA

But they are dead, the men who are living still,
Whose faith was wholly bound up in this man,
With all their love, lost in a worthy cause.
And evil Fortune in a sudden hour
Snatched every joy they had from every heart;
Thus each one wanders now without a guide.
O highest Majesty benign and just,
Since it pleased you to wrest that man away,
Give some comfort to the others now.

Who is this noble man, perhaps you say,
O you who read: do you not realize
What nature has removed from this brief world
And sent to that which does not have an end,
There wherein joy has its great fountainhead?
Henry the Emperor, who from the depths
Of vile existence here to the happy world
The Lord has called because he saw him worthy
Of place among those in the blessed realm.

Song, full of agony and full of sighs
Born of sorrow and of endless grief
Move weeping now and go disconsolate
And watch that no one sees you as you go
Who was not faithful to that lord of ours
Who left so many people here bereaved.
But you shall go so silent and concealed
Thither where you shall find a pensive folk
Sad with the sorrow of this single death.

L. R. LIND

FRANCESCO PETRARCA

CANZONE 50

Ne la stagion che 'l ciel rapido inchina
Verso occidente, e ch 'l dí nostro vola
A gente che di là forse l' aspetta,
Veggendosi in lontan paese sola
La stanca vecchiarella pellegrina
Radoppia i passi, e più e più s' affretta;
E poi così soletta,
Al fin di sua giornata
Talora è consolata
D' alcun breve riposo, ov' ella oblìa
La noia e 'l mal de la passata via.
Ma, lasso! ogni dolor che 'l dì m' adduce,
Cresce, qualor s' invia
Per partirsi da noi l' eterna luce.

Francesco Petrarca (1304–74) was born at Arezzo, since his parents were exiled from Florence together with Dante in 1302. He spent part of his life at Avignon during the Babylonian captivity of the popes and studied at Montpellier; he came to Bologna for further study of the law in 1323. He turned, however, to poetry and a gay life among young men and women. One of the latter was Laura, whom he first saw on April 6, 1327, in a church at Avignon; some identify her as Laura de Sade, a married woman. Petrarch's love for her lasted all his life, even after her death in 1348. After long travels in Europe Petrarch retired to Valchiusa, near the source of the Sorga, where his humanist-patriotic endeavors began to receive their reward. Further travels and much writing in both Latin and Italian followed until his death at Arquà in the Euganean hills near Padua; he died with his head resting upon a book he was reading. Bibliography in Carli-Sainati, 1, 264–5. The canzone is thus described by Richard Garnett: "The traditional canzone admits of several varieties of structure, but usually commences with three unrhymed lines

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

CANZONE 50

It is the evening hour; the rapid sky
Bends westward; and the hasty daylight flees
To some new land, some strange expectant race.
An old and weary pilgrim-woman sees
The lonely foreign desert-dark draw nigh.
Fearful, she urges on her stumbling pace.
And to her resting-place
At length she comes, and knows
The sweetness of repose;
The pains of pilgrimage, the road's duress
Fade in enveloping forgetfulness.
But oh, alas, my hurts that ache by day
Are but more pitiless
When the light sinks into the west away.

of eleven syllables each, followed by three similar lines rhyming to their predecessors, a seventh of a discretionary number of syllables rhyming to the third and sixth, and five or six lines on a different rhyming system, short or long at the poet's discretion, yet generally having the last rhyme of the preceding system once repeated." Canzone 126 was written in praise of the Sorga river, at Valchiusa. The canzone to Italy is inspired by Petrarch's fierce disgust with the war-ring of mercenaries hired by the lords of Italy around 1344, when a fratricidal struggle in which many nobles became engaged broke out around Parma between Obizzo d'Este and Filippino Gonzaga. The translator, Lady Dacre, Barbarina Brand (1768-1854), is described by the Dictionary of National Biography as "one of the most accomplished women of her time." Her translations of Petrarch were privately printed in London in 1836.

An alphabetical list of Italian first lines of the sonnets is found in Petrarch, Songs and Sonnets translated by A. M. Armistead (New York, Pantheon Books, 1946).

Come 'l sol volge le 'nfiammate rote
 Per dar luogo a la notte, onde discende
 Da gli altissimi monti maggior l' ombra,
 L' avaro zappador l' arme riprende,
 E con parole e con alpestri note
 Ogni gravezza del suo petto sgombra;
 E poi la mensa ingombra
 Di povere vivande,
 Simili a quelle ghiande
 Le qua' fuggendo tutto 'l mondo onora.
 Ma chi vuol si rallegri ad ora ad ora;
 Ch' i' pur non ebbi ancor, non dirò lieta,
 Ma riposata un' ora,
 Nè per volger di ciel nè di pianeta.

Quando vede 'l pastor calare i raggi
 Del gran pianeta al nido ov' egli alberga,
 E 'nbrunir le contrade d' oriente,
 Drizzasi in piedi, e co l' usata verga,
 Lassanda l' erba e le fontane e i faggi,
 Move la schiera sua soavemente;
 Poi lontan da la gente
 O casetta o spelunca;
 Di verdi frondi ingiunca;
 Ivi senza pensier s'adagia e dorme.
 Ahi, crudo Amor, ma tu allor più m'informe
 A seguir d' una fera che mi strugge
 La voce e i passi e l'orme,
 E lei non stringi che s' appiatta e fugge.

E i naviganti in qualche chiusa valle
 Gettan le membra, poi che 'l sol s'asconde,
 Sul duro legno e sotto a l'aspre gonne.
 Ma io, perchè s' attuffi in mezzo l' onde,

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

When the sun's burning wheels have sped along,
And night pursues, rolling its deepest black
From highest peaks into the sheltered plain,
The sober woodsman slings upon his back
His tools, and sings his artless mountain-song,
Discharging on the air his load of pain.

And yet his only gain
Is, on his humble board,
The food the woods afford,
Acorns, which poets honor, yet abjure.
Let him be happy, let him sleep secure,
Though I no happiness have ever won,
No rest, no ease, no cure,
For all the turning of the stars and sun.

And when the shepherd sees the evening shade
Rising and graying o'er the eastward land,
And the sun dropping to its nightly nest,
He rises; takes his well-worn crook in hand;
And leaves the grass, the spring, the beechen glade,
And quietly leads the tired flock to its rest.
He finds a cave, recessed
In crags, wherein to spread
Green branches for his bed,
And there he sleeps, untroubled, solitary.
But then, O cruel Love, the more you harry
My breaking strength to that most hopeless chase
Of her who flees apace,
And Love will never aid to noose the quarry.

In the sea's vales the sailors on their bark
Throw down their limbs on the hard boards to sleep
When the sun dips beneath the western main.
Oh, though he hide within the farthest deep,

E lasci Ispagna dietro a le sue spalle
 E Granata e Marrocco e le Colonne,
 E gli uomini e le donne
 E 'l mondo e gli animali
 Aquetino i lor mali,
 Fine non pongo al mio obstinato affanno;
 E duolmi ch' ogni giorno arroge al danno,
 Ch' i' son già pur crescendo in questa voglia
 Ben presso al decim' anno,
 Nè poss' indovinar chi me ne scioglia.

E perchè un poco nel parlar mi sfogo,
 Veggio la sera i buoi tornare sciolti
 Da le campagne e da' solcati colli.
 I miei sospiri a me perchè non tolti
 Quando che sia? perche no 'l grave giogo?
 Perchè dì e notte gli occhi miei son molli?
 Misero me, che volli,
 Quando primier sì fiso
 Gli tenni nel bel viso,
 Per iscolpirlo, imaginando, in parte
 Onde mai nè per forza nè per arte
 Mosso sarà, fin ch' i' sia dato in preda
 A chi tutto diparte!
 Nè so ben anco che di lei mi creda.

Canzon, se l' esser meco
 Dal matino a la sera
 T' ha fatto di mia schiera,
 Tu non vorrai mostrarti in ciascun loco;
 E d' altrui loda curerai sì poco,
 Ch' assai ti fia pensar di poggio in poggio
 Come m' ha concio 'l foco
 Di questa viva petra, ov' io m' appoggio.

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

And leave Morocco's mountains to the dark,
Granada and the Pillars and all Spain,
And though the worldwide pain
Of suffering man and beast
In the first light have ceased,
There comes no night with mercy to conclude
My ardor, ever in suffering renewed.
My love grows old; soon shall my captor see me
Ten years in servitude.
And still no savior comes with strength to free me!

And as I seek with words my wounds to numb,
I watch at eve the unyoked oxen turning
In from the fields, down from the furrowed hill.
My yoke, alas, is never lifted from
My shoulders, and my hurts are ever burning,
And in my eyes the tears are springing still.
Alas, it was my will
To carve the unearthly grace
Of her most lovely face
In the immutable matter of my heart.
Now it is carved so deep that strength nor art
May rub it thence until that final day
When soul and body part.
Even then, perhaps, it will not pass away.

O my unhappy song,
My grief has made you grieve,
You will not dare to leave
My heart, to show your sorrows anywhere;
And yet, for others' praise you shall not care,
For all your burden is the weight of pain
Left by the flames that flare
From the cold rock to which I cling, in vain.

MORRIS BISHOP

CANZONE 126

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra
Pose colei che sola a me par donna;
Gentil ramo, ove piacque
(Con sospir mi rimembra)
A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;
Erba e fior, che la gonna
Leggiadra ricoverse
Co l' angelico seno;
Aere sacro, sereno,
Ove Amor co' begli occhi il cor m' aperse;
Date udienza insieme
A le dolenti mie parole estreme.

S' egli è pur mio destino
(E 'l cielo in ciò s' adopra)
Che Amor quest' occhi lagrimando chiuda,
Qualche grazia il meschino
Corpo fra voi ricopra,
E torni l' alma al proprio albergo ignuda.
La morte fia men cruda
Se questa spene porto
A quel dubbioso passo;
Chè lo spirito lasso
Non porìa mai in più riposato porto
Nè in più tranquilla fossa
Fuggir la carne travagliata e l' ossa.

Tempo verrà ancor forse
Ch' a l' usato soggiorno
Torni la fera bella e mansueta,
E là 'v' ella mi scorse

CANZONE 126

Clear, fresh, and dulcet streams,
Which the fair shape, who seems
To me sole woman, haunted at noon-tide;
Fair bough, so gently fit,
(I sigh to think of it)
Which lent a pillar to her lovely side;
And turf, and flowers bright-eyed,
O'er which her folded gown
Flowed like an angel's down;
And you, O holy air and hushed,
Where first my heart at her sweet glances gushed:
Give ear, give ear, with one consenting,
To my last words, my last and my lamenting.

If 'tis my fate below,
And Heaven will have it so,
That Love must close these dying eyes in tears,
May my poor dust be laid
In middle of your shade,
While my soul, naked, mounts to its own spheres.
The thought would calm my fears,
When taking, out of breath,
The doubtful step of death;
For never could my spirit find
A stiller port after the stormy wind;
Nor in more calm, abstracted bourne,
Slip from my travailed flesh, and from my bones outworn.

Perhaps, some future hour,
To her accustomed bower
Might come the untamed, and yet the gentle she;
And where she saw me first,

Nel benedetto giorno,
 Volga la vista disiosa e lieta,
 Cercandomi; et, o pietà!
 Già terra in fra le pietre
 Vedendo, Amor l' ispiri
 In guisa che sospira
 Sì dolcemente che mercè m' impetre,
 E faccia forza al cielo,
 Asciugandosi gli occhi col bel velo.

Da' be' rami scendea
 (Dolce ne la memoria)
 Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo;
 Et ella si sedea
 Umile in tanta gloria,
 Coverta già de l' amoroso nembo:
 Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
 Qual su le treccie bionde,
 Ch' oro forbito e perle
 Eran quel dì a vederle;
 Qual si posava in terra, e qual su l' onde;
 Qual con un vago errore
 Girando pareva dir—qui regna Amore.

Quante volte diss' io
 Allor pien di spavento:
 —Costei per fermo nacque in paradiso!—
 Così carico d' oblio
 Il divin portamento,
 E 'l volto, e le parole, e 'l dolce riso,
 M' aveano e sì diviso
 Da l' imagine vera,
 Ch' i' dicea sospirando:

Might turn with eyes athirst
And kinder joy to look again for me;
Then, oh! the charity!
Seeing amidst the stones
The earth that held my bones,
A sigh for very love at last
Might ask of Heaven to pardon me the past:
And Heaven itself could not say nay,
As with her gentle veil she wiped the tears away.
How well I call to mind,
When from those boughs the wind
Shook down upon her bosom flower on flower;
And there she sat, meek-eyed,
In midst of all that pride,
Sprinkled and blushing through an amorous shower:
Some to her hair paid dower,
And seemed to dress the curls,
Queenlike, with gold and pearls;
Some, snowing on her drapery stopped,
Some on the earth, some on the water dropped;
While others, fluttering from above,
Seemed wheeling round in pomp, and saying, "Here reigns Love."
How often then I said,
Inward, and filled with dread,
"Doubtless this creature came from Paradise!"
For at her look the while,
Her voice, and her sweet smile,
And heavenly air, truth parted from mine eyes;
So that, with long-drawn sighs,
I said, as far from men,
"How came I here, and when?"

FRANCESCO PETRARCA

—Qui come venn' io, o quando?—
Credendo esser in ciel, non là dov' era.
Da indi in qua mi piace
Questa erba sì, ch' altrove non ho pace.

Se tu avessi ornamenti, quant' hai voglia,
Potresti arditamente
Uscir del bosco, e gir in fra la gente.

CANZONE 128

Italia mia, ben che 'l parlar sia indarno
A le piaghe mortali
Che nel bel corpo tuo sí spesse veggio,
Piacemi almen ch'è miei sospir sian quali
Spera 'l Tevere e l'Arno,
E 'l Po, dove doglioso e grave or seggio.
Rettor del cielo, io cheggio
Che la pietà che ti condusse in terra
Ti volga al tuo diletto almo paese:
Vedi, signor cortese,
Di che lievi cagion che crudel guerra;
E i cor, che 'ndura e serra
Marte superbo e fero,
Apri tu, padre, e 'ntenerisci e snoda;
Ivi fa che 'l tuo vero,
Qual io mi sia, per la mia lingua s'oda.

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

I had forgotten; and alas!
Fancied myself in heaven, not where I was;
And from that time till this, I bear
Such love for the green bower, I cannot rest elsewhere.

LEIGH HUNT

If you were as lovely as you wish to be,
You might with one bold stroke
Go out from the woods and stroll among the folk.

L. R. LIND

CANZONE 128

O my own Italy! though words are vain
The mortal wounds to close,
Unnumbered, that thy beauteous bosom stain,
Yet may it soothe my pain
To sigh for Tyber's woes,
And Arno's wrongs, as on Po's saddened shore
Sorrowing I wander, and my numbers pour.
Ruler of heaven! By the all-pitying love
That could thy Godhead move
To dwell a lowly sojourner on earth,
Turn, Lord! on this thy chosen land thine eye:
See, God of Charity!
From what light cause this cruel war has birth;
And the hard hearts by savage discord steeled,
Thou, Father, from on high,
Touch by my humble voice, that stubborn wrath may yield!

Voi, cui fortuna ha posto in mano il freno
 De le belle contrade,
 Di che nulla pietà par che vi stringa,
 Che fan qui tante pellegrine spade?
 Perchè 'l verde terreno
 Del barbarico sangue si depinga?
 Vano error vi lusinga;
 Poco vedete, e parvi veder molto,
 Che 'n cor venale amor cercate o fede.
 Qual più gente possede
 Colui è più da' suoi nemici avvolto.
 O diluvio raccolto
 Di che deserti strani
 Per inondar i nostri dolci campi!
 Se da le proprie mani
 Questo n'avene, or chi fia che ne scampi?

Ben provide natura al nostro stato,
 Quando de l'Alpi schermo
 Pose fra noi e la tedesca rabbia;
 Ma 'l desir cieco, e 'n contr'al suo ben fermo,
 S'è poi tanto ingegnato,
 Ch'al corpo sano ha procurato scabbia.
 Or dentro ad una gabbia
 Fiere selvagge e mansuete gregge
 S' annidan sì che sempre il miglior geme:
 Et è questo del seme,
 Per più dolor, del popol senza legge,
 Al qual, come si legge,
 Mario aperse sì 'l fianco,
 Che memoria de l'opra anco non langue,
 Quando, assetato e stanco,
 Non più bevve del fiume acqua che sangue.

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

Ye, to whose sovereign hands the fates confide
Of this fair land the reins—
(This land for which no pity wrings your breast)—
Why does the stranger's sword her plains invest?
That her green fields be dyed,
Hope ye, with blood from the Barbarians' veins?
Beguiled by error weak,
Ye see not, though to pierce so deep ye boast,
Who love, or faith, in venal bosoms seek:
When thronged your standards most,
Ye are encompassed most by hostile bands.
O hideous deluge gathered in strange lands,
That rushing down amain
O'erwhelms our every native lovely plain!
Alas, if our own hands
Have thus our weal betrayed, who shall our cause sustain?
Well did kind Nature, guardian of our state,
Rear her rude Alpine heights,
A lofty rampart against German hate;
But blind ambition, seeking his own ill,
With ever restless will,
To the pure gales contagion foul invites:
Within the same strait fold
The gentle flocks and wolves relentless throng,
Where still meek innocence must suffer wrong:
And these—oh, shame avowed!—
Are of the lawless hordes no tie can hold:
Fame tells how Marius' sword
Erewhile their bosoms gored—
Nor has Time's hand aught blurred the record proud!
When they who, thirsting, stooped to quaff the flood,
With the cool waters mixed, drank of a comrade's blood!

Cesare taccio che per ogni spiaggia
 Fece l'erbe sanguigne
 Di lor vene, ove 'l nostro ferro mise.
 Or par, non so per che stelle maligne,
 Che 'l cielo in odio n'aggia:
 Vostra mercè, cui tanto si commise:
 Vostre voglie divise
 Guastan del mondo la più bella parte.
 Qual colpa, qual giudizio, o qual destino
 Fastidire il vicino
 Povero, e le fortune afflitte e sparte
 Perseguire, e 'n disparte
 Cercar gente, e gradire,
 Che sparga 'l sangue e venda l'alma a prezzo?
 Io parlo per ver dire,
 Non per odio d'altrui nè per disprezzo.

Nè v'accorgete ancor per tante prove
 Del bavarico inganno
 Ch'alzando il dito, colla morte scherza?
 Peggio è lo strazio, al mio parer, che 'l danno:
 Ma 'l vostro sangue piove
 Più largamente: ch'altr'ira vi sferza.
 Da la mattina a terza
 Di voi pensate, e vederete come
 Tien caro altrui chi tien sè così vile.
 Latin sangue gentile,
 Sgombra da te queste dannose some;
 Non far idolo un nome
 Vano senza soggetto;
 Chè 'l furor de lassù, gente ritrosa,
 Vincerne d'intelletto,
 Peccato è nostro, e non natural cosa.

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

Great Caesar's name I pass, who o'er our plains
Poured forth the ensanguined tide,
Drawn by our own good swords from out their veins;
But now—nor know I what ill stars preside—
Heaven holds this land in hate,
To you the thanks—whose hands control her helm—
You, whose rash feuds despoil
Of all the beauteous earth the fairest realm.
Are ye impelled by judgment, crime, or fate,
To oppress the desolate?
From broken fortunes and from humble toil
The hard-earned dole to wring,
While from afar ye bring
Dealers in blood, bartering their souls for hire?
In truth's great cause I sing,
Nor hatred nor disdain my earnest lay inspire.
Nor mark ye yet, confirmed by proof on proof,
Bavaria's perfidy,
Who strikes in mockery, keeping death aloof?
(Shame, worse than aught of loss, in honor's eye!)
While ye, with honest rage, devoted pour
Your inmost bosom's gore!
Yet give one hour to thought,
And ye shall own how little he can hold
Another's glory dear who sets his own at nought.
O Latin blood of old,
Arise and wrest from obloquy thy fame,
Nor bow before a name
Of hollow sound, whose power no laws enforce.
For if barbarians rude
Have higher minds subdued,
Ours, ours the crime—not such wise Nature's course.

Non è questo 'l terren ch'i' toccai pria?
 Non è questo il mio nido
 Ove nudrito fui sì dolcemente?
 Non è questa la patria in ch'io mi fido,
 Madre benigna e pia,
 Che copre l'un e l'altro mio parente?
 Per Dio, questo la mente
 Talor vi mova, e con pietà guardate
 Le lagrime del popol doloroso,
 Che sol da voi riposo
 Dopo Dio spera; e pur che voi mostriate
 Segno alcun di pietate,
 Vertù contra furore
 Prenderà l'arme; e fia 'l combatter corto,
 Chè l'antiquo valore
 Ne l'italici cor non è ancor morto.

Signor, mirate come 'l tempo vola,
 E sì come la vita
 Fugge, e la morte n'è sovra le spalle:
 Voi siete or qui; pensate a la partita;
 Chè l'alma ignuda e sola
 Conven ch'arrive a quel dubbioso calle.
 Al passar questa valle,
 Piacciavi porre giù l'odio e lo sdegno
 Venti contrari a la vita serena;
 E quel ch 'n altrui pena
 Tempo si spende, in qualche atto più degno
 O di mano o d' ingegno,
 In qualche bella lode,
 In qualche onesto studio si converta:
 Così qua giù si gode,
 E la strada del ciel si trova aperta.

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

Ah, is not this the soil my foot first pressed?
And here, in cradled rest,
Was I not softly hushed? here fondly reared?
Ah, is this not my country? so endeared
By every filial tie.
In whose lap shrouded both my parents lie.
Oh, by this tender thought,
Your torpid bosoms to compassion wrought,
Look on the people's grief,
Who, after God, of you expect relief;
And if ye but relent,
Virtue shall rouse her in embattled might,
Against blind fury bent,
Nor long shall doubtful hang the unequal fight;
For no—the ancient flame
Is not extinguished yet, that raised the Italian name.
Mark, sovereign Lords, how Time, with pinion strong
Swift hurries life along.
Even now, behold, Death presses on the rear.
We sojourn here a day—the next, are gone.
The soul disrobed—alone,
Must shuddering seek the doubtful pass we fear.
Oh, at the dreaded bourne,
Abase the lofty brow of wrath and scorn,
(Storms adverse to the eternal calm on high!)
And ye, whose cruelty
Has sought another's harm, by fairer deed
Of heart, or hand, or intellect, aspire
To win the honest meed
Of just renown—the noble mind's desire.
Thus sweet on earth the stay,
Thus to the spirit pure unbarred is Heaven's way.

Canzone, io t' ammonisco
 Che tua ragion cortesemente dica;
 Perchè fra gente altera ir ti conviene
 E le voglie son piene
 Già de l' usanza pessima et antica,
 Del ver sempre nemica.
 Proverai tua ventura
 Fra magnanimi pochi a chi 'l ben piace:
 Di' lor:—Chi m' assicura?
 I' vo gridando: “Pace, pace, pace!”

CANZONE 129

Di pensier in pensier, di monte in monte
 Mi guida Amor; ch' ogni segnato calle
 Provo contrario a la tranquilla vita.
 Se 'n solitaria spiaggia, rivo, o fonte,
 Se 'n fra duo poggi siede ombrosa valle,
 Ivi s' acqueta l' alma sbigottita;
 E come Amor l' envita,
 Or ride, or piange, or teme, or s'assecura:
 E 'l volto che lei segue ov' ella il mena
 Si turba e rasserenata,
 Et in un esser picciol tempo dura;
 Onde a la vista uom di tal vita esperto
 Diria: Questo arde, e di suo stato è incerto.—

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

My song, with courtesy and numbers sooth,
Thy daring reasons grace,
For thou the mighty in their pride of place
Must woo to gentle ruth,
Whose haughty will long evil customs nurse,
Ever to truth averse.
Thee better fortunes wait,
Among the virtuous few—the truly great.
Tell them—but who shall bid my terrors cease?
Peace, peace, on thee I call, return, O heaven-born peace!

LADY DACRE

CANZONE 129

From thought to thought, from mountain-peak to mountain,
Love leads me on; for I can never still
My trouble on the world's well-beaten ways.
If on a barren heath there springs a fountain,
Or a dark valley huddles under a hill,
There may the grieving soul find quiet days;
There freely she obeys
Love's orders, laughing, weeping, hoping, fearing,
And the face writes a gloss upon the soul,
Now glad, now charged with dole,
Not long in any manner persevering.
At sight of me a man of subtle wit
Would say, "He burns, and sees no end of it."

Per alti monti e per selve aspre trovo
 Qualche riposo; ogni abitato loco
 È nemico mortal de gli occhi miei.
 A ciascun passo nasce un penser novo
 De la mia donna, che sovente in gioco
 Gira 'l tormento ch' i' porto per lei;
 Et a pena vorrei
 Cangiar questo mio viver dolce amaro,
 Ch' i' dico:—Forse ancor ti serva Amore
 Ad un tempo migliore;
 Forse, a te stesso vile, altrui se' caro.—
 Et in questa trapasso sospirando:
 Or potrebbe esser vero? or come? or quando?

Ove porge ombra un pino alto od un colle
 Talor m' arresto, e pur nel primo sasso
 Disegno co la mente il suo bel viso.
 Poi ch' a me torno, trovo il petto molle
 De la pietate; et allor dico:—Ahi, lasso,
 Dove se' giunto! et onde se' diviso!—
 Ma mentre tener fiso
 Posso al primo pensier la mente vaga,
 E mirar lei, et obliar me stesso,
 Sento Amor sì da presso
 Che del suo proprio error l' alma s'appaga:
 In tante parti e sì bella la veggio,
 Che se l' error durasse, altro non cheggio.

I' l' ho più volte (or chi fia che m' il creda?)
 Ne l'acqua chiara, e sopra l'erba verde
 Veduto viva, e nel troncon d'un faggio,
 E 'n bianca nube si fatta che Leda
 Avria ben detto che sua figlia perde,
 Come stella che 'l sol copre col raggio;

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

In the high mountains, in the woods I find
A little solace; every haunt of man
Is to my mood a mortal enemy.
At every step a new thought comes to mind
Of my dear lady, whose remembrance can
Turn all the hurt of love to gayety.

I would no sooner be
Quit of this bittersweet existence here,
Than I reflect, "Yet even now Love may
Destine the better day;
I, loathing self, may be to others dear!"
So I go thinking, hoping, sighing, now;
May it be true indeed? And when? And how?

And in the shade of a pine tree or a hill
I halt, and all the tumbled rocks near by
Are pictured with the beauty of her face;
And tears of tender melancholy fill
My bosom; and "Alas! alas!" I cry,
"What have I come to! From how far a place!"
But, for the little space
That the uneasy mind thus looks on her,
Rapt out of self into another sphere,
Then I feel Love so near
That the tricked soul rejoices it should err,
So clear I see her, and so fair and pure
That I pray only that the fraud endure.

Often I've seen her—who'll believe me now?—
Treading the grass, cleaving the lucid water,
Alive, alive, in a forest beech-trunk caught,
White mid the clouds; so fair, Leda would vow
The famous beauty of her lovely daughter
Is dimmed as a star when the broad sun beams hot.

E quanto in più selvaggio
 Loco mi trovo e 'n più deserto lido,
 Tanto più bella il mio pensier l' adombra.
 Poi quando il vero sgombra
 Quel dolce error, pur lì medesmo assido
 Me freddo, pietra morta, in pietra viva,
 In guisa d' uom che pensi e pianga e scriva.

Ove d' altra montagna ombra non tocchi
 Verso 'l maggiore e 'l più espedito giogo
 Tirar mi suol un desiderio intenso.
 Indi i miei danni a misurar con gli occhi
 Comincio, e 'n tanto lagrimando sfogo
 Di dolorosa nebbia il cor condenso,
 Alor ch' i' miro e penso,
 Quanta aria dal bel viso mi diparte,
 Che sempre m' è sì presso e sì lontano;
 Poscia fra me pian piano:
 —Che sai tu, lasso? Forse in quella parte
 Or di tua lontananza si sospira—;
 Et in questo penser l' alma respira.

Canzone, oltre quell' alpe,
 Là dove il ciel è più sereno e lieto,
 Mi rivedrai sovr' un ruscel corrente,
 Ove l' aura si sente
 D'un fresco et odorifero laureto:
 Ivi è 'l mio cor, e quella che 'l m' invola;
 Qui veder poi l' imagine mia sola.

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

And, in what savage spot
I chance to be, in what most barren shore,
Ever more beautiful she walks with me.
Then, when Truth makes to flee
My darling cheat, I find myself once more
A dead stone statue, set on living stone,
Of one who thinks and grieves and writes alone.

Now it's my whole desire and all my pleasure
Up to the highest mountain-pass to climb
To dizzy and unshadowed solitude.
And thence I send my flying gaze to measure
My length of woe; I weep a little time;
The mist of grief blows from my dismal mood.
I stare afar and brood
On the leagues that lie between me and that face,
Ever so near and yet so far away.
Soft to myself I say,
"My soul, be brave; perhaps, in that far place,
She thinks of you in absence, and she sighs!"
And my soul suddenly wakes and gladly cries.

My song, beyond these alps,
In the land where skies are gladder and more clear,
You'll see me soon, where a quick streamlet flows,
And where the fragrance blows
Of the fresh Laurel that I love so dear.
There is my heart, and she who reft it me;
Here you may see only my effigy.

MORRIS BISHOP

MADRIGALE 52

Non al suo amante più Diana piacque,
Quando per tal ventura tutto ignuda
La vide in mezzo de le gelide acque,
Ch' a me la pastorella alpestra e cruda
Posta a bagnar un leggiadretto velo,
Ch' a l' aura il vago e biondo capel chiuda,
Tal che mi fece, or quand' egli arde 'l cielo,
Tutto tremar d'un amoroso gielo.

SONETTI

1

Voi ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono
Di quei sospiri ond' io nudriva 'l core
In sul mio primo giovanile errore,
Quand' era in parte altr' uom da quel ch' i' sono,
Del vario stile in ch' io piango e ragiono
Fra le vane speranze e 'l van dolore,
Ove sia chi per prova intenda amore,
Spero trovar pietà, non che perdono.
Ma ben veggio or sí come al popol tutto
Favola fui gran tempo, onde sovente
Di me medesmo meco mi vergogno;
E del mio vaneggiar vergogna è'l frutto,
E 'l pentersi, e 'l conoscer chiaramente
Che quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno.

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

MADRIGALE 52

Diana, naked in the shadowy pool,
Brought no more rapture to the greedy eyes
Of him who watched her splashing in the cool
Than did my glimpse of a maiden unaware
Washing a snood, the gossamer garment of
My lady's wild and lovely golden hair;
Wherefore, although the sky burn hot above,
I shake and shiver with a chill of love.

MORRIS BISHOP

SONNETS

1

You who give ear to sorrow, as you scan
These rimes, and hearken to the sighs that fed
My heart, since first in youth it was misled—
Was it myself? Was it another man?—
Oh, recollect that passion has no plan;
So, for the various styles here gathered,
Give me no pardon; pity give instead.
Vain hope, vain grief, speaks only as it can.
Now well I know that long to the world my name
Was mockery, a public fable merely,
And suddenly shame is in my heart supreme.
And all the fruit of all my love is shame,
Shame and repentance, and the knowing clearly
That the world's joy is only a brief dream.

MORRIS BISHOP

2

Per fare una leggiadra sua vendetta,
E punire in un dì ben mille offese,
Celatamente Amor l' arco riprese,
Come uom ch' a nocer luogo e tempo aspetta.
Era la mia virtute al cor ristretta
Per far ivi e ne gli occhi sue difese,
Quando 'l colpo mortal là giù discese,
Ove solea spuntarsi ogni saetta.
Però, turbata nel primiero assalto,
Non ebbe tanto nè vigor nè spazio
Che potesse al bisogno prender l' arme,
O vero al poggio faticoso et alto
Ritarmi accortamente de lo strazio,
Del quale oggi vorrebbe, e non può, aitar me.

3

Era il giorno ch' al sol si scoloraro
Per la pietà del suo fattore i rai,
Quando i' fui preso, e non me ne guardai,
Chè i be' vostr' occhi, donna, mi legaro.
Tempo non mi pareva da far riparo
Contr' a' colpi d'Amor; però m' andai
Secur, senza sospetto: onde i miei guai
Nel commune dolor s' incominciaro.
Trovommi Amor del tutto disarmato,
Et aperta la via per gli occhi al core,
Che di lagrime son fatti uscio e varco.
Però, al mio parer, non li fu onore
Ferir me da saetta in quello stato,
A voi armata non mostrar pur l' arco.

Determined with one sally to erase
 The memory of countless slights, intent
 On winsome vengeance, Love the cheater bent
 His hidden bow and chose well time and place.
 Within my heart's protective carapace
 My spirit tarried, ready to resent
 Aggression, had my eyes their message sent,
 But the swift onslaught gave no breathing space.
 Ah luckless garrison, that could repel
 All earlier sieges, taken by surprise
 In this assault what could you do but yield?
 No weapon served, no inner citadel
 Either to offer war or temporize—
 My shattered soul, what feeble arms we wield!

T. G. BERGIN

3: Good Friday 1327

It was the day the sun had overcast
 In pity of his Maker, his bright sheen
 When I fell prey to peril unforeseen,
 For your eyes, lady, caught and held me fast.
 I took no care to shelter 'gainst Love's blast
 Wherefore, amidst the melancholy scene
 Of dole and penance, my own anguish keen
 Was born that has the general grief surpassed.
 Through eyes that now but serve to weep my ills
 Love stormed my heart as I walked unalarmed,
 Thinking that day I might pay him no heed.
 Meanwhile to you, secure and fully armed,
 He did not even show his shaft that kills—
 Here's shabby glory for great Love, indeed.

T. G. BERGIN

Movesi il vecchierel canuto e bianco
Del dolce loco ov' ha sua età fornita,
E da la famigliuola sbigottita
Che vede il caro padre venir manco;
Indi traendo poi l' antiquo fianco
Per l' estreme giornate di sua vita,
Quanto più può col buon voler s' aita,
Rotto da gli anni e dal camino stanco;
E viene a Roma, seguendo 'l desio,
Per mirar la sembianza di colui
Ch' ancor lassù nel ciel vedere spera.
Così, lasso! talor vo cercand' io,
Donna, quanto è possibile, in altrui
La disiata vostra forma vera.

Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi
Vo misurando a passi tardi e lenti,
E gli occhi porto per fuggire intenti
Ove vestigio uman l' arena stampi.
Altro schermo non trovo che mi scampi
Dal manifesto accorger de le genti;
Perchè ne gli atti d' allegrezza spenti
Di fuor si legge com' io dentro avampi:
Sì ch' io mi credo omai che monti e piagge
E fiumi e selve sappian di che tempre
Sia la mia vita, ch' è celata altrui.
Ma pur sì aspre vie nè sì selvagge
Cercar non so ch' Amor non venga sempre
Ragionando con meco, et io collui.

4

The ancient greybeard shoulders on his load
 And quits the home of all his many days
 Under the silent loving-fearful gaze
 Of eyes forfending what the hearts forebode.
 Thence in life's end his old ambitions goad
 His quaking shanks into long longed-for ways;
 Only the burning of his will upstays
 Him, by years broken, spent by the long road.
 But so at last his yearning brings him nigh
 To Rome, to look upon the painted face
 Of Him whom soon in heaven he hopes to view;
 Ah, Donna, Donna, even so go I,
 Seeking forever in whatever place
 Some crudely-copied shadowy hint of you.

MORRIS BISHOP

5

Alone and ever weary with dark care
 I seek the solitude of desert ways,
 Casting about the while a timid gaze
 Lest alien steps my refuge seek to share.
 No other shield I find against the stare
 Of curious folk; too clear my face displays
 In ashen cheerlessness how cruel the blaze
 That burns within, and lays my secret bare.
 'Tis only hills, I think, and silent streams
 And meadows and deep thickets that can know
 The tenor of my life, from men concealed.
 Yet not so wide I wander with my dreams
 But Love comes with me, following where I go,
 And long we parley on the lonely weald.

T. G. BERGIN

6

Io son già stanco di pensar sì come
I miei pensier in voi stanchi non sono,
E come vita ancor non abbandono
Per fuggir de' sospir sì gravi some;
E come a dir del viso e de le chiome
E de' begli occhi, ond' io sempre ragiono,
Non è mancata omai la lingua e 'l suono
Dì e notte chiamando il vostro nome;
E ch' e piè miei non son fiaccati e lassi
A seguir l' orme vostre in ogni parte,
Perdendo inutilmente tanti passi;
Et onde vien l' enchiestro, onde le carte
Ch' i' voempiendo di voi: se 'n ciò fallassi,
Colpa d'Amor, non già defetto d' arte.

7

Erano i capei d' oro a l' aura sparsi,
Che' n mille dolci nodi gli avvolgea;
E 'l vago lume oltra misura ardea
Di quei begli occhi, ch' or ne son sì scarsi;
E 'l viso di pietosi color farsi,
Non so se vero o falso, mi pareva:
I' che l' esca amorosa al petto avea,
Qual meraviglia se di subito arsi?
Non era l' andar suo cosa mortale,
Ma d' angelica forma; e le parole
Sonavan altro che pur voce umana.
Uno spirto celeste, un vivo sole
Fu quel ch' i' vidi; e se non fosse or tale,
Piaga per allentar d' arco non sana.

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

6 ✓

Already I grow weary thinking how,
 Unwearying, my thoughts upon thee dwell,
 And how to life they cling as to their hell
 When they might quit their sighing at one blow;
 And how of that sweet face, that hair, that brow,
 Those eyes, the sun's pure golden citadel,
 By day and night naming thy name I tell
 Their virtues in my beads until they glow!
 And how my feet, not tired, not broken, still
 Following thy dear footsteps everywhere,
 Mount uselessly a never-ending stair;
 And whence the ink, the paper which I fill
 With thee? If incompletely I declare thee,
 Blame not the art but blame the love I bear thee.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

7 ✓

She used to let her golden hair fly free
 For the wind to toy and tangle and molest;
 Her eyes were brighter than the radiant west.
 (Seldom they shine so now.) I used to see
 Pity look out of those deep eyes on me.
 ("It was false pity," you would now protest.)
 I had love's tinder heaped within my breast;
 What wonder that the flame burned furiously?
 She did not walk in any mortal way,
 But with angelic progress; when she spoke,
 Unearthly voices sang in unison.
 She seemed divine among the dreary folk
 Of earth. You say she is not so today?
 Well, though the bow's unbent, the wound bleeds on.

MORRIS BISHOP

Piangete, donne, e con voi pianga Amore;
Piangete, amanti, per ciascun paese;
Poi ch' è morto collui che tutto intese
In farvi, mentre visse al mondo, onore.
Io per me prego il mio acerbo dolore
Non sian da lui le lagrime contese,
E mi sia di sospir tanto cortese
Quanto bisogna a disfogare il core.
Piangan le rime, ancor piangano i versi,
Perchè 'l nostro amoroso messer Cino
Novellamente s' è da noi partito.
Pianga Pistoia, e i cittadin perversi
Che perduto hanno sì dolce vicino;
E rallegresi il ciel ov' ello è gito.

Quella fenestra ove l'un sol si vede,
Quando a lui piace, e l' altro in su la nona,
E quella dove l' aere freddo suona
Ne' brevi giorni, quando borrea 'l fiede;
E 'l sasso, ove a' gran dì pensosa siede
Madonna, e sola seco si ragiona;
Con quanti luoghi sua bella persona
Coprì mai d' ombra o disegnò col piede;
E 'l fiero passo ove m' aggiunse Amore;
E la nova stagion che d' anno in anno
Mi rinfresca in quel dì l' antiche piaghe;
E 'l volto, e le parole che mi stanno
Altamente confitte in mezzo 'l core,
Fanno le luci mie di pianger vaghe.

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

8: On the Death of Cino da Pistoia

Fair ladies, weep, the while Love's own tears fall;
Ye lovers everywhere, mourn ye for him
Who was the servant of Love's every whim
And made of you his kinsmen, each and all.
Now do I fear lest charge of grief appall
My sense and leave unshed these tears that brim,
Or stay the sobs that would shake breast and limb
And bring some solace for this draught of gall.
Oh let the rhymes lament him and the verse:
Our Messer Cino, prince of lovers true,
Has but now bidden us his last farewell.
Now may Pistoia with her folk perverse
The loss of their most gentle neighbor rue,
And heaven rejoice where he has gone to dwell.

T. G. BERGIN

9

That window where the sun at midday shows
(Another sun may shine at midnight there);
That other window where the gusty air
Plays chill and wintry tunes when Boreas blows;
That rocky seat whither my lady goes
To sit alone and argue with her care;
The stones she's trodden; every pavement where
Her shadow for a second did repose;
That ambush where Love pierced me with his dart;
The new Spring season, opening afresh
My old, old wounds, after these many years;
Her voice, her words, that wound me in a mesh,
That are today compounded with my heart;
These fill my eyes with a desire of tears.

MORRIS BISHOP

10

Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra;
E temo, e spero; et ardo, e son un ghiaccio;
E volo sopra 'l cielo, e giaccio in terra;
E nulla stringo, e tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.
Tal m' ha in pregon, che non m' apre nè serra,
Nè per suo mi riten nè scioglie il laccio;
E non m' ancide Amore, e non mi sferra,
Nè mi vuol vivo nè mi trae d' impaccio.
Veggio senza occhi, e non ho lingua, e grido;
E bramo di perir, e cheggio aita;
Et ho in odio me stesso, et amo altrui.
Pascomi di dolor, piangendo rido;
Eguualmente mi spiace morte e vita:
In questo stato son, donna, per vui.

11

Fiamma dal ciel su le tue treccie piova,
Malvagia, che dal fiume e da le ghiande
Per l'altrui impoverir se' ricca e grande,
Poi che di mal oprar tanto ti giova:
Nido di tradimenti, in cui si cova
Quanto mal per lo mondo oggi si spande,
De vin serva, di letti e di vivande,
In cui lussuria fa l'ultima prova.
Per le camere tue fanciulle e vecchi
Vanno trescando, e Belzebub in mezzo
Co' mantici, e col foco, e co li specchi.
Già non fostù nudrita in piume al rezzo,
Ma nuda al vento, e scalza fra gli stecchi:
Or vivi sì ch' a Dio ne venga il lezzo.

I find no peace and bear no arms for war,
 I fear, I hope; I burn yet shake with chill;
 I fly the Heavens, huddle to earth's floor,
 Embrace the world yet all I grasp is nil.
 Love will not close nor shut my prison's door
 Nor claim me his nor leave me to my will;
 He slays me not yet holds me evermore;
 Would have me lifeless yet bound to my ill.
 Eyeless I see and tongueless I protest,
 And long to perish while I succor seek;
 Myself I hate and would another woo.
 I feed on grief, I laugh with sob-racked breast,
 And death and life alike to me are bleak:
 My lady, thus I am because of you.

T. G. BERGIN

Rain fire from Heaven down upon thy head,
 Thou breaker of Christ, thou Babylonian whore,
 Grown fat and rich with making many poor,
 Gloating in vice, despising simple bread!
 Thou nest of treason where the soul is fed
 Of malice and of wormy mischief more
 Than pen or tongue may tell, thy stock and store
 Is wine and huge sloth on a harlot's bed!
 Graybeards and strumpets in thy chambers dance;
 There staggers Belzebub, thy loathesome lord,
 Amid foul mirrors apeing his advance.
 Once wert unsilked, unsheltered and abhorred,
 Stripped rather, stretched on straw, that now so plod
 In filth, it stinks before the face of God!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

12

In qual parte del ciel, in quale idea
Era l' esempio, onde Natura tolse
Quel bel viso leggiadro, in ch' ella volse
Mostrar qua giù quanto lassù potea?
Qual ninfa in fonti, in selve mai qual dea,
Chiome d' oro sì fino a l' aura sciolse?
Quando un cor tante in sè vertuti accolse?
Ben che la somma è di mia morte rea.
Per divina bellezza indarno mira
Chi gli occhi de costei già mai non vide
Come soavemente ella gli gira;
Non sa come Amor sana, e come ancide,
Chi non sa come dolce ella sospira,
E come dolce parla, e dolce ride.

13

Or che 'l ciel e la terra e 'l vento tace
E le fere e gli augelli il sonno affrena,
Notte il carro stellato in giro mena,
E nel suo letto il mar senz' onda giace,
Vegghio, penso, ardo, piango; e chi mi sface
Sempre m' è inanzi per mia dolce pena:
Guerra è 'l mio stato, d'ira e di duol piena;
E sol di lei pensando ho qualche pace.
Così sol d'una chiara fonte viva
Move 'l dolce e l' amaro, ond' io mi pasco;
Una man sola mi risana e punge.
E perchè 'l mio martir non giunga a riva
Mille volte il dì moro e mille nasco;
Tanto da la salute mia son lunge.

Cerisy
 In what divine ideal, what lofty sphere
 Is found the pattern from which Nature made
 That face so fair wherein she might parade
 Proof of her heavenly power to mortals here?
 Were ringlets ever loosed of gold more sheer
 To wayward breeze by nymph in pool or glade?
 Was every virtue in one soul displayed
 Ere now—and how the noblest costs me dear!
 Who knows her not can never realize
 How beauty may the heart of man beguile,
 And who looks not upon my Laura's eyes
 Knows not how love can kill and otherwhile
 May heal us; let him hear how soft she sighs
 And gently speaks, oh, let him see her smile!

T. G. BERGIN

Now while the wind and earth and heavens rest,
 While sleep holds beast and feathered bird in fee
 And high above a calm and waveless sea
 The silent stars obey the night's behest,
 I lie awake and yearning, sore distressed
 And racked by thoughts of my sweet enemy,
 Yet though her face recalled brings death to me
 'Tis only with such dreams I soothe my breast.
 So from one living fountain, gushing clear,
 Pour forth alike the bitter and the sweet,
 And one same hand can deal me good or ill.
 Whence every day I die anew of fear
 And live again to find that hope's a cheat,
 And peace of heart or mind escapes me still.

T. G. BERGIN

Come 'l candido pie' per l'erba fresca
I dolci passi onestamente move,
Vertù ch 'ntorno i fiori apra e rinove
De le tenere piante sue par ch' èsca.
Amor, che solo i cor leggiadri invescia
Nè degna di provar sua forza altrove,
Da' begli occhi un piacer sì caldo piove,
Ch' i' non curo altro ben nè bramo altr' èsca.
E co l' andar e col soave sguardo
S' accordan le dolcissime parole,
E l' atto mansueto, umile e tardo.
Di tai quattro faville, e non già sole,
Nasce 'l gran foco, di ch' io vivo et ardo,
Che son fatto un augel notturno al sole.

Per mezz' i boschi inospiti e selvaggi,
Onde vanno a gran rischio uomini et arme,
Vo sicuro io; chè non può spaventarme
Altri che 'l sol c' ha d' Amor vivo i raggi.
E vo cantando (o penser miei non saggi!)
Lei che 'l ciel non poria lontana farme;
Ch'i' l'ho ne gli occhi; e veder seco parme
Donne e donzelle, e sono abeti e faggi.
Parme d' udirla, udendo i rami e l' ôre,
E le frondi, e gli augei lagnarsi, e l'acque
Mormorando fuggir per l'erba verde.
Raro un silenzio, un solitario orrore
D' ombrosa selva mai tanto mi piacque;
Se non che dal mio sol troppo si perde.

As over the fresh grass her golden feet
 At evening make a fragrant path, meseems
 The flowers that grow as if they fed on dreams
 Take a new glory from the candid heat
 Of her pure progress. Love that holds his seat
 In true hearts only, gives what never streams
 From other love: such luminous beauty beams
 From her bright lids, I ask no other meat.
 And with her gentle gaze and step agree
 Her mild, subdued and never froward air,
 And lovely speech in constant unity.
 From these four sparks—as many more are there—
 Springs the proud conflagration causing me
 To shun the light as night-birds the bright snare.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Through savage woods I walk without demur
 Where men well-armed might hesitate to fare;
 What shall I fear who long since learned to bear
 Those love-charged glances that my pulses stir?
 Boldly I tread and sing the praise of her
 Whom Heaven could not from my bosom tear,
 Nay, for I see her semblance everywhere
 In fancied shape of looming beech or fir.
 In the sweet melody by wood-things chorus'd
 I seem to hear her: in the quivering leaf,
 The rippling brook, the thrush's plaintive note.
 Ah, dear to me the wildness of the forest
 And sweet its solitude past all belief—
 Were not my only sun too far remote.

T. G. BERGIN

16

O cameretta, che già fosti un porto
A le gravi tempeste mie diurne,
Fonte se' or di lagrime notturne,
Che 'l dì celate per vergogna porto!
O letticiuol, che requie eri e conforto
In tanti affanni, di che dogliose urne
Ti bagna Amor, con quelle mani eburne,
Solo vèr' me crudeli a sì gran torto!
Nè pur il mio secreto, e' l mio riposo,
Fuggo, ma più me stesso, e 'l mio pensiero,
Che, seguendol talor, levommi a volo;
E 'l vulgo, a me nemico, et odioso
(Chi 'l pensò mai?) per mio refugio chero:
Tal paura ho di ritrovarmi solo.

17

La vita fugge, e non s' arresta una ora,
E la morte vien dietro a gran giornate,
E le cose presenti, e le passate
Mi danno guerra, e le future ancora;
E 'l rimembrare e l'aspettar m' accora
Or quinci or quindi, sì che 'n veritate,
Se non ch' i' ho di me stesso pietate,
I' sarei già di questi pensier fora.
Tornami avanti s' alcun dolce mai
Ebbe 'l cor tristo; e poi da l' altra parte
Veggio al mio navigar turbati i venti;
Veggio fortuna in porto, e stanco omai
Il mio nocchier, e rotte arbore e sarte,
E i lumi bei, che mirar soglio, spenti.

16

O little room, my harbor from the sea
 Of stormy day's tempestuous concerns,
 Now all the day's constraining but adjourns
 My tears, to spring nocturnally in thee.
 O little bed, once my security
 From grief, upon thee Eros overturns
 The gathered pain of tear-collecting urns,
 Tilted by two fair hands of ivory.
 So now I flee my outraged sanctuary,
 But most myself, the thoughts of my own mind,
 Those very wings whereon I once have flown.
 In the hateful, hostile mob (O strange vagary!)
 My only port and refuge can I find,
 Such is my fear to find myself alone.

MORRIS BISHOP

17

Life hurries on, a frantic refugee,
 And Death, with great forced marches, follows fast;
 And all the present leagues with all the past
 And all the future to make war on me.
 Anticipation joins to memory
 To search my soul with daggers; and at last,
 Did not damnation set me so aghast,
 I'd put an end to thinking, and be free.
 The few glad moments that my heart has known
 Return to me; then I foresee in dread
 The winds upgathering against my ways,
 Storm in the harbor, and the pilot prone,
 The mast and rigging down; and dark and dead
 The lovely lights whereon I used to gaze.

MORRIS BISHOP

18

Datemi pace, o duri miei pensieri:
Non basta ben ch' Amor, Fortuna, e Morte
Mi fanno guerra intorno, e'n su le porte,
Senza trovarmi dentro altri guerrieri?
E tu, mio cor, ancor se' pur qual eri?
Disleal a me sol, chè fere scorte
Vai ricettando, e se' fatto consorte
De' miei nemici sì pronti e leggieri.
In te i secreti suoi messaggi Amore,
In te spiega Fortuna ogni sua pompa,
E Morte la memoria di quel colpo
Che l' avanzo di me conven che rompa;
In te i vaghi pensier s' arman d'errore:
Per che d'ogni mio mal te solo incolpo.

19

S' io avesse pensato che sì care
Fossin le voci de' sospir miei in rima,
Fatte l' avrei, dal sospirar mio prima,
In numero più spesse, in stil più rare.
Morta colei che mi faceva parlare,
E che si stava de' pensier miei in cima,
Non posso, e non ho più sì dolce lima,
Rime aspre e fosche far soavi e chiare.
E certo ogni mio studio in quel tempo era
Pur di sfogare il doloroso core
In qualche modo, non d' acquistar fama.
Pianger cercai, non già del pianto onore:
Or vorrei ben piacer; ma quella altèra,
Tacito, stanco, dopo sè mi chiama

O unforgiving thoughts, I pray you: Peace!
 Must I contend with Love and Death and Fate
 Hot at the walls and pressing at the gate
 Whilst inward rebels give me no surcease?
 Ah, heart of mine, what treacherous caprice
 Has made of you a cruel confederate,
 With every eager foeman of my state?
 'Tis through your faithlessness my woes increase.
 All secret messages of Love you know;
 Fortune displays its every pomp to you;
 Death shares with you the memory of that blow
 Which must these sad remains of me undo;
 You give false arms to each fond thought, and so
 Yours is the blame for every grief I rue.

T. G. BERGIN

Ah, had I ever thought the world would care
 To hear my sorrows and my hopes rehearse,
 I should have wrought more cunning in my verse
 Under the dark compulsion of despair.
 Dead is my Muse who by a golden hair
 Strangles the soul of song and weaves a curse
 On my proud power as on my universe,
 Choking the words that would my grief declare.
 And, of a truth, my overwhelming aim
 Was only, Heaven knows how, to give full vent
 To my sick heart and not to flatter fame:
 And could I now obtain the sweet content
 Of earthly approbation, it were tame—
 She calls me to a richer sacrament!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Zefiro torna, e 'l bel tempo rimena,
E i fiori e l'erbe, sua dolce famiglia,
E garrir Progne, e pianger Filomena,
E primavera candida e vermiglia.
Ridono i prati, e 'l ciel si rasserena;
Giove s' allegra di mirar sua figlia;
L'aria, e l'acqua, e la terra è d'amor piena;
Ogni animal d' amar si riconsiglia.
Ma per me, lasso! tornano i più gravi
Sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge
Quella ch' al ciel se ne portò le chiavi;
E cantar augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
E 'n belle donne oneste atti soavi
Sono un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.

Vago augelletto, che cantando vai,
O ver piangendo, il tuo tempo passato,
Vedendoti la notte e 'l verno a lato,
E 'l dì dopo le spalle, e i mesi gai,
Se come i tuoi gravosi affanni sai,
Così sapessi il mio simile stato,
Verresti in grembo a questo sconsolato,
A partir seco i dolorosi guai.
I' non so se le parti sarian pari,
Chè quella cui tu piangi, è forse in vita,
Di ch' a me morte, e'l ciel, son tanto avari;
Ma la stagione, e l' ora men gradita,
Col membrar de' dolci anni, e de li amari,
A parlar teco con pietà m' invita.

Zephyr returns, and scatters everywhere
 New flowers and grass, and company does bring,
 Procne and Philomel, in sweet despair,
 And all the tender colors of the Spring.
 Never were fields so glad, nor skies so fair;
 And Jove exults in Venus' prospering.
 Love is in all the water, earth, and air,
 And love possesses every living thing.
 But to me only heavy sighs return
 For her who carried in her little hand
 My heart's key to her heavenly sojourn.
 The birds sing loud above the flowering land;
 Ladies are gracious now.—Where deserts burn
 The beasts still prowl on the ungreening sand.

MORRIS BISHOP

O lovely little bird, I watch you fly,
 And grieving for the past I hear you sing,
 Seeing the night and winter hastening,
 Seeing the day and happy summer die.
 If you could hear my heart in answer cry
 Its pain to your sad tune, you'd swiftly wing
 Into my bosom, comfort you would bring,
 And we would weep together, you and I.
 'Tis no equality of woe, I fear;
 Perhaps she lives whom you bewail; from me
 Have greedy death and heaven snatched my dear.
 But the dark autumn evening hour sets free
 The memory of many a banished year;
 So let us talk of the past then, tenderly.

MORRIS BISHOP

Tennemi Amor anni vent'uno ardendo,
Lieto nel foco, e nel duol pien di speme;
Poi che madonna e 'l mio cor seco insieme
Saliro al ciel, dieci altri anni piangendo.
Omai son stanco, e mia vita reprendo
Di tanto error che di vertute il seme
Ha quasi spento; e le mie parti estreme,
Alto Dio, a te devotamente rendo,
Pentito e tristo de' miei sì spesi anni,
Che spender si deveano in miglior uso,
In cercar pace et in fuggir affanni.
Signor, ch'n questo carcer m' hai rinchiuso,
Trâmene, salvo da li eterni danni;
Ch' i' conosco 'l mio fallo, e non lo scuso.

I' vo piangendo i miei passati tempi
I quai posi in amar cosa mortale,
Senza levarmi a volo, abbiend' io l'ale,
Per dar forse di me non bassi essemi.
Tu che vedi i miei mali indegni et empì,
Re del cielo invisibile immortale,
Soccorri a l'alma disviata e frale,
E 'l suo defetto di tua grazia adempi;
Sì che s' io vissi in guerra et in tempesta,
Mora in pace et in porto; e se la stanza
Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta.
A quel poco di viver che m' avanza
Et al morir degni esser tua man presta:
Tu sai ben che 'n altrui non ho speranza.

Through twenty-one long years love held me burning
 In blissful flame while hope assuaged my smart;
 My lady, bearing heavenward my heart,
 Left me another ten in idle yearning.
 A-weary now in my life's course discerning
 How wayward error with persistent art
 Has smothered virtue, ere I yet depart
 To Thee, All Highest, all my vows are turning.
 Sad and remorseful for the years thus spent,
 Years that I should have put to better use
 In flight from care, in search of soul's content,
 Lord, I do ask Thee, from this prison loose
 My soul, withhold eternal banishment:
 I know my sin and offer no excuse.

T. G. BERGIN

Now I go grieving for the days on earth
 I passed in worship of a mortal thing,
 Heedless to fledge the spiritual wing,
 Careless, to try the measure of my worth.
 Thou who dost know my every sin from birth,
 Invisible, immortal, heavenly king,
 Help thou my soul, so weak and wandering,
 Pour thy abundant grace upon its dearth.
 Out of the battle, out of the hurricane,
 I come to harbor; may my passing be
 Worthy, as all my dwelling here was vain;
 And may thy hand be quick to comfort me
 In death, and in the hours that still remain.
 Thou knowest, I have no other hope but Thee.

MORRIS BISHOP

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO

RIME : *Sonetti*

72

Perir possa il tuo nome, Baia, e il loco:
Boschi selvaggi le tue piagge siéno,
E le tue fonti diventin veneno,
Nè vi si bagni alcun molto nè poco;
In pianto si converta ogni tuo gioco,
E sospetto diventi il tuo bel seno
A' naviganti; il nuvolo e 'l sereno
In te riversin fumo, solfo, e fuoco!
Chè hai corrotto la più casta mente
Che fosse in donna, con la tua licenza,
Se 'l ver mi disser gli occhi non è guari.
Là ond' io sempre viverò dolente,
Come ingannato da folle credenza:
Or foss' io stato cieco non à guari!

126

Or sei salito, caro signor mio,
Nel regno al qual salir ancor aspetta
Ogn' anima da Dio a quello eletta,
Nel suo partir di questo mondo rio;

The author of the Decameron and other works, Giovanni Boccaccio (1313–75), forms with Dante and Petrarch the great triumvirate of early Italian literature. Bibliography in Carli-Sainati, 1, 390–91. His full name was Giovanni di Boccaccio da Chellino; he was born at Paris, studied commerce at Naples, but turned to literature. He fell

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO

RHYMES: *Sonnets*

72

Now perish, Baia, root and stock and name:
May a bleak wilderness blot out thy shore
And from thy fountains let pure venom pour,
And bathers nevermore thy sands acclaim.
May woe and grief replace each sport and game
And sailors shun thy port forevermore:
Down from thy skies that smiled in days of yore
May lightning fall and smoke and sulphur flame.
For thou with thy licentiousness hast made
Corrupt the chastest heart of womankind—
If my eyes told me true not long ago.
Now all my life I'll grieve as one betrayed,
In foolish fondness ignorant and blind—
Ah would I had been blind not long ago!

T. G. BERGIN

126

To that fair kingdom, o my gentle lord,
Whither all souls aspire in God's grace,
Leaving behind this sinful world and base
You have ascended and have your reward

in love with Maria d'Aquino, the illegitimate daughter of King Robert of Naples, who became the "Fiammetta" of his writings. He was a great friend of Petrarch and lectured on Dante. His works in Italian and Latin are numerous.

G I O V A N N I B O C C A C C I O

Or sei colà, dove spesso il desio
Ti tirò già per veder Lauretta;
Or sei dove la mia bella Fiammetta
Siede con lei nel cospetto di Dio.
Or con Sennuccio, e con Cino, e con Dante
Vivi sicuro d' eterno riposo,
Mirando cose da noi non intese.
Deh! s' a grado ti fui nel mondo errante,
Tirami dietro a te, dove gioioso
Veggia colei che pria d' amor m' accese.

I L D E C A M E R O N E I X . 8 : *Ballata*

Io mi son giovinetta, e volentieri
M' allegro, e canto en la stagion novella,
Merzè d' amore, e de' dolci pensieri.

Io vo pe' verdi prati riguardando
I bianchi fiori e gialli et i vermigli,
Le rose in su le spini e i bianchi gigli,
E tutti quanti gli vo somigliando
Al viso di colui che me, amando,
Ha presa e terrà sempre, come quella
Ch' altro non ha in disio ch' e suoi piaceri.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO

(Which here you oft and ardently implored)
And may look now upon your Laura's face,
There my Fiammetta also has her place
In His sight Whom the angels have adored.
Sennuccio, Cino, Dante—these for aye
Are of your company, and in peace untold
You penetrate to depths we may not chart.
If in this erring world you loved me, pray
Raise me up with you where I may behold
Her who first kindled love within my heart.

T. G. BERGIN

THE DECAMERON IX.8: *Ballata*

Flowers and Love

A girl am I and gladly do rejoice in the new season of the year,
thanks be to Love and to my happy thoughts.

Through the green meadows do I go to see the yellow flowers and
white and red, the roses on their thorns and the white flowers-de-
luce; and I go likening them to the face of him who loving me
hath captured me, even as she that doth desire naught else save
her delight.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO

De' quai quand' io ne truovo alcun che sia,
Al mio parer, ben simile di lui,
Il colgo e bacio e parlomi con lui,
E com' io so, così l'anima mia
Tututta gli apro, e ciò ch 'l cor disia:
Quindi con altri il metto in ghirlandella
Legato co' miei crin biondi e leggiери.

E quel piacer, che di natura il fiore
Agli occhi porge, quel simil mel dona,
Che s' io vedessi la propria persona
Che m' ha accesa del suo dolce amore:
Quel che mi faccia più il suo odore,
Esprimer nol potrei con la favella,
Ma i sospir ne son testimon veri.

Li quai non escon già mai del mio petto,
Come dell' altre donne, aspri nè gravi,
Ma se ne vengon fuor caldi e soavi,
Et al mio amor sen vanno nel cospetto,
Il qual come gli sente, a dar diletto
Di sè a me si muove, e viene in quella,
Ch' i' son per dir: Deh vien, ch' i' non disperi.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO

When among these I find a flower that seems like him, I pluck and kiss it and speak to it, and open all my soul to it and what the heart desires, and then I plait it up with other flowers to make a garland for my fine gold hair.

And as by nature every flower doth give delight unto our eyes, so this one gives delight as if indeed I saw him who hath snared me with his gentle love; the greater joy its perfume gives me speech may not express, but these my sighs true witness bear thereof.

Heavy and harsh they never leave my breast like other ladies' sighs; but warm and soft they come from me and speed toward my love: who, when he feels them, of himself is moved to give delight to me, and comes even at that moment when I whisper: "Come, ah! come, lest I despair!"

RICHARD ALDINGTON

MATTEO MARIA BOIARDO

RIME : *Sonetti*

1

Il canto de li augei di frunda in frunda
E lo odorato vento per li fiori
E lo schiarir di lucidi liquori
Che rendon nostra vita più iucunda,
Son perchè la natura e il ciel secunda
Costei, che vuol che 'l mondo se inamori;
Così di dolce voce e dolci odori
L'aer, la terra è già ripiena e l'unda.
Dovunque e ' passi muove, o gira il viso,
Fiammeggia un spirto sì vivo d'amore,
Che avanti a la stagione el caldo mena.
Al suo dolce guardare, al dolce riso
L'erba vien verde e colorito il fiore,
E il mar se aqueta e il ciel se raserena.

2

Fior scoloriti e palide viole,
Che sì suavemente il vento move,
Vostra Madonna dove è gita? e dove
È gito il sol che aluminar vi sòle?

Count and governor of Reggio and Modena, Matteo Maria Boiardo (1441-94), was born at Scandiano (Reggio Emilia) and lived at the court of the D'Este family in Ferrara; Duke Ercole I was particularly fond of him. He wrote the Canzoniere and Orlando Innamorato; in the latter he revealed his love for Antonia Caprara,

MATTEO MARIA BOIARDO

RHYMES: *Sonnets*

1

The song of birds which leaps from leaf to leaf,
The scented breeze that runs from flower to flower,
The shining dew that glitters in each bower,
Rejoice our sight and banish thoughts of grief.
It is because She holds all Nature in fief
Whose will it is the world shall live Love's hour;
That with sweet song and with Spring's sweetest odor
Each stream is filled, each wind, each emerald sheaf.
Wher'er She walks, She by her gaze enstarred,
Brings warmth before due season in her arms;
Love's kindled in her look and falls in showers:
At her sweet smile and at her sweet regard
The grass grows green and colors paint the flowers,
The sky is clear, the sea is locked in calms.

PETER RUSSELL

2

Poor drooping flowers and pallid violets
On whom the gentle breezes softly play—
Say where your Mistress is, and, flowers, say
Where is the Sun that warmed your flowerets.

which developed between 1469 and 1471. This poem merged the Carolingian and the Breton cycles of story. Ariosto continued the account in his Orlando Furioso. Boiardo was a scholar and made some translations from the Greek.

Nostra Madonna se ne gî col sole,
Che ognor ce apriva di belleze nove,
E, poichè tanto bene è gito altrove,
Mostramo aperto quanto ce ne dole.
Fior sfortunati e viole infelici,
Abandonati dal divino ardore,
Che vi infondeva vista sì serena!
Tu dici il vero: e nui ne le radici
Sentiamo il danno; e tu senti nel core
La perdita che nosco al fin ti mena.

3

Fûr per bon tempo meco in compagnia
Giovani lieti e liete damigelle:
Piaquerme un tempo già le cose belle,
Quando con la mia età lo amor fiorìa.
Or non è meco più quel che solìa;
Solo il languir da me non se divelle,
E solo al sole, e solo a l'alte stelle
Vo lamentando de la pena mia.
Ripe de fiumi e poggi di montagne
Son or mieco; e son fatto selvagio
Per boschi inculti e inospite campagne.
Qualor al poggio o nel fresco rivagio
Me assido, del mio mal convien me lagne;
Chè altro risors', che lamentar, non agio.

MATTEO MARIA BOIARDO

Our Mistress' presence to the Sun submits
Which each hour decked us out in new array;
Now that such loveliness has past away
Opening we show how grief our station fits.
O flowers misfortunate and violets forlorn
Abandoned by the Sun-God's wondrous art
That kindled colors of so lovely blend!
You speak the truth. We too great harm have borne;
Feel in our roots as you feel in your heart
The loss that leads you with us to our end.

PETER RUSSELL

3

Once in good hour there came in company
Joyous young men and joyful damosels
Who took delight in lovely things, in revels,
When in my youth love flowered with its beauty.
Now no more comes what once I used to see,
Only my sadness that no one dispels;
Alone in sunlight, alone when starlight tells
That it is night, I weep in misery.
The mountain cliffs, the river banks alone
Are with me, I am become a savage now;
Among untrodden woods, wild fields, I groan,
And when I sit on banks or the cool brow
Of hills, my sorrow do I make my moan;
No other surcease than lament I know.

L. R. LIND

4

Datime a piena mano e rose e zigli,
 Spargeti intorno a me viole e fiori;
 Ciascun che meco pianse i miei dolori,
 Di mia letizia meco il frutto pigli!
 Datime fiori e candidi e vermigli;
 Confàno a questo giorno i bei colori;
 Spargeti intorno d' amorosi odori,
 Chè il loco a la mia voglia se assumigli.
 Perdòn m' ha dato et hammi dato pace
 La dolce mia nemica, e vuol ch' io campi,
 Lei che sol di pietà se pregia e vanta.
 Non vi maravigliati perch' io avampi,
 Chè maraviglia è più che non se sface
 Il cor in tutto d' allegrezza tanta.

5

Ligiadro veroncello, ove è colei
 Che di sua luce aluminar te sòle?
 Ben vedo che il tuo danno a te non dole;
 Ma quanto meco lamentar te dèi!
 Chè, senza sua vaghezza, nulla sei;
 Deserti i fiori e secche le viole:
 Al veder nostro il giorno non ha sole,
 La notte non ha stelle senza lei.
 Pur mi rimembra che te vidi adorno,
 Tra' bianchi marmi e il colorito fiore,
 De una fiorita e candida persona.
 A' tuoi balconi allor se stava Amore,
 Che or te soletto e misero abbandona,
 Perchè a quella gentil dimora intorno.

Give me, full-handed, lilies, give me the rose,
 Scatter around me violets and flowers;
 Let each who wept with me in my sad hours
 Pluck now the fruit of my new-found repose!
 Give me white flowers, and then red flowers, those
 Bright colors which may suit a day like ours;
 Sprinkle around perfume from love's bowers
 So that this place itself may thus disclose
 My state; for peace is signed and pardon won;
 And I shall live, since that is the desire
 Of my sweet, proud, compassionate enemy.
 So do not wonder why I am on fire;
 Nay, wonder why my heart is not undone
 By so much happiness that comes to me.

L. R. LIND

5: To a Balcony

O graceful balcony, where now is she that with her gleam was wont
 to lighten thee? Well do I perceive thy loss not grieves thee, and
 yet thou shouldst lament with me,

For, lacking all her beauty, thou are naught! Drooping the flowers
 and dry the violets! Lacking her, day has no sun, the night no
 stars for me.

Yet I remember that I saw thee decked, among white marbles and
 the colored flowers, with one both white and flower-like.

Love stood then upon thy terraces but now abandons thee to grief
 and solitude because he dwells beside that gentle one.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

MADRIGALE

Cantati meco, innamorati augelli,
Poi che vosco a cantar Amor me invita;
E voi, bei rivi e snelli,
Per la spiaggia fiorita,
Tenete a le mie rime el tuon suave.
La beltà, che io canto, è sì infinita,
Che il cor ardir non have
Pigliar lo incarco solo;
Ch' egli è debole e stanco, e il peso è grave.
Vaghi augeleti, vui ne gite a volo,
Perchè forsi credeti
Che il mio cor senta duolo,
E la zogia ch' io sento non sapeti.
Vaghi augeleti, odeti;
Che quanto gira in tondo
Il mare, e quanto spira zascun vento,
Non è piacer nel mondo,
Che aguagliar se potesse a quel che io sento.

MATTEO MARIA BOIARDO

MADRIGAL

Sing with me, you little amorous birds,
Since Love invites me now to sing with you;
And you, bright brooks, green swards,
Where flowers blossom too,
Keep with my rhymes harmonious rhythm sweet.
Beauty, of whom I sing, is so complete
That my heart does not dare
To carry the burden alone;
For it is weak and worn, the weight to bear.
Wandering birds, you fly away again,
Perhaps since you believe
My heart is full of pain,
And the joy I feel you cannot now conceive.
Wandering birds, perceive:
As great as are the waters hurled
At sea, however great winds blow,
There is no pleasure in this world
That can compare with that I know.

L. R. LIND

LORENZO IL MAGNIFICO, DE' MEDICI

Canti Carnascialeschi

Trionfo di Bacco ed Arianna

Quant' è bella giovinezza,
Che si fugge tuttavia!
Chi vuol esser lieto, sia:
Di doman non c' è certezza.

Quest' è Bacco e Arianna,
Belli, e l'un dell'altro ardenti:
Perchè 'l tempo fugge e 'nganna,
Sempre insieme stan contenti.
Queste ninfe e altre genti
Sono allegre tuttavia.
Chi vuol esser lieto, sia:
Di doman non c'è certezza.

Questi lieti satiretti
Delle ninfe innamorati,
Per caverne e per boschetti
Han lor posto cento aguati:
Or da Bacco riscaldati,
Ballon saltan tuttavia.
Chi vuol esser lieto, sia:
Di doman non c'è certezza.

Lorenzo de' Medici (1449-92), called the "Magnificent," was the son of Piero di Cosimo and Lucrezia Tornabuoni, at Florence. An excellent student, whose teachers were Cristoforo Landino and Marsilio Ficino, among others, he wrote poetry in Italian and Latin; his Canti Carnascialeschi (Carnival Songs) were especially famous. He also wrote Laudi. He ruled as prince at Florence from 1469, maintained the balance of power in Italy, and constantly entertained the

LORENZO DE' MEDICI, THE MAGNIFICENT

Carnival Songs

Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne

How fair is youth that flies so fast! Then be happy, ye who may;
what's to come is still unsure.

Here are Bacchus and his lady, both so fair and both in love; and,
since time is swift and cheating, in delight they dwell together.
Joyous are these Nymphs and others! Then be happy, ye who
may; what's to come is still unsure.

These laughing youthful Satyrs, in the woodlands and mountains,
spy upon the lurking-places of the Nymphs whom they adore!
Warm with Bacchus now they dance and leap! Then be happy,
ye who may; what's to come is still unsure.

Florentines with public festivities. In the conspiracy of the Pazzi against him in 1478 his brother Giuliano was murdered. Lorenzo encouraged such poets as Pulci and Poliziano by his support and favor. His court was one of the most brilliant in Europe in its patronage of all forms of culture. Sonnet 2: there and here in lines 12 and 14 are based on Lipparini's note (Le pagine, 4 [1931], 161): quivi, "in campagna"; qui, "in città."

L O R E N Z O I L M A G N I F I C O

Queste ninfe hanno anco caro
Da loro essere ingannate:
Non puon far a Amor riparo
Se non genti rozze e 'ngrate:
Ora insieme mescolate
Fanno festa tuttavia.
Chi vuol esser lieto, sia:
Di doman non c'è certezza.

Questa soma che vien dreto
Sopra l'asino, è Sileno:
Così vecchio è ebbro e lieto,
Già di carne e d'anni pieno:
Se non può star ritto, almeno
Ride e gode tuttavia.
Chi vuol esser lieto, sia:
Di doman non c'è certezza.

Mida vien dopo costoro:
Ciò che tocca, oro diventa.
E che giova aver tesoro,
Poichè l'uom non si contenta?
Che dolcezza vuoi che senta
Chi ha sete tuttavia?
Chi vuol esser lieto, sia:
Di doman non c'è certezza.

Ciascun apra ben gli orecchi:
Di doman nessun si paschi:
Oggi siam giovani e vecchi
Lieti ognun, femmine e maschi;
Ogni tristo pensier caschi;
Facciam festa tuttavia.
Chi vuol esser lieto, sia:
Di doman non c'è certezza.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI

These Nymphs delight to yield to them, and none give Love denial save coarse and graceless folk; mingled now together, ever they make merry. Then be happy, ye who may; what's to come is still unsure.

This Ass's burden coming up behind is old Silenus, drunk and happy, full of flesh and years. He cannot stand upright, yet he laughs and ever rejoices. Then be happy, ye who may; what's to come is still unsure.

After them comes Midas; all he touches turns to gold; whom then does his wealth make merry, since the man is not content? How can one that thirsts for ever taste any pleasure? Then be happy, ye who may; what's to come is still unsure.

Open wide your ears, there's no delight in tomorrow; old and young and men and women, let us all be gay to-day; every sad thought fall away; let us ever feast together. Then be happy, ye who may; what's to come is still unsure.

L O R E N Z O I L M A G N I F I C O

Donne e giovanetti amanti,
Viva Bacco e viva Amore!
Ciascun suoni, balli e canti!
Arda di dolcezza il core!
Non fatica, non dolore!
Quel c' ha esser, convien sia.
Chi vuol esser lieto, sia:
Di doman non c'è certezza.
Quant' è bella giovinezza
Che si fugge tuttavia!

Canto delle Fanciulle e delle Cicale

Le Fanciulle *incominciano*:
Donne siam, come vedete,
Fanciullette vaghe e liete.
Noi ci andiam dando diletto,
Come s' usa il carnasciale:
L'altrui bene hanno in dispetto
Gl' invidiosi e le cicale:
Poi si sfogan con dir male
Le cicale che vedete.
Noi siam pure sventurate!
Le cicale in preda ci hanno,
Che non cantan sol la state
Anzi duran tutto l'anno:
A color che peggio fanno,
Sempre dir peggio udirete.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI

Ladies and ye youthful lovers, long live Bacchus, long live Love!
Let each make music, dance and sing, let every heart be fired
with pleasure! Not with labor, not with grief! Whoever lives,
let him rejoice with us; then be happy, ye who may; what's to
come is still unsure. How fair is youth that flies so fast!

RICHARD ALDINGTON

Song of the Girls and the Tattlers (Cicadas)

The Girls:

Ladies, as ye may perceive, fair and happy girls are we; as in Carnival is wont, we go scattering delight. These Tattlers and all envious folk hate the pleasures of another; and the Tattlers seek revenge by evil speaking of all others. How unlucky then are we! For we are the Tattlers' prey, and not only in the summer, but through all the year they chatter! But from those who act the worst ever will ye hear worst speech.

L O R E N Z O I L M A G N I F I C O

Le Cicale *rispondono*:

Quel ch' è la natura nostra,
Donne belle, facciam noi:
Ma spess' è la colpa vostra,
Quando lo ridite voi:
Vuolsi far le cose, e poi
Saperle tener segrete.
Chi fa presto, può fuggire
Dal pericol del parlare.
Che giova altri far morire
Sol per farlo assai stentare?
Senza troppo cicalare,
Fate mentre che potete.

Le Fanciulle *rispondono*:

Or che val nostra bellezza?
Se si perde, poco vale.
Viva amore e gentilezza!
Muovia invidia e le cicale!
Dica pur chi vuol dir male:
Noi faremo e voi direte.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI

The Tattlers (Cicadas):

Ladies, ever that we do which is in our nature; but the fault is often yours when you greet it with a laugh. Ah! how much you'd like to do things, and know how to hide them safely! Know that whoso acts with swiftness may escape the tattling peril. What's the use of killing others only for the labor of it? Put away this idle tattle; do it, do it while you may.

The Girls reply:

What then is our beauty's value? When 'tis gone, its worth is little. Long live love and long live courtesy; death to envy and the Tattlers; say then, ye who would speak evil, we will do it and ye shall say it.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

L O R E N Z O I L M A G N I F I C O

S O N E T T I

1

Vidi madonna sopra un fresco rio
Tra verdi frondi e liete donne starsi;
Tal che dalla prima ora in qua ch' io arsi
Mai vidi il viso suo più bello e pio.
Questo contentò in parte il mio desio,
E all' alma diè cagion di consolarsi;
Ma poi partendo il cor vidi restarsi,
Crebbon vie più i pensier e 'l dolor mio.
Chè già il sole inchinava all' occidente,
E lasciava la terra ombrosa e oscura;
Onde il mio sol s'ascose in altra parte.
Fe il primo ben più trista assai la mente.
Ah quanto poco al mondo ogni ben dura!
Ma il rimembrar si tosto non si parte:

2

Cerchi chi vuol le pompe e gli alti onori,
Le piazze, i tempii e gli edificii magni,
Le delizie, il tesor, quale accompagni
Mille duri pensier, mille dolori.
Un verde praticel pien di bei fiori,
Un rivolo che l' erba intorno bagni,
Un augelletto che d' amor si lagni,
Acqueta molto meglio i nostri ardori;
L'ombrese selve, i sassi e gli alti monti,
Gli antri oscuri, e le fere fuggitive,
Qualche leggiadra ninfa paurosa.
Quivi vegg'io con pensier vaghi e pronti
Le belle luci come fosser vive;
Qui me le toglie or una or altra cosa.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI

SONNETS

1

I saw my lady by a cool, fresh stream
Among green branches and gay ladies stand;
Since the first hour when I felt love's hot brand
I never saw her face more lovely gleam.
This sight fulfilled in part my fondest dream
And over my soul put reason in command;
But when I left, my heart stayed at her hand,
My fears and grief the greater came to seem.
When now the sun bent downwards to the west,
And left the earth in shadow and in night,
Then my own sun was hidden from its ray.
The setting sun more sadness brought at best.
How all too little lasts this world's best light!
But memory does not so soon fade away.

L. R. LIND

2

Let him who wishes seek pomp and honor, follow
Bright esplanades and temples and great halls,
Seek precious things, gold, everything that calls
For thousand worries, thousand-fold of sorrow.
A verdant meadow full of lovely flowers,
A rivulet that bathes the grassy earth,
A little bird who pours love's lament forth,
These win much rather all my deepest ardors:
The shady woods, the rocks, some lofty hill,
The darksome caves, the wild beasts fugitive,
Some light-foot nymph who trembles in her fear.
There with my wandering thoughts I see at will
Beautiful lights that shine as though alive;
Something or other drives them from me here.

L. R. LIND

3

O sonno placidissimo, omai vieni
 All' affannato cor che ti desia;
 Serra il perenne fonte a' pianti mia,
 O dolce obblivion che tanto peni.
 Vieni, unica quiete, quale affreni
 Solo il corso al desire; e 'n compagnia
 Mena la donna mia benigna e pia
 Con gli occhi di pietà dolci e sereni.
 Mostrami il lieto riso ove già ferno
 Le Grazie la lor sede; e 'l desio queti
 Un pio sembiante, una parola accorta.
 Se così me la mostri, o sia eterno
 Il nostro sonno, o questi sonni lieti,
 Lasso, non passin per l'eburnea porta.

4

Quanto sia vana ogni speranza nostra,
 Quanto fallace ciaschedun disegno,
 Quanto sia il mondo d' ignoranza pregno,
 La maestra del tutto, Morte, il mostra.
 Altri si vive in canti e 'n balli e 'n giostra;
 Altri a cosa gentil muove l' ingegno;
 Altri il mondo ha e le sue cose a sdegno;
 Altri quel che dentro ha fuor non dimostra.
 Vane cure e pensier, diverse sorte
 Per la diversità che dà natura,
 Si vede ciascun tempo al mondo errante.
 Ogni cosa è fugace e poco dura;
 Tanto Fortuna al mondo è mal costante:
 Sola sta ferma e sempre dura Morte.

O sweetest sleep, come now at last to stay
 In my sad heart that longs for your relief;
 Close up the endless fountain of my grief,
 O soft oblivion with your long delay.
 O come, my single solace, one who may
 Alone restrain my longing; bring to me
 My kind, compassionate lady for company,
 Whose soft, serene eyes pity me today.
 Show me that lovely smile the Graces made
 Their haunt long since; and let her chaste appearance,
 Her modest words calm me, so passionate.
 If thus you show her, let it never fade,
 My dream eternal, or let no glad dreams chance
 To travel upward through the ivory gate.

L. R. LIND

How fruitless is each human hope, how vain
 And false is every plan we may conceive,
 How full of ignorance the world, believe—
 Death, who is mistress of everything, makes plain.
 Some live to sing, to joust, to dance again;
 Others for quiet pleasure all this will leave;
 Some scorn a worldly life whose lures deceive;
 Others to show what's in their hearts disdain.
 Vain cares and thoughts, men's diverse lot, the fate
 That nature gives in her variety,
 One sees each moment wandering the world over.
 All that we see is fleeting, brief its estate,
 So great on earth Fortune's inequity:
 Nothing but Death stands firm and lasts forever.

L. R. LIND

ANGELO POLIZIANO

BALLATA

Ben venga maggio
E 'l gonfalon selvaggio!

Ben venga primavera
Che vuol l'uom s'innamori;
E voi, donzelle, a schiera
Con li vostri amadori,
Che di rose e di fiori
Vi fate belle il maggio.

Venite alla frescura
Delli verdi arbuscelli.
Ogni bella è sicura
Fra tanti damigelli;
Chè le fiere e gli uccelli
Ardon d' amore il maggio.

Angelo Poliziano (1454–94) was actually named Angiolo Ambrogini and called himself Poliziano from the name of his birthplace, Montepulciano. Tutor to the sons of Lorenzo de' Medici, he was a famous and precocious scholar who became professor of Greek and Latin literature at Florence in 1480. He was one of the greatest humanists of his century, wrote the first masque, Orfeo; Stanze per la Giostra, a long, melodious, and colorful poem about the tournament in which Giuliano de' Medici won the prize on January 28, 1475; and many popular poems, including both ballate and rispetti. The rispetto is defined by Hoare as a stanza of eight lines, the first four rhyming alternately, the last four in pairs. This description does not quite fit the scheme of the rispetti printed here, which rhyme A B A B A B C C.

ANGELO POLIZIANO

BALLATA

Welcome to May
And its wild-wood banner gay!

Welcome to Spring
Who wishes a man to love,
And you, girls, in a ring
With those you're lovers of,
To make yourselves lovely for love
With roses and flowers in May.

Come into the freshness, the lure
Of the tree-shaded glen:
Each lovely lass is secure
Among so many young men;
Let birds and the beasts burn then,
Burning with love in May.

This type of verse is related to the earlier Sicilian strambotto, which was also written by later, more professional artists. There is in the poetry of Poliziano a lusty joy in earthly things and a love of nature combined with a sophisticated polish that reminds one of the later Renaissance. A charming New Yorker Profile by A. Moorehead (February 24, 1951) is devoted to Poliziano.

Some lines in La Giostra, 92-97, which describe Venus rising from the sea in a conch shell are supposed to have inspired Botticelli's picture, a literary-artistic relationship similar to that between Rilke's Fifth Duino Elegy and Picasso's Les Saltimbanques, or Mallarmé's L'Après-midi d'un faune and Debussy's music.

Chi è giovane e bella
Deh non sie punto acerba,
Chè non si rinnovella
L'età, come fa l'erba:
Nessuna stia superba
All'amadore il maggio.

Ciascuna balli e canti
Di questa schiera nostra.
Ecco che i dolci amanti
Van per voi, belle, in giostra:
Qual dura a lor si mostra
Farà sfiorire il maggio.

Per prender le donzelle
Si son gli amanti armati.
Arrendetevi, belle,
A' vostri innamorati;
Rendete e' cuor furati,
Non fate guerra il maggio.

Chi l'altrui core invola
Ad altrui doni el core.
Ma chi è quel che vola?
È l'angiolel d'amore,
Che viene a fare onore
Con voi, donzelle, al maggio.

Amor ne vien ridendo
Con rose e gigli in testa,
E vien di voi caendo.
Fategli, o belle, festa.
Qual sarà la più presta
A dargli e ' fior del maggio?

ANGELO POLIZIANO

To her who is young and fair,
Oh, harshness is not allowed,
For her youth she may not repair,
As the grass with new life is endowed.
Let no damsel be proud
Toward her lover, for it is May.

Let each one dance, each one sing,
Among our shapely young crew.
Look where sweet lovers are coming,
They go to the jousting for you.
She who is harsh to their view
Will make flowers die—and in May!

In order to capture their darlings
The lovers come armed, cap and glove.
Surrender, you beautiful things,
To those who have fallen in love.
Give up hearts they're masters of,
Don't carry on war while it's May.

Who steals some one's heart, let her pay
By giving her heart that is his.
But who is that flying this way?
Love's little angel it is,
Who comes to do honor with this
Crowd of fair maidens to May.

Love it is laughing who comes
With roses and lilies increased,
And searching for you he comes;
Make him, O lovelies, a feast.
Who will be tardy the least
To give him the flower of May?

ANGELO POLIZIANO

Ben venga il peregrino.

Amor, che ne comandi?

Che al suo amante il crino

Ogni bella ingrillandi;

Chè le zitelle e' grandi

S'innamoran di maggio.

ORFEO: *Sacrificio delle Baccanti*
in onore di Bacco

Ognun segua, Bacco, te!

Bacco Bacco, eù, oè!

Chi vuol beber, chi vuol bere,

Vegna a beber, vegna qui.

Voi imbottate come pevere.

Io vo' beber ancor mi.

Gli è del vino ancor per ti.

Lassa beber prima a me.

Ognun segua, Bacco, te.

Io ho voto già il mio corno:

Dammi un po 'l bottazzo in qua.

Questo monte gira intorno,

El cervello a spasso va,

Ognun corra in qua e in là,

Come vede fare a me;

Ognun segua, Bacco, te.

ANGELO POLIZIANO

Make welcome the stranger who's kind.
Love, tell us, what is your command?
"That each girl for her lover shall bind
Her hair with a garland so grand;
That each girl, young or old, in the land
Should fall in love with the May."

L. R. LIND

ORFEO: *Sacrifice of the Bacchantes*
in Honor of Bacchus

Everyone, Bacchus, goes your way!
Bacchus, Bacchus, hail, hurray!

You who'd drink, who'd drink again,
Come and drink, come drink a few.
Like big funnels you pour it in.
I myself would drink some too.
There's enough wine here for you.
Let me drink the first today.
Everyone, Bacchus, goes your way.

I've already drained my tankard:
Give me the keg a bit to share.
This hill's whirling round unanchored,
Brains are turning devil-may-care.
Everyone's running here and there,
Since they see me acting gay;
Everyone, Bacchus, goes your way.

I' mi moro già di sonno.
Son io ebra, o sì o no?
Star più ritti i piè non ponno.
Voi siet'ebrie, ch'io lo so.
Ognun facci com'io fo:
Ognun succi come me:
Ognun segua, Bacco, te.

Ognun gridi Bacco Bacco,
E pur cacci del vin giù:
Poi con suoni farem fiacco.
Bevi tu, e tu, e tu.
I' non posso ballar più.
Ognun gridi eù, oè;

Ognun segua, Bacco, te.
Bacco Bacco, eù oè!

I Rispetti

16

Questa fanciulla è tanto lieta e frugola,
Che a starli a lato tutto mi sminuzolo.
Ciò che la dice o fa mi tocca l'ugola:
Ogni suo atto, ogni suo cenno aggruzolo.
I' son tutto di fuoco, e 'l mio cor mugola:
Vorrei della sua grazia uno scamuzolo.
Tant'ho scherzato come pesce in fregola,
Che tu m'hai 'ntinto, Amor, pur nella pegola.

ANGELO POLIZIANO

I'm near dead for sleep already.
Am I potted, yes or no?
I can't make my legs hold steady.
You're as drunk as I am, though.
Everyone do just like I do:
Everyone guzzle like me, I say:
Everyone, Bacchus, goes your way.

Bacchus, Bacchus, shout with glee,
Keep on stowing the wine inside;
Then we'll wreck the place noisily.
Drink up, you, and get pie-eyed.
Can't dance any more, I'm fried.
Everybody cry hail, hurray!

Everyone, Bacchus, goes your way
Bacchus, Bacchus, hail, hurray!

HUBERT CREEKMORE

I Rispetti

16

This little girl's so gay and fidgety
That even to stand beside her breaks me up.
The things she says or does taste sweet to me:
Her every act, her nod, I eagerly sup.
I'm all on fire, my heart howls piteously:
Of her sweet grace I'd like one little scrap.
So much I've jumped with joy, like fish in spawn,
Since, Love, you've dipped me in your pitch: I'm gone!

23

Occhi che senza lingua mi parlate
 L'onesta voglia di quel santo core,
 E senza ferro in pezi mi tagliate,
 E senza man mi tenete in dolore,
 E senza piedi a morte mi guidate
 Lieto sperando e cieco per amore;
 Se voi siete occhi e l'altre forze avete,
 Perchè del foco mio non v' avvedete?

70

I' non ti chieggo, Amor, altra vendetta
 Di questa cruda tua nemica e mia,
 Se non che lei tu nelle mie man metta
 Sola soletta e senza compagnia.
 Al petto i' la terrei serrata e stretta,
 Tanto ch'io la farei vèr me più pia;
 E per vendetta degli oltraggi ed onte
 La bacerei ben mille volte in fronte.

94

Quando questi occhi chiusi mi vedrai
 E 'l spirito salito all'altra vita,
 Allora spero ben che piangerai
 El duro fin dell'anima transita:
 E poi se l'error tuo conoscerai,
 D'avermi ucciso ne sarai pentita:
 Ma 'l tuo pentir fia tardo all'ultima ora.
 Però, non aspettar, donna, ch'i mora.

23

Eyes that without a tongue can speak to me
The honest wishes of your holy heart,
And without steel to pieces utterly
Can cut, and without hands can make me smart,
And without feet to death can guide, you see
Me happy, hopeful, blinded by Love's dart.
If you have eyes, if you have power to learn,
Why don't you see the fire in which I burn?

70

I ask no other vengeance, Love, from you
Upon this foe who's harsh to you and me
Except that to my hands you bring her, do,
Alone, alone, and friendless utterly.
Then to my breast I'd squeeze, and crush her too,
I'd make her so compassionate to me;
And in revenge for outrages and crimes,
I'd kiss her on the mouth a thousand times.

94

When, these eyes closed in death, you look on me,
When to another life my spirit's gone,
It's then I hope that you'll weep bitterly
For the harsh ending of a soul passed on.
And then if conscious of iniquity
You feel remorse for murder you have done,
Remorse will be too late when death is nigh.
So do not wait, my lady, till I die.

L. R. LIND

Canzoni a Ballo

I' mi trovai, fanciulle, un bel mattino
Di mezzo maggio, in un verde giardino.

Eran d'intorno violette e gigli
Fra l'erba verde, e vaghi fior novelli
Azurri gialli candidi e vermigli:
Ond' io pòrsi la mano a côr di quelli
Per adornar e' mie' biondi capelli
E cinger di grillanda il vago crino.
I' mi trovai, fanciulle, un bel mattino
Di mezzo maggio, in un verde giardino.

Ma poi ch' i' ebbi pien di fiori un lembo,
Vidi le rose e non pur d'un colore:
Io corsi allor per empier tutto el grembo,
Perch' era sì soave il loro odore
Che tutto mi senti' destar el core
Di dolce voglia e d'un piacer divino.
I' mi trovai, fanciulle, un bel mattino
Di mezzo maggio, in un verde giardino.

I' posi mente: quelle rose allora
Mai non vi potre' dir quant' eran belle:
Quale scoppiava dalla boccia ancora;
Qual' erano un po' passe e qual novelle.
Amor mi disse allor:—Va', cô' di quelle
Che più vedi fiorite in sullo spino.—
I' mi trovai, fanciulle, un bel mattino
Di mezzo maggio, in un verde giardino.

Dance Song

I found myself, young girls, while it was May,
In a green garden, at the break of day.

Lilies and violets blossomed all around
On the green turf, and flowers new-sprung and fair—
Yellow, and blue, and red, and white—were found;
Then I reached out my hand to pluck them there,
To decorate with them my own brown hair,
And with a wreath confine its disarray.

I found myself, young girls, while it was May,
In a green garden, at the break of day.

But when I'd plucked a border-full of blossom,
I saw with various hues the roses bloom,
And so I ran to fill my lap and bosom,
So soft and fragrantly they breathed perfume;
For thence I felt a sweet desire consume
My heart, where heavenly pleasure made its way.

I found myself, young girls, while it was May,
In a green garden, at the break of day.

I pondered to myself, "Of all these roses,
How can I tell among them which are fairest,
Which of them lately now its bud discloses,
Which are still fresh, and which to fading nearest?"
Then Love said, "Gather those which seem in rarest
And fullest blossom on the thorny spray—"

I found myself, young girls, while it was May,
In a green garden, at the break of day.

Quando la rosa ogni suo' foglia spande,
Quando è più bella, quando è più gradita,
Allora è buona a mettere in ghirlande,
Prima che sua bellezza sia fuggita:
Sicchè, fanciulle, mentre è più fiorita,
Coglian la bella rosa del giardino.
I' mi trovai, fanciulle, un bel mattino
Di mezzo maggio, in un verde giardino.

ANGELO POLIZIANO

"When first the rose's petals are outspread,
Most lovely and most welcome it appears;
Then weave it in a garland for your head,
In time, before its beauty disappears:
Even so, young girls, while its pride still it wears,
Gather the rose that makes your garden gay."

I found myself, young girls, while it was May,
In a green garden, at the break of day.

JOHN HEATH-STUBBS

LA GIOSTRA I. 43 – 44, 47: *Simonetta*

Candida è ella, e candida la vesta,
 Ma pur di rose e fior dipinta e d' erba:
 Lo inanellato crin dell' aurea testa
 Scende in la fronte umilmente superba.
 Ridegli attorno tutta la foresta,
 E quanto può sue cure disacerba.
 Nell' atto regalmente è mansueta;
 E pur col ciglio le tempeste acqueta.

Folgoron gli occhi d'un dolce sereno,
 Ove sue face tien Cupido ascose:
 L' aer d'intorno si fa tutto ameno,
 Ovunque gira le luci amorose.
 Di celeste letizia il volto ha pieno,
 Dolce dipinto di ligustri e rose.
 Ogni aura tace al suo parlar divino,
 E canta ogni augelletto in suo latino.

Ell' era assisa sopra la verdura
 Allegra, e ghirlandetta avea contesta
 Di quanti fior creasse mai natura,
 De ' quali era dipinta la sua vesta.
 E come prima al giovan pose cura,
 Alquanto paurosa alzò la testa:
 Poi con la bianca man ripreso il lembo,
 Levossi in piè con di fior pieno un grembo.

ANGELO POLIZIANO

LA GIOSTRA I. 43-44, 47: *Simonetta*

Candid the Lady was and yet as candid
Her gown that leaves and roses did adorn;
The winding ringlets of her golden head
Descend those brows where pity conquers scorn;
Softly about her smiled the green-monthed glade
As it would grow less mournful and forlorn,
Each gesture royal, yet a most gentle maid,
Whose single glance the brawling winds allayed.

Forth flash those eyes in soft inazured light
For Cupid hides his torches in those eyes;
The air about her muted by delight
Wherever those Love-bearing orbs she plies;
Hued red as roses, as the hawthorn white,
Upon her face some holy gladness lies.
The wind is stilled by her divine tongue's sound,
Each in his dialect the birds resound.

Reclined she was upon a grassy mound,
With every flower that ever nature made
She wove a garland that she might be crowned,
And with those flowers her vesture was arrayed.
When first she saw the youth she turned her round,
Seeing that youth her eyes grew half afraid,
Then, raising the border of her gown, she rose,
Her lap, a garden filled with every flower that grows.

IAIN FLETCHER

IGNOTI

Secolo 14

Piacesse a Dio che e' non fosse mai nata!

O lassa dolorosa,
Fresca son più che rosa,
E veggome in un vecchio maritata!

Oi me dolente! son vaga e gioconda
E d' Amor sento soa dolce saetta,
Guardandomi nel specchio bianca e bionda
Me veggo tutta quanta amorosetta,
Ond' io prego Jesù che gran vendetta
Faz' a quî che marito
Me dè, che è za fiorito
E la soa barba bianca è diventata.

Piacese a Dio che e' non fosse mai nata!
Mei mi sarebbe ancora essere in casa,
Parvola poveretta como m' era,
Ch' a esser così d ogni allegrezza rasa,
Chè mai veder non posso primavera!
Piacese a Dio che e' non fosse mai nata!

IGNOTI (*Anonymous*) of the 14th and 15th centuries. These quasi-folk poems are delightful pieces, worthy of established poets. Texts in Oxford Book of Italian Verse.

ANONYMOUS

14th century

Would it had pleased the Lord that I never was born!
O wretched, dolorous,
Fresh am I more than a rose,
And here I'm married to an old man, forlorn!

Ah, grief is mine! I'm lively, without a care,
I feel Love's tender arrow whizz my way.
Seeing myself in the mirror blonde and fair,
I look on a lovable girl;
And I pray that Jesus may hurl
His wrath upon those who gave me
My husband; he's old as can be,
And his beard is white and worn.

Would it had pleased the Lord that I never was born!
I might have stayed home alone,
Poor little girl I was then,
Than to live deprived of every joy that's known,
For I'll never be able to see the Springtime again!
Would it had pleased the Lord that I never was born!

L. R. LIND

Secolo 15

La mi tenne la staffa,
Et io montai in arcione:
La mi porse la lancia,
Et io imbracciai la targa;
La mi porse la spada,
La mi calzò lo sprone;
La mi misse l'elmetto,
Io gli parlai d' amore:
Adio bella sora,
Ch'io me ne vo a Vignone:
Et da Vignone in Francia,
Per acquistare honore.
S'io fo colpo di lancia,
Farò per vostro amore:
S'io moro alla battaglia,
Moro per vostro honore:
Diran le maritate:
Morto è il nostro amadore;
Diran le pulzellette:
Morto è per nostro amore;
Diran le vedovelle:
Vuolse gli fare honore;
Dove il sottereremo?
In santa Maria del fiore;
Di che lo coprirremo?
Di rose, et di viole.

ANONYMOUS

15th century

She held my stirrup,
And I sprang into the saddle.
She gave me my lance,
Put my shield in my hand.
She offered my sword,
Buckled on my spurs;
Placed the helmet on my head.
I spoke to her of love:
Farewell, lovely sister,
I go to Avignon,
And from Avignon to France,
To win me honor.
If I make a lance-stroke
I shall do it for your love:
If I die in battle
I die for your honor.
The married women will say:
Our lover is dead.
The maidens will say:
He died for our love.
The widows will say:
He wished to win honor.
Where shall we bury him?
In Holy Mary of the Flower.
With what shall we cover him?
With roses and with violets.

L. R. LIND

Secolo 15

Che bella vita ha al mondo un villanello
Che 'l giorno con due buoi per un campo ara!
Se gli è d'inverno si ricopre quello
D'un sacco ch' è la veste sua più cara;
Se gli è d' estate in camicia e'n cappello,
“Anda giù”—senti' dir con voce chiara,
E la sera rimena a casa e' buoi
Et pasce loro et sè et dorme poi.

Secolo 15

Se io potessi far, fanciulla bella,
La tela che tu tessi farei d' oro,
Et d'ariento farei la cannella
Et lo scoletto che metti al la'oro:
Et di cristallo farei la panchetta,
Quella dove tu siedi, o fanciulletta!

Quando nascesti, o fior del paradiso,
Fosti portata a Roma a battezzare,
E'l papa, quando ti scoperse il viso,
Chiese di gratia d' esser tuo compare,
E la tua madre, graziosa e bella,
Ti pose nome Diana stella.

Il papa gli ha donato quarant' anni
Di perdonanza a chi ti può guardare;
Cento sessanta a chi ti tocca i panni
Di pena e colpa; e chi ti può parlare,
E chi ti bacia, o cara, el tuo bel viso,
In carne e in ossa ne va in paradiso!

ANONYMOUS

15th century

What a fine life is the farmer's in the open air,
Who plows the field with his two oxen by day!
If winter comes he covers his body bare
With a sack, his costliest garment; and he may
In summer wear shirt, a cap upon his hair.
"Giddap!" you hear him in his clear voice say.
The night brings him and his oxen home again;
He feeds them, feeds himself and slumbers then.

L. R. LIND

15th century

If I could do so, lovely girl of mine,
The web you're weaving I'd make all of gold,
The reel I'd make of silver, oh so fine,
Likewise the shuttle which as you work you hold:
And all of crystal I'd make the little chair
You sit on as you weave, my girl so fair!
When you were born, o flower of paradise,
They brought you to Rome; the pope, when he began
To sprinkle water on you and baptize,
Uncovered your face, then begged, the holy man,
To be your godfather; your lovely mother
Named you Diana, a star like you, another.
The pope has given forty years, no less,
Of pardon to the man who looks on you;
One hundred sixty to him who touches your dress,
Free from all pain; and he who talks with you
And kisses, O my darling, your sweet face,
In flesh and bone goes straight to eternal grace.

L. R. LIND

LODOVICO ARIOSTO

SATIRE: *Al servizio del duca*

Meglio è s'appresso il Duca mi nutrico
Che andare a questo e a quel de l'umil volgo
Accattandomi il pan come mendico.
So ben che dal parer dei più mi tolgo,
Che 'l stare in corte stimano grandezza,
Che io pel contrario a servitù rivolgo.
Stiaci volentier dunque chi la apprezza;
Fuor n'uscirò ben io, s'un dì il figliuolo
Di Maia vorrà usarmi gentilezza.
Non si adatta una sella o un basto solo
Ad ogni dosso: ad un non par che l'abbia,
A l'altro stringe e preme e gli dà duolo.
Mal può durar il rosignuolo in gabbia,
Più vi sta il gardellino e più il fanello,
La rondine in un dì vi mor di rabbia.
Chi brama onor di sproni o di cappello,
Serva re, duca, cardinale o papa;
Io no, che poco curo questo e quello.

Lodovico Ariosto (1474–1533) was born at Reggio but went to Ferrara and became a courtier there. He speaks of his life in Le Satire. He held various posts, as tutor, captain, and ambassador, but disliked travel and longed for a quiet life. He transferred his services from Cardinal Ippolito d'Este to the Duke Alfonso of Ferrara and wrote his masterpiece Orlando Furioso in 46 cantos, which he presented to the Emperor Charles V at Mantua in 1532. He died at Ferrara. See a brief article by D. S. Carne-Ross, "Introduction to

LODOVICO ARIOSTO

SATIRES: *In the Service of the Duke*

It's better if at the Duke's court I am fed
Than to go to this or that man who's unknown
To scrounge like any beggar for my bread.
Most people's view on this is not my own;
They think that life at court is something grand,
I think instead it's slavery alone.
Let him stay there, and willing, who can stand
It; I'll be happy if one day Maia's boy
Will treat me gently; I'm at his command.
Not every seat or saddle there is gives joy
To every back; one likes his equipage,
Another it squeezes and pinches to annoy.
Ill can the nightingale dwell in a cage,
The little finch or linnet cannot live,
The swallow in a day dies there of rage.
Who longs for spurs and hat decorative
Let him serve king, duke, pope, or cardinal,
Not I; for this nor that two cents I'd give.

Ariosto," in Nine, 7 (1951), 113-25. The passage from Orlando Furioso I.42-3, was a favorite among Elizabethan translators; it inspired the earliest English madrigal in the form in which Petrarch had given it earlier. Its ultimate source is, of course, Catullus LXII.39-47. See M. A. Scott, Elizabethan Translations from the Italian (1916), pp. 129-30. The poem that follows is in terza rima; Orlando Furioso is in ottava rima.

In casa mia mi sa meglio una rapa,
 Ch'io cuoca, e cotta su 'n stecco me inforco,
 E mondo, e spargo poi di aceto e sapa,
 Che a l'altrui mensa tordo, starna o porco
 Selvaggio; e così sotto una vil coltre,
 Come di seta o d'oro, ben mi corco.
 E più mi piace di posar le poltre
 Membra, che di vantarle che a gli Sciti
 Sien state, a gli Indi, a gli Etiopi, et oltre.
 De gli uomini son vari gli appetiti:
 A chi piace la chierca, a chi la spada,
 A chi la patria, a chi gli strani liti.
 Chi vuole andare a torno, a torno vada:
 Vegga Inghelterra, Ongheria, Francia e Spagna;
 A me piace abitar la mia contrada.
 Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna,
 Quel monte che divide e quel che serra
 Italia, e un mare e l'altro che la bagna.
 Questo mi basta; il resto de la terra
 Senza mai pagar l'oste andrò cercando
 Con Ptolomeo, sia il mondo in pace o in guerra;
 E tutto il mar, senza far voti quando
 Lampeggi il ciel, sicuro in su le carte
 Verrò, più che su i legni, volteggiando.
 Il servizio del Duca, da ogni parte
 Che ci sia buona, più mi piace in questa,
 Che dal nido natio raro si parte.
 Per questo i studi miei poco molesta,
 Nè mi toglie onde mai tutto partire
 Non posso, perchè il cor sempre ci resta.
 Parmi vederte qui ridere e dire
 Che non amor di patria nè de studi,
 Ma di donna è cagion che non voglio ire.

L O D O V I C O A R I O S T O

In my own house a turnip suits me well
I've cooked; and, boiled, I fork it to the core,
And peel and sprinkle with grapejuice and oil,
As at another table thrush, partridge, boar;
And then beneath a cheap old counterpane
As under silk or gold I lie and snore.
And there I'm pleased to throw my lazy frame
More than to boast in Scythia it has been,
From India, Ethiopia it came.
Various are the appetites of men:
One man likes the tonsure, another the sword,
One man his country, another strange shores he's seen.
Who wants to travel round, why, all aboard!
There's England, Hungary, there's France and Spain;
In my small street I'm happy as a lord.
I've seen Romagna, Tuscany, Lombardy's plain,
Those mountains that divide and those which cut
Off Italy, the seas that bathe her coasts again.
This is enough; the earth beyond my hut
I'll visit, and pay no inn, with Ptolemy,
Whether the world in peace or war is put.
And all the ocean, without a vow I'll see
When lightnings strike, and in his maps and book
More safe than on ships sent whirling fearfully.
The service of the Duke, wherever you look
However fine, pleases me more in this:
My native nest I rarely have forsook.
Therefore my studies are troubled much the less,
Nor does it take me from what I must not lose
Because my heart finds there its happiness.
I see you laughing, saying, I suppose,
That not from patriotism or studiousness
But because of a woman to go I do not choose.

L O D O V I C O A R I O S T O

Liberamente te 'l confesso: or chiudi
La bocca, chè a defender la bugia
Non volli prender mai spada nè scudi.
Del mio star qui qual la cagion si sia,
Io ci sto volentier: ora nessuno
Abbia a cor più di me la cura mia.

S O N E T T O

Come creder debb' io che tu in ciel oda,
Signor benigno, i miei non caldi preghi,
Se gridando la lingua che mi sleghi,
Tu vedi quanto il cor nel laccio goda?
Tu ch'il vero cognosci, me ne snoda,
E non mirar ch' ogni mio senso il nieghi:
Ma prima il fa che di me carico pieghi
Caronte il legno alla dannata proda.
Iscusi l' error mio, Signore eterno,
L'usanza ria che par che sì mi copra
Gli occhi, che'l ben dal mal poco discerno.
L' aver pietà d'un cor pentito, anch' opra
È di mortal: sol trarlo dall' inferno
Mal grado suo, puoi tu, Signor, di sopra.

LODOVICO ARIOSTO

I freely will confess it; now please yield,
And close your mouth, for to defend a lie
I never wished to take up sword or shield.
Whatever the reason for my passivity
I stay here willingly; for no man now
Should have my welfare more at heart than I.

L. R. LIND

SONNET

Why should I think that heaven hears my prayer,
Kind Lord, or listens to my tepid vow,
If, when my tongue cries out, "Undo me now!"
You see how much my heart enjoys the snare?
O you who know the truth, release and spare,
And see not all my flesh in falsehood bow
Before I must be cargo at the prow
Of Charon as the damned souls downward fare.
Forgive my error, Lord, forgive as well
The wicked way I hide my sin and shame,
My eyes that cannot good from evil tell.
To pity hearts repentant that may claim
Forgiveness is mortal: unwilling souls from hell
Only you, Lord, can bring back whence they came.

L. R. LIND

L'Orlando Furioso I.42–43

La verginella è simile a la rosa
Ch' in bel giardin su la nativa spina
Mentre sola e sicura si riposa,
Nè gregge nè pastor se l'avvicina:
L'aura soave e l'alba rugiadosa,
L'acqua, la terra al suo favor s'inchina:
Gioveni vaghi e donne inamorate
Amano averne e seni e tempie ornate.

Ma non si tosto dal materno stelo
Rimossa viene, e dal suo cespo verde,
Che quanto avea dagli uomini e dal cielo
Favor, grazia e bellezza, tutto perde.

L'Orlando Furioso XXXV.23–25

Son, come i cigni, anco i poeti rari,
Poeti che non sian del nome indegni,
Sì perchè il ciel degli uomini preclari
Non pate mai che troppa copia regni.
Sì per gran colpa dei Signori avari
Che lascian mendicare i sacri ingegni;
Che le virtù premendo et esaltando
I vizii, caccian le buone arti in bando.

L O D O V I C O A R I O S T O

Orlando Furioso I. 42–43

A little virgin is like unto a rose
Which in a bright garden on its native thorn
While it remains secure in lone repose,
Both sheep and shepherd leave it all forlorn;
Their favor to her both water and earth disclose,
The gentle breezes and the dewy morn:
Charming youths, love-stricken ladies do
Desire her, fair breasts and temples too.

But just so soon as from her mother's stem
She comes removed and from her verdant host,
Then all she had from heaven and from men,
Her favor, grace, and beauty, all are lost.

L. R. LIND

Orlando Furioso XXXV. 23–25

Just as those swans are, poets must be rare
(Poets whose practice does not shame the art),
Not only because heaven will tolerate
No crowding in humanity's vanguard,
But also because noble patronage
Has scandalously let great genius starve,
Promoting vicious lives, but to the good
Proscriptive, and to art fetters and doom.

Credi che Dio questi ignoranti ha privi
 De lo 'ntelletto, e loro offusca i lumi;
 Che de la poesia gli ha fatto schivi,
 Acciò che morte il tutto ne consumi.
 Oltre che del sepolcro uscirian vivi,
 Ancor ch'avesser tutti i rei costumi,
 Pur che sapesson farsi amica Cirra,
 Più grato odore avrian che nardo o mirra.

Non sì pietoso Enea, nè forte Achille
 Fu, come è fama, nè sì fiero Ettore;
 E nè son stati e mille e mille e mille
 Che lor si puon con verità anteporre;
 Ma i donati palazzi e le gran ville
 Da i descendenti lor, gli ha fatto porre
 In questi senza fin sublimi onori
 Da l'onorate man de gli scrittori.

L O D O V I C O A R I O S T O

Believe me, these fools are in God's hands!
Such senseless absence of enlightenment,
Shunning poet and poetry, unwittingly plans
Oblivion for them, unbroken, after death.
And yet, they might make shrouds mere swaddling-bands,
Though in their lives the guiltiest and worst men,
If they befriended some Parnassian singer:
Then, they might still smell sweet as nard or myrrh!

"The good Aeneas" was less good, "the strong
Achilles" or "dauntless Hector" less heroic
Living than sung; it would do truth no wrong
If we throned thousand upon thousand before them;
But palaces and country-seats that fall
Like rain of presents and bequests afforded
A theme to honor the givers, without end:
High honor, from the already honored pen!

E D W I N M O R G A N

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

A Giovanni da Pistoia Quando l'autore dipingeva la volta della Sistina, 1509

I' ho già fatto un gozzo in questo stento,
Come fa l'acqua a' gatti in Lombardia,
O ver d'altro paese che si sia,
Ch' a forza 'l ventre appicca sotto 'l mento.
La barba al cielo, e la memoria sento
In sullo scrigno, e'l petto fo d'arpia;
E 'l pennel sopra 'l viso tuttavia
Mel fa, gocciando, un ricco pavimento.
E lombi entrati mi son nella peccia,
E fo del cul per contrappeso groppa,
E' passi senza gli occhi muovo invano.
Dinanzi mi s'allunga la corteccia,
E per piegarsi addietro si ragroppa,
E tendomi com' arco soriano.

Però fallace e strano
Surge il iudizio che la mente porta;
Chè mal si tra' per cerbottana torta.

La mia pittura morta
Difendi orma', Giovanni, e'l mio onore,
Non sendo in loco bon, nè io pittore.

Michelangelo (Angiolo) Buonarroti (1475–1564) was born at Caprese and entered the household of Lorenzo de' Medici. He became one of the most versatile creators of the Renaissance: a painter, poet, architect, engineer, and sculptor. He built the mausoleum of Pope Julius II, painted the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel, designed the Laurentian Library and the Medici tombs at Florence, and became architect of St. Peter's at Rome, where he died. He was buried in Santa Croce. His sonnets and madrigals are

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

*To Giovanni da Pistoia On the Painting
of the Sistine Chapel, 1509*

I've grown a goitre by dwelling in this den—
As cats from stagnant streams in Lombardy,
Or in what other land they hap to be—
Which drives the belly close beneath the chin:
My beard turns up to heaven; my nape falls in,
Fixed on my spine: my breast-bone visibly
Grows like a harp: a rich embroidery
Bedews my face from brush-drops thick and thin.
My loins into my paunch like levers grind:
My buttock like a crupper bears my weight;
My feet unguided wander to and fro;
In front my skin grows loose and long; behind,
By bending it becomes more taut and strait;
Crosswise I strain me like a Syrian bow:
Whence false and quaint, I know,
Must be the fruit of squinting brain and eye;
For ill can aim the gun that bends awry.
Come then, Giovanni, try
To succor my dead pictures and my fame;
Since foul I fare and painting is my shame.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

intensely intellectualized with an almost mystical passion; some have a sculptural roughness which befits a worker in stone. Vittoria Colonna, the poetess, inspired a number of his poems. An attractive re-issue of his sonnets with Italian text and Symonds' translations as well as a few of Michelangelo's drawings has been published by the Vision Press, London, 1950. See Creighton Gilbert, "Michael Angelo's Poetry in English Verse," Italica, 22 (1945), 181-94; 24 (1947), 46-53.

SONETTI

1

Al cor di zolfo, alla carne di stoppa,
All' ossa che di secco legno sieno,
All' alma senza guida e senza freno,
Al desir pronto, alla vaghezza troppa,
Alla cieca ragion debile e zoppa,
Al visco, a' lacci di che 'l mondo è pieno,
Non è gran maraviglia, in un baleno
Arder nel primo foco che s'intoppa.
Alla bell' Arte che, se dal ciel seco
Ciascun la porta, vince la natura,
Quantunque sè ben prema in ogni loco;
S'io nacqui a quella nè sordo nè cieco,
Proporzionato a chi'l cor m' arde e fura,
Colpa è di chi m' ha destinato al foco.

2

Io mi son caro assai più ch' io non soglio;
Poi ch' io t'ebbi nel cor, più di me vaglio:
Come pietra ch' aggiuntavi l'intaglio,
È di più pregio che 'l suo primo scoglio.
O come scritta o pinta carta o foglio
Più si riguarda d'ogni straccio o taglio;
Tal di me fo, da poi ch' io fui bersaglio
Segnato dal tuo viso: e non mi doglio.
Sicur con tale stampa in ogni loco
Vo, come quel ch' ha incanti o arme seco,
Ch' ogni periglio gli fan venir meno.
I' vaglio contro all' acqua e contro al foco,
Col segno tuo riallumino ogni cieco,
E col mio sputo sano ogni veleno.

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

SONNETS

1

With heart and breast of brimstone, flesh of flax,
Bones of inflammable-brittle fuel-timber,
Soul unguided by hand or hampered by bridle,
Quick-whipped desire, will-fever's superflux,
Mind blind and maimed and disendowed of force;
With the world's fill of bait and trap and pitfall—
Little indeed is the wonder of the igniting
Lightning-like at the very first-launched fires!
Art, beauty: which in the divinity shown
Through him who owns them can still vanquish nature
As far as he truly speaks and shapes each scene:
If I to them was born neither stock nor stone
But heart-harmonied to whoever plucks me into blazing,
Blame to nature for this doom of fire I assign.

EDWIN MORGAN

2

I never used to think myself so fine;
My worth is more since you've been in my heart.
Just as the value of the naked rock
Grows with the carving added to the stone.
As written sheets through being scratched and torn
And painted papers rise in our respect,
So I become, since I have been the mark
Scored by your face, and I do not complain.
I go as one who bears arms or enchantment
So that all dangers fall away from me,
Made safe in every place with such a seal.
Against fire, against water, I am potent,
All blind men in your sign I make to see,
And with my spit all poisoning I heal.

CREIGHTON GILBERT

3

D'altrui pietoso e sol di sè spietato
Nasce un vil brutto, che con dolce doglia
L'altrui man veste, e la sua scorza spoglia,
E sol per morte si può dir ben nato.
Così volesse al mio signor mio fato
Vestir suo viva di mia morta spoglia;
Che, come serpe al sasso si discoglia,
Pur per morte potria cangiar mio stato.
O fussi sol la mia l'irsuta pelle
Che, del suo pel contesta, fa tal gonna
Che con ventura stringe sì bel seno,
Che 'l giorno pur m'arresti; o le pianelle
Foss' io, che base a quel fanno e colonna,
Ch' al piover t'are' pur addosso almeno!

4

Colui che fece, e non di cosa alcuna,
Il tempo che non era anzi a nessuno,
Ne fe d'un due: e diè 'l sol alto all' uno;
All' altro, assai più presso, diè la luna.
Onde'l caso, la sorte e la fortuna
In un momento nacquer di ciascuno;
Ed a me consegnaro' il tempo bruno,
Come a simil nel parto e nella cuna.
E come quel che contrafà se stesso,
Quando è ben notte più buio esser suole;
Ond' io di far ben mal m'affliggo e lagno.
Pur mi consola assai l'esser concesso
Far giorno chiar mia oscura notte al sole
Ch' a voi fu dato al nascer per compagno.

3: The Silkworm

Kind to the world, but to itself unkind,
 A worm is born, that dying noiselessly
 Despoils itself to clothe fair limbs, and be
 In its true worth by death alone divined.
 Oh, would that I might die, for her to find
 Raiment in my outworn mortality!
 That, changing like the snake, I might be free
 To cast the slough wherein I dwell confined!
 Nay, were it mine, that shaggy fleece that stays,
 Woven and wrought into a vestment fair,
 Around her beauteous bosom in such bliss!
 All through the day she'd clasp me! Would I were
 The shoes that bear her burden! When the ways
 Were wet with rain, her feet I then should kiss!

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

4

He who created time, and out of nothing,
 Which had not been before for anyone
 Turned one to two, the high place gave the sun,
 And gave the moon the other closer in.
 Thus in an instant came into their being
 The fortune, chance, and fate of everyone;
 The black time they gave me for their own,
 As to one like it in my birth and breeding.
 And as with a man self-caricatured,
 There is more darkness with the deepening night:
 And thus I jeer and wound myself as bad;
 Yet the permission leaves me reassured
 To make bright day of my dark night, in sunlight
 Given you at your birth to be your comrade.

CREIGHTON GILBERT

5

Ben può talor col mio ardente desio
Salir la speme, e non esser fallace;
Chè s' ogni nostro affetto al ciel dispiace,
A che fin fatto avrebbe il mondo Dio?
Qual più giusta cagion dell' amarti io
È, che dar gloria a quell' eterna pace
Onde pende il divin che di te piace,
E ch' ogni cor gentil fa casto e pio?
Fallace speme ha sol l' amor, che muore
Con la beltà ch' ogni momento scema,
Ond' è soggetta al variar d'un bel viso.
Dolce è ben quella in un pudico core
Che per cangiar di scorza o d' ora estrema
Non manca, e qui caparra il paradiso.

6

Non vider gli occhi miei cosa mortale
Allor che ne' bei vostri intera pace
Trovai; ma dentro, ov' ogni mal dispiace,
Chi d' amor l' alma a sè simil m'assale.
E se creata a Dio non fusse eguale,
Altro che 'l bel di fuor, ch' agli occhi piace,
Più non vorria; ma perch' è sì fallace,
Trascende nella forma più universale.
Io dico, ch' a chi vive quel che muore
Quietar non può desir; nè par s' aspetti
L'eterno al tempo, ove altri cangia il pelo.
Voglia sfrenata il senso è, non amore,
Che l' alma uccide; e 'l nostro fa perfetti
Gli amici qui, ma più per morte in cielo.

5

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
 And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
 For if of our affections none finds grace
 In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made
 The world which we inhabit? Better plea
 Love cannot have than that in loving thee
 Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
 Who such divinity to thee imparts
 As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
 His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
 With beauty, which is varying every hour;
 But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
 Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
 That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

6

No mortal object did these eyes behold
 When first they met the placid light of thine,
 And my Soul felt her destiny divine,
 And hope of endless peace in me grew bold:
 Heaven-born, the Soul a heavenward course must hold;
 Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
 (For what delights the sense is false and weak)
 Ideal Form, the universal mould.
 The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
 In that which perishes: nor will he lend
 His heart to aught which doth on time depend.
 'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
 That kills the soul: love betters what is best,
 Even here below, but more in heaven above.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Deh, fammiti vedere in ogni loco!
Se da mortal bellezza arder mi sento,
A presso al tuo mi sarà foco ispento,
E io nel tuo sarò, com' ero, in foco.
Signor mio caro, i' te sol chiamo e 'nvoco
Contro l'inutil mio cieco tormento:
Tu sol puo' rinnovarmi fuori e dentro
Le voglie, e 'l senno, e 'l valor lento e poco.
Tu desti al tempo ancor quest' alma diva,
E 'n questa spoglia ancor fragil' e stanca
L' incarcerasti, e con fiero destino.
Che poss' io altro, che così non viva?
Ogni ben senza te, Signor, mi manca.
Il cangiar sorte è sol poter divino.

8: A Vittoria Colonna

Non ha l' ottimo artista alcun concetto
Ch'un marmo solo in sè non circonscriva
Col suo soverchio, e solo a quello arriva
La man, che ubbidisce all' intelletto.
Il mal ch'io fuggo, e'l ben, ch'io mi prometto,
In te, Donna leggiadra, altera e diva,
Tal si nasconde; e perch' io più non viva,
Contraria ho l'arte al disiato effetto.
Amor dunque non ha nè tua beltate,
O durezza, o fortuna, o gran disdegno,
Del mio mal colpa o mio destino o sorte,
Se dentro del tuo cor morte e pietate
Porti in un tempo, e che 'l mio basso ingegno
Non sappia, ardente, trarne altro che morte.

Oh, make me see thy face in every place!
 If beauty of flesh can set my feeling burning,
 That fire will fade before thy nearing beauty,
 And I shall blaze again in thy embrace.
 My Lord, my Beloved, to thee alone these prayers,
 Cries from my vain and blind torment, are turning:
 My heart and my life hope only thy renewing—
 My poor and halting will, my judgement, my desires.
 To space and time thou hast sent the soul, the divine,
 And in this body-husk so brittle and long-harassed
 Imprisoned it with its raging fate, love's pain;
 What power can mine be, Life from life to refine?
 Without thee, Lord, all good in me lies perished.
 God's hand alone can God's own doom unchain.

EDWIN MORGAN

8: To Vittoria Colonna

The best of artists hath no thought to show
 Which the rough stone in its superfluous shell
 Does not include: to break the marble spell
 Is all the hand that serves the brain can do.
 The ill I shun, the good I seek, even so
 In thee, fair lady, proud, ineffable,
 Lies hidden: but the art I wield so well
 Works adverse to my wish, and lays me low.
 Therefore not love, nor thy transcendent face,
 Nor cruelty, nor fortune, nor disdain,
 Cause my mischance, nor fate, nor destiny;
 Since in thy heart thou carriest death and grace
 Enclosed together, and my worthless brain
 Can draw forth only death to feed on me.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

9: Dante

Quanto dirne si de' non si può dire,
 Chè troppo agli orbi il suo splendor s'accese;
 Biasmar si può più 'l popol che l' offese,
 Ch' al suo men pregio ogni maggior salire.
 Questi discese a' meriti del fallire,
 Per l' util nostro, e poi a Dio ascese;
 E le porte che 'l ciel non gli contese,
 La patria chiuse al suo giusto desire.
 Ingrata, dico, e della sua fortuna
 A suo danno nutrice; ond' è ben segno
 Ch' ai più perfetti abonda di più guai.
 Fra mille altre ragion sol ha quest' una:
 Se par non ebbe il suo esilio indegno,
 Simil uom nè maggior non nacque mai.

MADRIGALE 86

Mentre c'al tempo la mia vita fugge,
 Amor più mi distrugge,
 Nè mi perdona un' ora,
 Com' i ' credetti già dopo molt' anni.
 L'alma, che trema e rugge,
 Com' uom c' a torto mora,
 Di me si duol, de' suo' eterni danni.
 Fra 'l timore e gli inganni
 D' amore e morte, allor tal dubbio sento,
 Ch' i' cerco in un momento
 Del me' di loro, e di poi il peggio piglio;
 Si dal mal uso è vinto il buon consiglio.

9: Dante

What should be said of him cannot be said;
 By too great splendor is his name attended;
 To blame is easier those who him offended,
 Than reach the faintest glory round him shed.
 This man descended to the doomed and dead
 For our instruction; then to God ascended;
 Heaven opened wide to him its portals splendid,
 Who from his country's, closed against him, fled.
 Ungrateful land! To its own prejudice
 Nurse of his fortunes; and this showeth well
 That the most perfect most of grief shall see.
 Among the thousand proofs let one suffice,
 That as his exile hath no parallel,
 Ne'er walked the earth a greater man than he.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

MADRIGAL 86

While life is running out in me through time
 Love still is doing harm,
 And will not leave me an hour
 As I after so many years had thought.
 My soul shakes and screams
 Like a man falsely murdered,
 Complaining to me of the eternal cheat.
 Between fear and deceit
 I feel such doubts then over love and death
 That I seek in one breath
 The better of them, and then take the worse,
 Good counsel thus beaten by evil use.

CREIGHTON GILBERT

MADRIGALE 95

Quantunque 'l tempo ne costringa e sproni
Ogni or con maggior guerra
A rendere alla terra
Le membra afflitte, stanche e pellegrine,
Non ha per ancor fine
Chi l'alma attrista, e me fa così lieto.
Nè par che men perdoni
A chi 'l cor m'apre e serra,
Nell' ore più vicine
E più dubbiose d' altro viver quieto:
Chè l' error consueto,
Com' più m' attempo, ogni or più si fa forte.
O dura mia più c' altra crudel sorte,
Tardi oramai puo' tormi tanti affanni;
C' un cor che arde, e arso è già molt' anni,
Torna, se ben l' ammorza la ragione,
Non più già cor, ma cenere e carbone.

MADRIGALE 109

Gli occhi mie', vaghi delle cose belle,
E l' alma insieme della sua salute
Non áno altra virtute
C' ascende al ciel che mirar tutte quelle.
Dalle più alte stelle
Discende uno splendore,
Che' l desir tira a quelle;
E qui si chiama amore.
Nè altro à il gentil core
Che l' innamorì e arda e che' l consigli,
C' un volto che ne gli occhi lor somigli.

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

MADRIGAL 95

Though time may prod against me and insist,
Increasing its attack,
That I let earth take back
My tired, bruised, pilgrimage-burdened limbs,
There is no stopping him
Who brings my soul such grief, me such delight.
My heart without release
Seems his to open and lock,
Although most near the time
Most doubtful if my after life go right.
No, the familiar fault
Keeps strengthening me as I grow older.
Others have cruel luck, oh mine is harder.
Too late to rid me now of all my fears,
A heart on fire, on fire for many years,
Will alter, though the mind extinguishes:
A heart no longer, only char and ashes.

CREIGHTON GILBERT

MADRIGAL 109

Ravished by all that to the eyes is fair,
Yet hungry for the joys that truly bless,
My soul can find no stair
To mount to heaven, save earth's loveliness.
For from the stars above
Descends a glorious light
That lifts our longing to their highest height
And bears the name of love.
Nor is there aught can move
A gentle heart, or purge or make it wise,
But beauty and the starlight of her eyes.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

MADRIGALE 139

Condotta da molt'anni all'ultim'ore,
Tardi conosco, o mondo, i tuo' dilette:
La pace, che non hai, altrui prometti,
E quel riposo c'anzi al nascer muore.
La vergogna e 'l timore
Degli anni, c'or prescrive
Il ciel, non mi rinnova
Che 'l vecchio e dolce errore,
Nel qual chi troppo vive
L'anim'ancide, e nulla al corpo giova.
Il dico, e so per prova
Di me, chè 'n ciel quel solo ha miglior sorte,
Ch'ebbe al suo parto più presso la morte.

MADRIGALE 178

A l'alto tuo lucente diadema
Per la strada erta e lunga
Non è, Donna, chi giunga,
S'umiltà non v'aggiugni e cortesia:
Il montar cresce, e 'l mio valore scema,
E la lena mi manca e mezza via.
Che tua beltà pur sia
Superna, al cor par che diletto renda
Che d'ogni rara altezza è ghiotto e vago:
Po' per gioir della tua leggiadria,
Bramo pur che discenda
Là dov'aggiungo. E 'n tal pensier m'appago,
Se 'l tuo sdegno presago,
Per basso amare e alto odiar tuo stato,
A te stessa perdona 'l mio peccato.

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

MADRIGAL 139

Led on through many years to my last hours,
I understand too late your pleasures, Earth.
Repose that is dead before its birth
And peace you do not have you promise others.
Old age's shame and terrors
Which the heavens now require
In me do but refresh
The old delightful errors.
Too long a lifetime there
Murders the soul and scarcely helps the flesh.
In heaven the luck is best,
I say it and I know, the proof is I,
Only for him who, born, could soonest die.

CREIGHTON GILBERT

MADRIGAL 178

Lady, up to your high and shining crown
By the long narrow route
None can attain without
Your adding your humility and grace.
The climbing stiffens and my strength runs down,
And by the halfway point I am out of breath.
It seems the ranking place
Your beauty holds can make my heart content,
Which yearns greedily for all special height;
And yet, to revel in your loveliness
I long for your descent
Where I can reach, being reassured in thought
That your foreseeing slight
Toward me who hate your high state, love the lower,
May grant yourself forgiveness for my error.

CREIGHTON GILBERT

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

La Notte

Grato m' è 'l sonno, e più l' esser di sasso
Mentre che 'l danno e la vergogna dura;
Non veder, non sentir m' è gran ventura:
Pero non mi destar, deh, parla basso!

VERONICA GAMBARA

SONETTO: *All' imperatore Carlo V
e al re Francesco I di Francia*

Vinca gli sdegni e l' odio vostro antico,
Carlo e Francesco, il nome sacro e santo
Di Cristo, e di sua fè vi caglia tanto,
Quanto a voi più d' ogni altro è stato amico.
L' arme vostre a domar l' empio nemico
Di Lui sian pronte, e non tenete in pianto
Non pur l'Italia ma l'Europa, e quanto
Bagna il mar, cinge valle o colle aprico.
Il gran Pastor, a chi le chiavi date
Furon dal Cielo, a voi si volge e prega
Che delle greggi sue pietà vi prendr.
Possa più dello sdegno in voi pietate,
Coppia reale, e un sol desio v' accenda,
Di conquistar chi Cristo sprezza e nega.

Born at Pratalboino near Brescia, Veronica Gambara (1485–1550) married Giberto X, Signore di Correggio, in 1509; he died in 1518 and became the principal subject of her polished, elegant, and rather

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

Night

I hug my sleep, and in blocklike rock rejoice,
Insensible of time's ignominies and injustices.
Blind, numb, I win; these are my fastnesses.
O never rouse me with your ringing voice!

EDWIN MORGAN

VERONICA GAMBARA

SONNET: *To the Emperor Charles V
and to King Francis I of France*

Put down your wrath, let your contention end,
O Charles and Francis, in Christ's holy name,
And in His Faith acknowledge His true claim
Who has above all others been your friend.
Let both your hosts stand ready to amend
The wrongs His foes have wrought and so proclaim
An end to Italy's—nay, Europe's shame
And ills that this whole earthly orb offend.
The mighty Shepherd to whom Heaven gave
The double keys turns now to you imploring
Your pity on the plight of His poor flock.
Let piety, O royal captains brave,
Cast anger from your hearts and turn your warring
On them alone who Christ despise and mock.

T. G. BERGIN

cold verses. She also wrote Stanze to Cosimo I, on the vanity of human wishes.

PIETRO ARETINO

SONETTO

L'eterno sonno in un bel marmo puro
Dormi, Ariosto, e 'l tuo gran nome desto
Col giorno appare in quel bel clima, e'n questo,
Di mai sempre vegghiar lieto e sicuro:
Ma l' alma c' hai nel ciel dice, io non curo
Pregio si vile; e il fulgido contesto
Delle stelle mirando, un alto e mesto
L' affligge suon teneramente duro.
Le Sorelle di Phebo afflitte e meste
Dicon piangendo, o almo spirito chiaro
Più che 'l Sol senza veli a mezzo il die,
Mira noi, di te vedove che in veste
Di duole spargiam di fior tuo sasso raro,
E t' inchiniamo ogni hor con voci pie.

Pietro Aretino (1492–1556), called by Ariosto in the last canto of the Orlando Furioso both “divine” and “the scourge of princes,” was born at Arezzo, went to Perugia to paint, and then to Rome, where his patrons were bankers, cardinals, and popes. His biting wit, sharp tongue, and often foul invective made him many enemies, among them the satirist, Francesco Berni, and brought him to great notoriety. In Venice his talents brought him riches and the friendship of Titian and Sansovino; he was also proud of the friendship of Ariosto. Charles V welcomed him into his retinue; Pope Julius III

PIETRO ARETINO

SERIOUS SONNETS: *Sleep, Ariosto!*

Sleep, Ariosto! in a fine marble pure
The eternal sleep, and may your great name wake
At burst of day in that fair clime and take
Its ease there as you watch, glad and secure.
But for the gifts of the sky, he would assure
Us, he does not care; he stands with wonder-ache
Beneath the stars, when a sad and solemn quake
Of sound assails him with its tender lure,
As Phoebus' sisters, in their sorrow, add
Words to their tears: "O blessed spirit bright,
With a brightness sun at midday never had,
We bring you our widowed wonder; you see us clad
In robes of grief, while flowers shed their light
Above your tomb, and song is bowed and sad."

SAMUEL PUTNAM

brought him back to Rome and made him a knight of St. Peter. Aretino wrote romantic epics, chiefly unfinished, much pornography, The Courtesan, comedies, and some biographies of holy people. All his writings were prohibited after his death, and thus editions are rare. See M. Fabi, Opere di Pietro Aretino, 2d ed. Milan, 1881; S. Putnam, The Works of Aretino Translated; New York, Covici-Friede, Inc., 1933, with F. de Sanctis' biography of Aretino translated in the forefront of the book; The Rarity Press has an anonymous translation of The Courtesan.

VITTORIA COLONNA

SONETTI

1

Scrivo sol per sfogar l'interna doglia,
Di che si pasce il cor, ch'altro non vole,
E non per giunger lume al mio bel sole,
Che lasciò in terra sì onorata spoglia.
Giusta cagione a lamentar m'invoglia:
Ch'io scemi la sua gloria assai mi dole;
Per altra penna e più saggie parole
Verrà chi a morte il suo gran nome toglia.
La pura fe, l'ardor, l'intensa pena
Mi scusi appo ciascun, grave cotanto
Che nè ragion nè tempo mai l'affrena.
Amaro lagrimar, non dolce canto,
Foschi sospiri e non voce serena,
De stil no, ma di duol mi danno il vanto.

The leading poetess of her day, Vittoria Colonna (1492–1547) was one of very few Italian poetesses (Veronica Gambara was her contemporary). She was born at Marino, married the Marchese di Pescara in 1509, and mourned his death in 1525 in her poems. She

VITTORIA COLONNA

SONNETS

1

I write to soothe that inward grief alone
On which my heart feeds, seeking nothing more,
And not to add to my fair sun's bright store
Who left on earth an honored spoil his own.
Just reason for lament inspires my moan:
That I should dim his glory grieves me sore;
Another pen, words wiser in their lore,
Will take from death her fame when I am gone.
Pure faith and ardor and my intense pain
I beg forgiveness for, so shattering
That neither time nor reason can restrain.
My bitter weeping, song not sweet to sing,
Dark sighs, a voice where sorrow rings so plain,
Vaunt not my style but grief all-mastering.

L. R. LIND

was a famous hostess among whose friends was Michelangelo. Much of her widowhood was passed in convents at Rome, Viterbo, and Orvieto.

Qual digiuno augellin, che vede ed ode
Batter l'ali alla madre intorno, quando
Gli reca il nutrimento, ond'egli, amando
Il cibo e quella, si rallegra e gode,
E dentro al nido suo si strugge e rode
Per desio di seguirla anch'ei volando,
E la ringrazia in tal modo cantando
Che par ch'oltre 'l poter la lingua snode;
Tal io qualor il caldo raggio e vivo
Del divin sole, onde nutrisco il core,
Più dell'usato lucido lampeggia,
Muovo la penna spinta dall'amore
Interno; e senza ch'io stessa m'avvegga
Di quel ch'io dico, le sue lodi scrivo.

Like some small hungry bird that sees and hears
Its mother's wings beat round about him when
She brings him food, and he who loves her then
And food as well, perks up with joy, and cheers,
And in his nest he chafes and struggles, peers
About, desiring to follow the good hen,
Singing his thanks when she flies off again,
As if his tongue might talk he then appears;
So I whenever the warm and living ray
Of the divine sun, where I feed my heart,
Shines out with more than its accustomed light,
I move my pen urged on love's inward way;
Without perceiving quite in whole or part
The things I say, the praise of love I write.

L. R. LIND

LUIGI ALAMANNI

SONETTO: *Al fiume Senna*

Quanta invidia ti porto, amica Sena,
Vedendo ir l' onde tue tranquille e liete
Per sì bei campi, a trar l'estiva sete
A' fiori e l' erbe onde ogni riva è piena!
Tu la città, che il tuo gran regno affrena,
Circondi e bagni, e'n lei concordi e quete
Vedi le genti sì, che per sè miete
Utile e dolce, ad altrui danno e pena.
Il mio bell' Arno (ahi ciel, chi vide in terra
Per alcun tempo mai tant' ira accolta
Quant' or sovra di lui sì larga cade?)
Il mio bell' Arno in sì dogliosa guerra
Piange soggetto, e sol poi che gli è tolta
L'antica gloria sua di libertade.

Luigi Alamanni (1495–1556), born at Florence, was exiled because of a conspiracy against Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, who became Pope Clement VII. He spent most of his life in France, where he

LUIGI ALAMANNI

SONNET: *To the River Seine*

I watch your gentle current as it flows,
O friendly Seine, through field and tranquil glade,
Easing the thirst of every flower and blade,
And envy rises in my heart and grows.
Your waters bathe and tenderly enclose
A city by whose walls your surge is stayed,
Where thriving folk, in unity arrayed
Win their own weal and wreak ill on their foes.
My lovely Arno—ah, heaven, in any age
Of man was ever seen such fearful store
As now you bear of mad, insensate rage?
My lovely Arno, though prey of cruel war,
Cries not for hurt but must weep to assuage
The grief for her lost liberty of yore.

T. G. BERGIN

was patronized by Francis I and Henry II; he was major-domo to Catherine de' Medici. He died at Amboise.

FRANCESCO BERNI

Ritratto

Chiome d' argento fine, irte ed attorte
Senz' arte intorno ad un bel viso d' oro:
Fronte crespa, u' mirando io mi scoloro,
Dove spuntan gli strali Amore e Morte.
Occhi di perle vaghi, luci torte
Da ogni obbietto diseguale a loro:
Ciglia di neve, e quelle, ond' io m' accoro,
Dita e man dolcemente grosse e corte.
Labbra di latte, bocca ampia celeste,
Denti d' ebano rari e pellegrini,
Inaudita ineffabile armonia;
Costumi alteri e gravi; a voi, divini
Servi d'Amor, palese fo che queste
Son le bellezze della donna mia.

Francesco Berni (1497–1535), born at Lamporecchio, was servant to a number of cardinals, among them Ippolito d'Este. His life was spent in court intrigues, and he was probably poisoned in revenge for his refusal to assist in the murder of Cardinal Salviati. He wrote

FRANCESCO BERNI

Portrait

Ringlets of slender silver, curled artlessly
And bound in beauty round her golden face:
A wrinkled forehead where Love and Death erase
The arrow-prints of fate I pale to see.
Eyes of inconstant pearl, lights twisted free
From everything unequal to their gaze:
Eyebrows of snow, and I can further trace
Her short, fat fingers and hands so soft to me.
Lips of white milk, wide mouth of heavenly blue,
Teeth of a rare, exquisite ebony,
A harmony unheard, unspoken of;
A haughty and heavy bearing; these, to you,
Servants of Love divine, I testify
Are the adornments of my lady love.

L. R. LIND

comic and burlesque poetry; he was the author of the famous sonnet against Aretino while serving as secretary to Giberti (text in E. Hutton, Pietro Aretino (1922), p. 77).

ANGELO DI COSTANZO

SONETTO: *La morte di Virgilio*

Cigni felici, che le rive e l' acque
Del fortunato Mincio in guardia avete,
Deh, s' egli è ver, per Dio mi rispondete,
Tra' vostri nidi il gran Virgilio nacque?
Dimmi, bella Sirena, ove a lui piacque
Trapassar l'ore sue tranquille e liete
(Così sian l' ossa tue sempre quiete),
È ver ch' in grembo a te, morendo, giacque?
Qual maggior grazia aver dalla fortuna
Potea? Qual fin conforme al nascer tanto?
Qual sepolcro più simile alla cuna?
Ch' essendo nato tra 'l soave canto
Di bianchi cigni, al fin' in veste bruna
Esser dalle Sirene in morte pianto?

A historian and poet, Angelo di Costanzo (1507–91), was born of a noble family at Naples. He was encouraged by Sannazaro to collect materials for a history of the kingdom of Naples, a work which was

ANGELO DI COSTANZO

SONNET: *The Death of Virgil*

O you fortunate swans, who sentinel
The windings of the lucky Mincius, say
Whether among your nests was born (reply
If this be true) our poet, great Virgil?
May peace surround your bones, fair Siren! Tell
Whether it pleased him those hours to pass away
Filled with calm joy; or, when he came to die,
Whether it was in your soft lap he fell?
What better gift or favor might he have
From Fortune, so to end as he began?
What was more like his cradle than his grave?
The silver-throated swans, when he was born,
Made gentle music; destined at his death
To be by the cloaked Sirens darkly sung.

DAVID WRIGHT

published in 1581 in twenty books. He was one of six magistrates of Naples in 1549. His poems, which vary from the prevailing imitations of Petrarch, were published in 1709 at Bologna.

GASPARA STAMPA

SONETTI

1: *Il sogno*

Deh lasciate, signor, le maggior cure
D' ir procacciando in questa età fiorita,
Con fatiche e periglio della vita,
Alti pregi, alti onori, alte venture;
E in questi colli, in queste alme e sicure
Valli e campagne, dove Amor n' invita,
Viviamo insieme vita alma e gradita,
Fin che il sol de' nostri occhi al fin s'oscura;
Perchè tante fatiche e tanti stenti
Fan la vita più dura, e tanti onori
Restan per morte poi subito spenti.
Qui coglieremo a tempo e rose e fiori,
Ed erbe e frutti, e con dolci concetti
Canterem con gli uccelli i nostri amori.

Born at Padua, Gaspara Stampa (1523–54) was a student of Greek and Latin classics at Venice and corresponded with eminent men of letters. Somewhat of an Italian Louise Labé, her poems center upon

GASPARA STAMPA

SONNETS

1: The Dream

Ah! leave, my lord, in this your flowering age those weighty cares
whereby you labor hard with travail and with danger to your
life for high rewards, high honors, high emprise.

Amid these hills, these safe and lovely vales and plains where Love
invites, let us together spend a life divine and happy till to our
eyes at last the sun grows dark.

So many labors and so many toils make life a hard thing; and all
these honors in a trice by death return to naught.

Here let us pluck the rose and flowers and leaves and fruit while
time is ours, and with soft music let us sing our loves unto the
birds.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

*her passionate love affair with Collatino dei Conti di Collalto, begun
in 1549, who left her to join Henry II in his wars. Her poems were
printed in the year of her death.*

2: *In assenza*

Chi mi darà soccorso a l' ora estrema,
Che verrà morte a trarmi fuor di vita
Tosto dopo, l'acerba dipartita,
Onde fin d' ora il cor paventa e trema?
Madre e sorella no; perchè la tema
Questa e quella a dolersi meco invita;
E poi per prova omai la loro aita
Non giova a questa doglia alta e suprema.
E le vostre fidate amiche scorte,
Che di giovarmi avriano sole il come,
Saran lontane in quell' altera corte.
Dunque io porrò queste terrene some
Senza conforto alcun, se non di morte
Sospirando e chiamando il vostro nome.

2: In Absence

Who shall succor me in my extremest hour when death is tearing
me from life, ah! bitter parting! whereat the heart doth tremble
and fear?

Mother and sister, no; because fear urges both to grieve with me;
and at that time to accept their help does not avail this last and
lofty woe.

And then your faithful, kindly guidance that alone knew how to
help me will be far off in that so lofty Court.

So I shall lay aside these earthly burdens with naught to comfort
me except, at death, the sighing and the calling on your name!

RICHARD ALDINGTON

GIOVANNI BATTISTA GUARINI

Sogno della sua donna

Occhi, stelle mortali,
Ministre di mei mali,
Ch'n sogno anco mostrate
Ch'l mio morir bramate;
Se chiusi m' uccidete
Aperti che farete?

*The author of *Il Pastor Fido* (1590; acted for the first time in 1596 and written in rivalry with Tasso's *Aminta*, 1572-73), Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612), came originally from Verona, became a student at Padua, and finally joined Tasso at the court of the dukes of Ferrara, whom he served as an ambassador and as a professor of rhetoric. He later served Alfonso II d'Este, carried on lawsuits with*

GIOVANNI BATTISTA GUARINI

Dream of His Lady

O eyes, you mortal stars,
Ministers of my scars,
Who sleeping yet betray
Your craving me to slay;
If closed you fain would kill me
Open what would you will me?

RONALD BOTTRALL

Another Version

Fair eyes, ye mortal stars below,
Whose aspects do portend my ill!
That sleeping cannot chuse but show
How wretched me you long to kill;
If thus you can such pleasure take,
What would you if you were awake?

PHILIP AYRES

his children and others, and quarreled with Tasso. He became head of the Umoristi. "Dream of His Lady" is printed in Nine, 3 (London, 1949-50), 137. Ayres' translation is found in his Lyric Poems, 1689. The Chorus on "The Golden Age" should be compared with that in Tasso's Aminta.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA GUARINI

IL PASTOR FIDO: *Atto IV,*

Scena ix, Coro

O bella età d'oro,
Quand' era cibo il latte
Del pargoletto mondo, e culla il bosco;
E i cari parti loro
Godean le gregge intatte,
Nè temea il mondo ancor ferro nè tosco!
Pensier torbido e fosco
Allor non facea velo
Al sol di luce eterna:
Or la ragion, che verna
Tra le nubi del senso, ha chiuso il cielo;
Ond' è che pellegrino
Va l'altrui terra, e'l mar turbando il pino.

Quel suon fastoso e vano,
Quell' inutil soggetto
Di lusinghe, di titoli e d'inganno,
Ch' Onor dal volgo insano
Indegnamente è detto,
Non era ancor degli animi tiranno,
Ma sostener affanno
Per le vere dolcezze;
Tra i boschi e tra la gregge
La fede aver per legge
Fu di quell' alme, al ben oprar avezze,
Cura d'onor felice,
Cui dettava Onestà: "Piaccia, se lice."

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD: *Act IV,*
Scene ix, Chorus

The Golden Age

Fair golden Age! when milk was th' onely food,
And cradle of the infant-world the wood
(Rock'd by the windes); and th' untoucht flocks did bear
Their deer young for themselves! None yet did fear
The sword or poyson: no black thoughts begun
T' eclipse the light of the eternall Sun:
Nor wandering Pines unto a forreign shore

Or War, or Riches, (a worse mischief) bore.
That pompous sound, Idoll of vanity,
Made up of Title, Pride, and Flattery,
Which they call Honour whom Ambition blindes,
Was not as yet the Tyrant of our mindes.
But to buy reall goods with honest toil
Amongst the woods and flocks, to use no guile,
Was honour to those sober souls that knew
No happinesse but what from vertue grew.

Allor tra prati e linfe

Gli scherzi e le carole

Di legittimo amor furon le faci;

Avean pastori e ninfe

Il cor nelle parole;

Dava lor Imeneo le gioie e i baci

Più dolci e più tenaci:

Un sol godeva ignude

D'amor le vive rose:

Furtivo amante ascose

Le trovò sempre, ad aspre voglie e crude

O in antro, o in selva, o in lago;

Ed era un nome sol marito e vago.

Secol rio, che velasti

Co' tuoi sozzi diletти

Il bel dell' alma, ed a nudrir la sete

Dei desiri insegnasti

Co' sembianti ristretti,

Sfrenando poi l' impurità segrete!

Così, qual tesa rete

Tra fiori e fronde sparte,

Celi pensier lascivi

Con atti santi e schivi:

Bontà stimi il parer, la vita un' arte,

Nè curi (e párti onore)

Che furto sia, purchè s' asconda, amore.

Then sports and carols amongst Brooks and Plains
 Kindled a lawfull flame in Nymphs and Swains.
 Their hearts and Tongues concurr'd, the kisse and joy
 Which were most sweet, and yet which least did cloy
 Hymen bestow'd on them. To one alone
 The lively Roses of delight were blown;
 The theevish Lover found them shut on triall,
 And fenc'd with prickles of a sharp denyall.
 Were it in Cave or Wood, or purling Spring,
 Husband and Lover signifi'd one thing.

Base present age, which dost with thy impure
 Delights the beauty of the soul obscure:
 Teaching to nurse a Dropsie in the veins:
 Bridling the look, but giv'st desire the reins.
 Thus, like a net that spread and cover'd lies
 With leaves and tempting flowrs, thou dost disguise
 With coy and holy arts a wanton heart;
 "Mak'st life a Stage-play, vertue but a part:
 "Nor thinkst it any fault Love's sweets to steal,
 "So from the world thou canst the theft conceal."

Ma tu, deh! spirti egregi
 Forma ne' petti nostri,
 Verace Onor, delle grand' alme donno!
 O regnator de' Regi,
 Deh torna in questi chiostri
 Che senza te beati esser non ponno.
 Déstin dal mortal sonno
 Tuo stimoli potenti
 Chi per indegna e bassa
 Voglia seguir te lassa,
 E lassa il pregio dell' antiche genti.
 Speriam, chè 'l mal fa tregua
 Talor, se speme in noi non si dilegua:

Speriam, chè il sol cadente anco rinasce;
 E 'l Ciel, quando men luce,
 L'aspettato seren spesso n' adduce.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA GUARINI

But thou that art the King of Kings, create
In us true honour: Vertue's all the state
Great souls should keep. Unto these cels return
Which were thy Court, but now thy absence mourn:
From their dead sleep with thy sharp goad awake
Them who, to follow their base wils, forsake
Thee, and the glory of the ancient world.

"Let's hope: our ills have truce till we are hurled
"From that: Let's hope; the sun that's set may rise,
And within new light salute our longing eyes.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE

TORQUATO TASSO

SONETTI

1

Sposa regal, già la stagion ne viene
Che gli accorti amatori a' balli invita,
E ch' essi a' rai di luce alma e gradita
Vegghian le notti gelide e serene.
Del suo fedel già le secrete pene
Ne' casti orecchi è di racôrre ardita
La verginella, e lui tra morte e vita
Soave inforsa e'n dolce guerra il tiene.
Suonano i gran palagi e i tetti adorni
Di canto; io sol di pianto il carcer tetro
Fo risonar. Questa è la data fede?
Son questi i miei bramati alti ritorni?
Lasso! dunque prigion, dunque feretro
Chiamate voi pietà, Donna, e mercede?

Torquato Tasso (1544–95) comes at the end of a two-hundred-year period in Italian lyric poetry which begins with Petrarch. Born at Sorrento, he studied at Naples with the Jesuits. His father was Bernardo Tasso, a poet and humanist. In 1565 he became attached to the court of Ferrara, which had encouraged so many poets under Cardinal Luigi d'Este and, later, his brother Duke Alfonso II. Tasso began his romantic Christian epic, Gerusalemme Liberata, at Ferrara; this poem in twenty cantos describes the first Crusade led by Godfrey of Bouillon. He formed a Platonic friendship with Eleonora, princess of Ferrara. His pastoral comedy Aminta was produced in 1573 and the Gerusalemme Liberata finished in 1575. His own artistic conscience and the criticisms of this work as too profane, as not truly heroic, may have helped to unbalance his mind, for he seems to have suffered from a progressive paranoia which required

TORQUATO TASSO

SONNETS

1

Royal spouse, the season is now at hand
Inviting prudent lovers to grand balls,
And when moonlight benign and tender falls
To watch cool, quiet evenings in the land.
The virgin hopes her lover will understand
Her secret sorrow; within the intervals
Of life and death, soft doubt, sweet war, her calls
Trouble his chaste and faithful ears; the grand
Palaces and carved halls with song resound;
My loathesome prison house rings with my moan,
My sighs. Is this the pledge you gave to me?
Are these the cold returns my cries have found?
Alas! then prison, shackles, these alone
You call your mercy, Lady, these your pity?

L. R. LIND

that he be confined for seven years in the asylum of Santa Anna in Ferrara, where he wrote the sonnet on cats printed here. After some years spent in wandering he died in the convent of St. Onofrio at Rome just before he was to have been crowned poet laureate on the Capitol by the pope. He wrote letters, dialogues, prose, and some 2,000 lyrics, many of them mere imitations of Petrarch. His madrigals are excellent.

Sonnet 1 was addressed to the new wife of Duke Alfonso, Margherita Gonzaga, at carnival time, with the hope that she might cause him to be released from confinement. "Arms and the leader," Sonnet 3, is a reference to his epic, Gerusalemme Liberata. "To the Princesses of Ferrara" is a canzone, addressed with the same purpose as "Sposa regal," to Eleonora and Lucrezia, daughters of Ercole II d'Este and of Renata, daughter of Louis XII of France.

Tu parti, o rondinella, e poi ritorni
 Pur d' anno in anno, e fai la state il nido
 E più tepido verno in altro lido
 Cerchi sul Nilo, e 'n Menfi altri soggiorni:
 Ma per algenti o per estivi giorni
 Io sempre nel mio petto Amore annido,
 Quasi egli a sdegno prenda in Pafo e 'n Gnido
 Gli altari e i templi di sua Madre adorni.
 E qui si cova e quasi augel s'impenna,
 E, sotto molle scorza uscendo fuori,
 Produce i vaghi e pargoletti Amori.
 E non gli può contar lingua nè penna,
 Tanta è la turba; e tutti un cor sostiene,
 Nido infelice d' amorose pene.

L' arme e 'l duce cantai che per pietate
 La Terra Sacra a genti empie ritolse,
 In cui già Cristo di morir si dolse
 E immortal fe' la nostra umanitate;
 E sì fu chiaro il suon che questa etate
 Ad ammirar l' antico onor rivolse,
 Ma nè pedoni nè destrieri accolse
 Che gissero oltre il Tauro, oltre l'Eufrate.
 Nè so s' i vaghi spirti al ciel rapiva,
 Ma ben sovente di pietoso affetto
 Si colorò chi le mie note udiva.
 Me talor rapì certo, ed alcun detto
 Dal ciel spirommi, o musa od altra diva;
 Deh! spiri or sempre e di sè m'empia il petto!

TORQUATO TASSO

2: The Swallow

You fly away, O swallow, and then return
Somehow from year to year, and build a nest
In summer: a warmer winter is your quest
Upon Nile-shore; at Memphis you sojourn.
But when the days are cold or when they burn
I always harbor Love within my breast,
As if, disdaining the islands she likes best,
His mother's altars and temples he should spurn.
And here he sits and, bird-like, spreads his wings
And, under a mild appearance coming forth,
The pretty little baby Loves begets.
And neither pen nor tongue can count the things,
So great their crowd; and one heart must support
Them all in one sad nest of love's regrets.

L. R. LIND

3

Arms and the leader I sang whose piety
Won back the Holy Land from an impious foe,
Where Jesus in his dying grieved us so
And made immortal our humanity;
And so clear rang the song this century
Its ancient honor, admiring, came to know,
But neither men nor knights aroused to go
Beyond the Taurus, Euphrates, over the sea.
I know not if their souls I snatched to heaven,
But very often in pity and in sadness
He flushed who listened to my notes and heard.
They ravished me, I know; and there was given
To me God's inspiration, O muse or goddess;
Breathe ever, ah! let my heart fill with His word!

L. R. LIND

TORQUATO TASSO

4: Le Gatte di Santa Anna

Tanto le gatte son moltiplicate
Ch' a doppio son più che l'Orse nel cielo:
Gatte ci son c' han tutto bianco il pelo,
Gatte nere ci son, gatte pezzate;
Gatte con coda, gatte discodate:
Una gatta con gobba di cammelo
Vorrei vedere e vestita di velo
Come bertuccia: or che non la trovate?
Guardinsi i monti pur di partorire,
Chè, s' un topo nascesse, il poverello
Da tante gatte non potria fuggire.
Massara, io t' ammonisco, abbi 'l cervello
E l' occhio al lavezzuol ch' è sul bollire;
Corri, ve' ch' una se 'n porta il vitello.
Vo farci il ritornello,
Perchè 'l sonetto a pieno non si loda,
Se non somiglia a i gatti da la coda.

EPIGRAMMA

Un' ape esser vorrei,
Donna bella e crudele,
Che susurrando in voi suggeresse il mèle
E, non potendo il cor, potesse almeno
Pungervi 'l bianco seno
E 'n sì dolce ferita
Vendicata lasciar la propria vita.

TORQUATO TASSO

4: The Cats of Santa Anna

So many pussy cats have multiplied
They number now twice stars of the heavenly Bear:
Some cats have fur completely white; the hair
Of other cats is black, some patched and pied;
Some cats have tails, some sport no tail in pride:
A cat with a camel's hump I wish were there,
Dressed up in muslin like an ape for fair:
I'd like to see one; isn't there one you've spied?
The mountains should watch out lest they give birth,
For if a mouse is born, poor thing, he'd die;
He could not flee so many cats on earth.
Housewife, I warn you, keep your wits and eye
Upon the cook-pot boiling at the hearth;
Look! Run! A cat is dragging the veal steak by!
I'll make another try,
Because a complete sonnet is of no avail
Unless it resembles the cats in having a tail.

L. R. LIND

EPIGRAM

I'd like to be a bee,
Cruel and lovely lady,
That, buzzing round you, might suck out your honey,
And, since I cannot prick your heart, at least
I'd pierce your snowy breast
And by so sweet a sting
Revenged I'd leave off living.

L. R. LIND

T O R Q U A T O T A S S O

M A D R I G A L E

Qual rugiada, qual pianto,
Quai lagrime eran quelle
Che sparger vidi dal notturno manto,
E dal volto sereno delle stelle?
E perchè seminò la bianca Luna
Di cristalline stelle un puro nembo
All' erba fresca in grembo?
Perchè nell' aria bruna
S'udian, quasi dolendo, intorno intorno
Gir l' aure insino al giorno?
Fur segni forse della tua partita,
Vita della mia vita?

Tacciono i boschi

Tacciono i boschi e i fiumi,
E 'l mar senza onda giace,
Ne le spelonche i venti han tregua e pace,
E ne la notte bruna
Alto silenzio fa la bianca luna:
E noi teniamo ascose
Le dolcezze amorose:
Amor non parli o spiri,
Sien muti i baci e muti i miei sospiri.

TORQUATO TASSO

MADRIGAL

What dewdrops or what tears,
What plaints are these,
That the night wears along her raiment's hem,
Of her pure stars the peers?
And why does this white moon
The freshening grass begem
With crystal sparks that soon
Will vanish when the heavy airs
Grow audible in suffrance and begin
To roam around—around,
Seeking the dawn with scarce a sound?
Were they perhaps the tokens of your flight,
Light of my light?

CECIL CLIFFORD PALMER

Silent the Forests

Silent the forests, the streams,
Waveless-sheeted the sea,
Winds in their caves unblustering, at peace,
Somber the night, and white
Its moon of deepest and marmoreal quiet:
Let us too lie like secrets
Locked in love and its sweetness—
Love have no breath, no voice,
No sound a kiss, no voice or sound my sighs!

EDWIN MORGAN

Alle principesse di Ferrara

O figlie di Renata,
 Io non parlo alla pira
 De' fratei che nè pur la morte unìo,
 Chè di regnar malnata
 Voglia e disdegno ed ira
 L'ombre, il cener, le fiamme anco partìo;
 Ma parlo a voi che pio
 Produsse e real seme
 In uno istesso seno,
 Quasi in fertil terreno
 Nate e nodrite pargolette insieme,
 Quasi due belle piante
 Di cui serva è la terra e il cielo amante.

A voi parlo che, suore
 Del gran Alfonso invitto,
 Avete onde sprezzar Giuno e Diana,
 Ed ogni regio onore
 Di quella che 'n Egitto
 Più restrinse co' suoi legge profana,
 Chè, se moglie o germana
 Offrì chioma votiva
 Ch' ornò il ciel de faville,
 Voti vostri ben mille
 Passando ove sua luce appena arriva
 Ardon nel primo cielo
 Anzi il gran sol inestinguibil zelo.

To the Princesses of Ferrara

O daughters of Renata,
 I speak not at the pyre
 Of brothers who hated even as they died;
 Whom from their base desire,
 Their hatred and their ire,
 The shades, the ash, the flames did not divide.
 But I speak to you whom seed
 Noble and royal brought forth,
 In one same womb concealed
 As if in a fertile field
 Born and nourished, beautiful on earth,
 Like two lovely flowers
 Whose servants are the soil, the sky, their lovers.

To you I speak, the sisters
 Of Alfonso the invincible;
 You may disprize both Juno and Diana,
 And every royal honor
 Of her who ruled in Egypt
 By her own pagan laws restrained;
 Who as a wife and sister
 Offered her tresses votive
 Which set the sky aflame.
 Your votive locks in thousands
 Which pass where her light scarcely can arrive
 Shine in the first heaven
 Before the great sun of unending zeal.

A voi parlo, in cui fanno
 Sì concorde armonia
 Onestà, senno, onor, bellezza e gloria:
 A voi spiego il mio affanno
 E de la pena mia
 Narro, e 'n parte piangendo, acerba istoria;
 Ed in voi la memoria
 Di voi, di me rinnova
 Vostri affetti cortesi,
 Gli anni miei tra voi spesi,
 Qual son, qual fui, che chiedo, ove mi trovo,
 Chi mi guidò, che chiuse,
 Lasso! chi m' affidò, chi mi deluse.

Queste cose, piangendo,
 A voi rammento, o prole
 D' eroi, di regi, gloriosa e grande;
 E se nel mio lamento
 Scarse son le parole,
 Lagrime larghe il mio dolor vi spande.
 Cetre, trombe, ghirlande,
 Misero, piango, e piagno
 Studi, diporti, ed agi,
 Mense, logge e palagi
 Ov' or fui nobil servo ed or compagno;
 Libertade e salute
 E leggi, ohimè!, d' umanità perdute.

TORQUATO TASSO

To you I speak, in whom
Is made a harmony
Of honor, honesty, wisdom, beauty, and glory.
To you I tell my suffering and gloom
And all my misery.
I tell, and pause to weep, a bitter history.
And in you the memory
For you, for me renews
Your tender courtesy,
Those years of mine I spent with you
Such as I am and was, who beg where I
Found one who guided, one who closed the door,
Alas, who cheered, deluded me.

These things, while I lament,
I call to your mind, sprung
From heroes, from kings, O glorious and grand;
And if in my lament
My words are few
Great tears therein my sorrow reveals to you.
Scepters, trumpets, garlands,
Wretched I weep for, and mourn
Studies, sports, and ease,
Banquets, palaces, galleries
Where now I was noble servant, now companion;
Safety and liberty,
And laws, alas, that have lost humanity.

Da' nipoti d'Adamo,
 Ohimè!, chi mi divide?
 O qual Circe mi spinge in fra le gregge?
 Ohimè!, chè in tronco o in ramo
 Augel vien che s' annide
 E fera in tana ancor con miglior legge:
 Lor la natura regge,
 E pure e dolci e fresche
 Lor porge l' acque il fonte,
 E 'l cielo libero e l' aura
 Lor luce e spira e lor scalda e ristaura.

Merto le pene, errai;
 Errai, confesso; e pure
 Rea fu la lingua, il cor si scusa e nega:
 Chiedo pietade omai;
 E s' a le mie sventure
 Non vi piegate voi, chi lor si piega?
 Lasso!, chi per me prega
 Ne le fortune avverse,
 Se voi mi siete sorde?
 Deh!, se voler discorde
 In sì gran uopo mio vi fa diverse,
 In me fra voi l' esempio
 Di Mezio si rinnova e 'l duro scempio.

TORQUATO TASSO

Ah woe, from Adam's stock
Who separates me now?
O what Circe thrusts me amid the flock?
Alas! on trunk or bough
The bird comes to its nest,
The beast to den with even better right.
Nature it is rules them,
And pure and sweet and fresh
Offers them water from her spring,
And meadow and hill and mount
Untainted, safe, and easily gathered food.
And the free sky and air
Lights them and breathes on them, heats and restores.

Deserving of woe, I sinned;
I sinned, I say; and then
My tongue at fault, my heart excused, denied.
I ask for mercy now;
And if to my broken pride
You do not yield, who is it then will yield?
Alas, who prays for me
Amid my adverse fortunes
If you are deaf to me?
Ah, if discordant wishes
In this great need of mine set you apart,
In me among you the example
Of Mettius is renewed and his harsh torture.

Quell' armonia sì nova
 Di virtù che vi face
 Sì belle, or bei per me faccia contenti,
 Sì ch' a pietà commova
 Quel signor per cui spiace
 Più la mia colpa a me che i miei tormenti,
 Lasso!, benchè cocenti:
 Ond' a tanti e sì egregi
 Titoli di sue glorie,
 A tante sue vittorie,
 A tanti suoi trofei, tanti suoi fregi,
 Questo s' aggiunga ancora:
 Perdono a chi l' offese ed or l' onora.

Canzon, virtute è là dov' io t'invio:
 Meco non è fortuna:
 Se fè non hai, non hai tu scorta alcuna.

TORQUATO TASSO

That harmony so new
Of virtue which makes you
So lovely, let it make harmony for me
So that it may move to mercy
That lord for love of whom
My sin displeases me more than my torments,
Alas, although they burn:
Then to such great and good
Titles of his glories,
To so many victories,
So many trophies and honors
This may be added too:
Pardon for him who offended and now honors him.
My song, virtue lies there where I send you:
Fortune is not with me:
If you have not faith, you have no escort now.

L. R. LIND

L'AMINTA: *Atto I, Scena ii, Coro*

O bella età de l'oro!

Non già perchè di latte
Se 'n corse il fiume, e stillò mèle il bosco;
Non perchè i frutti loro
Dièr, da l'aratro intatte,
Le terre, e gli angui errâr senz'ira o tòsco;

Non perchè nuvol fosco
Non spiegò allor suo velo,
Ma in primavera eterna,
Ch'ora s'accende e verna,
Rise di luce e di sereno il cielo;
Nè portò, peregrino,
O guerra o merce a gli altrui lidi il pino:

Mal sol perchè quel vano
Nome senza soggetto,
Quell'idolo d'errori, idol d'inganno;
Quel che da 'l volgo insano
Onor poscia fu detto
(Che di nostra natura il fèo tiranno),

Non mischiava il suo affanno
Fra le liete dolcezze
De l'amoroso gregge;
Nè fu sua dura legge
Nota a quell'alme in libertate avvezze:
Ma legge aurea e felice.
Che Natura scolpì: *S'ei piace, ei lice.*

AMINTA: *Act I, Scene ii, Chorus*

The Golden Age

O Happy Age of Gold; happy hours;
 Not for with milk the rivers ran,
 And honey dropped from every tree;
 Nor that the Earth bore fruits and flowers
 Without the toil or care of Man,
 And Serpents were from poison free;

 Nor for th' air (ever calm to see)
 Had quite exil'd the lowring Night;
 Whilst clad in an eternal Spring
 (Now fiery hot, or else freezing)
 The cheeks of heav'n smil'd with clear light;
 Nor that the wandring Pine of yore
 Brought neither wars nor wares from foreign shore;

 But therefore only happy Days,
 Because that vain and idle name,
 That couz'ning Idol of unrest,
 (Whom the mad vulgar first did raise,
 And call'd it *Honour*, whence it came
 To tyrannize o'er ev'ry breast,)

 Was then suffred to molest
 Poor lovers' hearts with new debate;
 More happy they, by these his hard
 And cruel laws, were not debar'd
 Their innate freedom; happy state;
 The golden laws of Nature they
 Found in their breasts; and then they did obey.

Allor tra fiori e linfe
 Traean dolci carole
 Gli Amoretti senz'archi e senza faci;
 Sedean pastori e ninfe,
 Meschiando a le parole
 Vezzi e sussurri, ed a i sussurri i baci
 Strettamente tenaci:
 La verginella ignude
 Scoprià sue fresche rose
 Ch'or tien ne 'l velo ascose,
 E le poma de 'l seno acerbe e crude:
 E spesso o in fiume o in lago
 Scherzar si vide con l'amata il vago.

Tu prima, Onor, velasti
 La fonte de i diletти,
 Negando l'onde a l'amorosa sete;
 Tu a' begli occhi insegnasti
 Di starne in sè ristretti,
 E tener lor bellezze altrui secrete:
 Tu raccogliesti in rete
 Le chiome a l'aura sparte:
 Tu i dolci atti lascivi
 Festi ritrosi e schivi;
 A i detti il fren ponesti, a i passi l'arte;
 Opra è tua sola, o Onore,
 Che furto sia quel che fu don d'Amore:

TORQUATO TASSO

Amid the silver streams and flowers,
The winged *Genii* then would dance,
Without their bow, without their brand;
The Nymphs sat by their Paramours
Whisp'ring love-sports and dalliance,
And joining lips and hand to hand.
The fairest Virgin in the land
Nor scorned nor gloried to display
Her cheeks' roses to the eye,
Or ope her fair breasts to the day
(Which nowadays so veiled lie),
But men and maidens spent free hours
In running Rivers, Lakes or Shady Bowers.

Thou *Honour*, thou didst first devise
To mask the face of Pleasure thus,
Bar Water to the thirst of Love,
And lewdly didst instruct fair eyes
They should be nice and scrupulous,
And from the gazing world remove
Their beauty; thy hands new nets wove
T'intrap the wild curls, fair dispred
To th' open air; thou mad'st the sweet
Delights of Love seem thus unmeet;
And (teaching how to look, speak, tread),
By thy ill laws this ill host left
That what was first Love's gift is now our theft.

E son tuoi fatti egregi
 Le pene e i pianti nostri.
 Ma tu, d'Amore e di Natura donno,
 Tu, domator de' regi,
 Che fai tra questi chiostri
 Che la grandezza tua capir non ponno?
 Vàttene, e turba il sonno

A gl'illustri e potenti:
 Noi qui, negletta e bassa
 Turba, senza te lassa
 Viver ne l'uso de l'antiche genti.
 Amiam; che non ha tregua
 Con gli anni umana vita, e si dilegua:

Amiam; chè 'l Sol si muore e poi rinasce;
 A noi sua breve luce
 S'asconde, e 'l sonno eterna notte adduce.

TORQUATO TASSO

Nor ought thy mighty working brings,
But more annoys and woe to us;
But thou (of Nature and of Love
The Lord and scourge of mighty Kings),
Why dost thou shroud thy greatness thus
In our poor cells? hence, and remove
Thy power and it display above,

Disturbing great ones in their sleep,
And let us meaner men alone
T'enjoy again (when thou art gone)
And laws of our Forefathers keep.
Live we in love, for our lives' hours
Haste on to death, that all at length devours.

Love we while we may; the Wain
Of Heav'n can set and rise again;
But we (when once we lose this light)
Must yield us to a never ending Night.

JOHN REYNOLDS

The last four lines are a translation of Catullus, 5. 4-6.

GIORDANO BRUNO

SONETTO

Poi che spiegat' hó l'ali al bel desio,
Quanto più sott' il pié l'aria mi scorgo,
Più le veloci penne al vento porgo,
Et spreggio il mondo, et vers' il ciel m'invio.
Ne del figliuol di Dedalo il fin rio
Fà che giù pieghi, anzi via più risorgo.
Ch' i' cadrò morto à terra ben m' accorgo:
Ma qual vita pareggia al morir mio?
La voce del mio cor per l'aria sento,
Ove mi porti temerario? china,
Che raro è senza duol tropp' ardimento.
Non temer, respond' io, l' alta ruina.
Fendi sicur le nubi, et muor contento;
S' il ciel si illustre morte ne destina.

This anthology begins with the poem of a saint and ends with a sonnet by a heretic. Born at Nola, Giordano Bruno (1548–1600) studied at Naples and became a Dominican teacher. Religious doubts caused him to leave the order and to travel, teaching and writing as he went, in France, Germany, and England. He was a scientist who worked in physics, astronomy, and mnemonics. He took his doctorate at Toulouse and spent 1581–83 in Paris. He spent some time in Ox-

GIORDANO BRUNO

SONNET: *The Philosophic Flight*

Now that these wings to speed my wish ascend,
The more I feel vast air beneath my feet,
The more toward boundless air on pinions fleet,
Spurning the earth, soaring to heaven, I tend:
Nor makes them stoop their flight the direful end
Of Daedal's son; but upward still they beat.
What life the while with this death could compete,
If dead to earth at last I must descend?
My own heart's voice in the void air I hear,
Where wilt thou bear me, O rash man! Recall
Thy daring will! This boldness waits on fear!
Dread not, I answer, that tremendous fall:
Strike through the clouds, and smile when death is near,
If death so glorious be our doom at all!

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

ford and London in the latter year. He was called back to Italy after a stay in Switzerland, and in Venice a certain Mocenigo, who had studied mnemonics under Bruno, denounced him to the Holy Office. From 1593 he was held at Rome and questioned as to his doctrines; refusing to recant, he was burned as an unrepentant heretic at Rome on February 17, 1600. Text from Paolo de Lagarde, Le opere italiane di Giordano Bruno, 2 (Göttingen, 1888), 648: De gl' heroici furori.

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